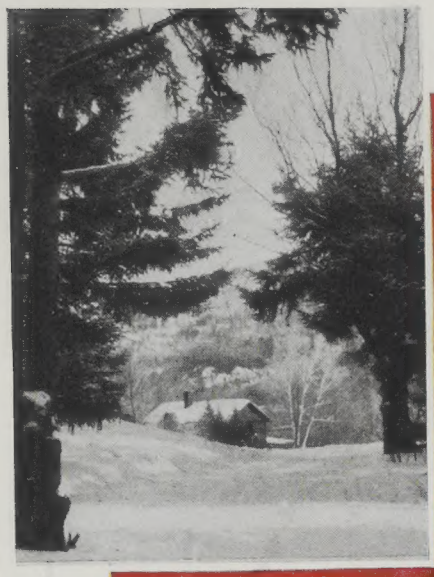
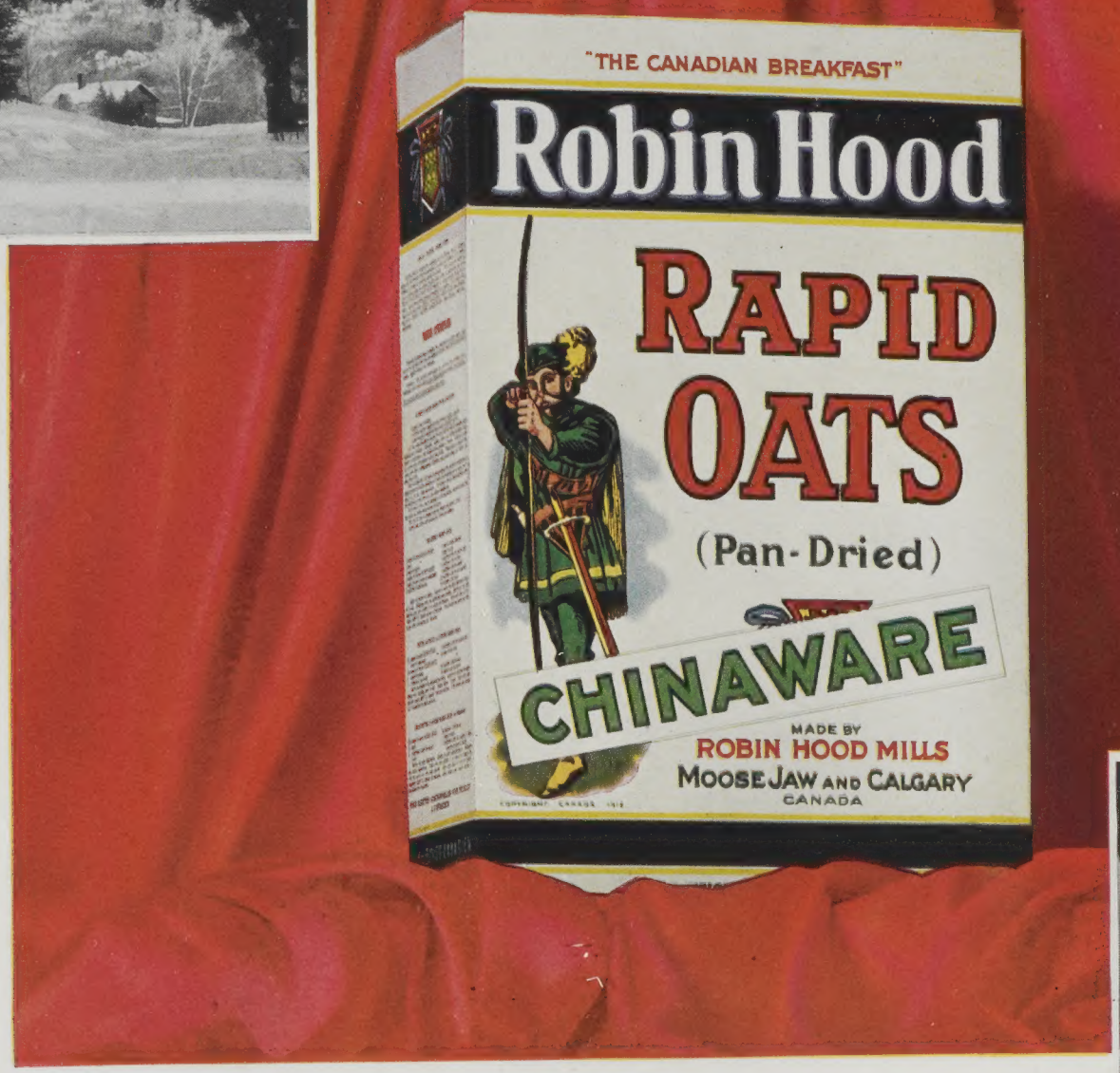
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

January, 1930 "Canada's Greatest Magazine" Ten Cents a Copy

FRONTISPIECE BY ROBERT G. HERBERT

THIS ISSUE
A SPECIAL TRAVEL SECTION





The Canadian Breakfast

WHEN Winter spreads his white blanket over the Earth, it's time for food that warms the blood and builds robust health. The school child, the out-of-doors laborer and the man in the office must have a breakfast that will help them resist the cold. Then it is that Robin Hood Oats truly becomes "The Canadian Breakfast."

Every woman knows that *Hot Cooked* oats porridge is the most nourishing food for old and young—but the oats should be "PAN-DRIED." The scientific "PAN-DRIED" process of making porridge oats, as developed by Robin Hood Mills, Limited, is adapted from an old Scotch formula. This is a method of pre-cooking in the hull which retains the valuable food elements of the oats and improves the flavor exactly as baking improves the flavor of a potato. Dealers who handle quality products can supply you.

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In addition to Rapid Oats, Rob Hood Mills also make Robin Hood flour- the flour that carries a Positive "MONE BACK PLUS 10%" Guarantee in each b If you like to serve cakes, pastry and bre that are better—and who does not— should have a copy of our beautifully il trated, 36 page cook book, containing HOME TESTED recipes. Simply send pon for your FREE copy.

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Robin Hood Rapid Oats, the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake, NOW comes in a modern "Double-Sealed" package. The flavor is sealed in, keeping the oats fresh and full flavored indefinitely.

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Name .....

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A Program for The Coming Year

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY enters 1930 with abounding confidence in its large army of readers and in the possibilities of the great territory that it serves—the entire West from Fort William to Vancouver Island. No publication has more reason to be grateful for the favors and successes of the past than this magazine of ours. For thirty years it has made its entree into many of the best homes of the West. Not a few of its subscribers in the humble days of the beginning are still among its regular readers and ardent supporters. It is in the descendants of these early pioneers, however, with their perhaps better appreciation of a more modern age, that the magazine finds its largest outlet. We realize that our indebtedness is not alone to those who blazed the early trail, but to all the other progressive people who have come to us from all parts and who realize it as their first duty to become intelligent Canadian citizens. So that it is not strange that a glance at our subscription lists reveals a wonderful range of human thought and interest—all the way from the governor, the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the tailor and the candle-stick maker to the man who, with strained muscles and perspiring brow, lays the steel to our new ocean ports and into the interior of our mineral wealth. Let no one think that mere man alone made the success of the Western Home Monthly possible. Long years ago its fresh and wholesome home appeal attracted the imagination of Western women and with the optimism and enthusiasm that have characterized all their endeavors they have continued to give it first place among periodicals. But we ring in a New Year with new ambitions and new visions. The past has been good but we must not rest satisfied with past achievements. Much is demanded and expected of a publisher nowadays, and we are not indifferent to that call.

May we mention a few new features that will be presented to our readers in the immediate future and from month to month during the coming year and for which, of course, exclusive Canadian rights have been secured. In thrilling interest, world-wide knowledge, as well as in beauty, purity and simplicity of diction, they are, we believe, unequalled by any Canadian magazine enterprise of the past.

Writers

In March we start a serial by one of the best known writers of the Continent. It will continue for several months. From the moment you are introduced to the first chapter it will grip you and hold you. It was our pleasure to give our readers in the past, serials from the pens of such noted writers as Martha Ostenso, Sinclair Lewis, Laura G. Salverson, Russell Davenport, and writers of that outstanding type. Splendid though these were, we feel that our forthcoming story will excel them by far.

Then we have written for us by Lady Drummond-Hay, the best known woman journalist of the day and the greatest woman traveller by land, air and sea of this or any other age, two articles, one dealing with her Zeppelin experiences in her round-the-world trip and the other descriptive of her interviews with famous people the world over, and more especially with eastern potentates.

Edith G. Bayne, a writer known to all Western people, now fresh from Europe, where she has secured signal recognition of her merits as an author and playwright, will continue to give of her wisdom, genius and wit in three articles.

After many invitations on our part, we have at last succeeded in inducing Berton Braley, a world-renowned short story writer, to consent to send us two contributions. This writer in himself is a veritable feast.

Then comes the brilliant young writer from Montreal, Gertrude Macaulay Sutton, whose stories have appeared in leading magazines of England and the United States, and who possesses a charm due, perhaps, to her bilingual skill, for she excels in French Canadian lore. She has made choice of The Western Home Monthly for her first Canadian venture.

In our own West we are by no means destitute of clever writers, so we have enlisted the services of such men as Francis Dickie, at present doing special work for us in Europe, Robert Watson, well-known Canadian author and poet, Chas. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), and a small host of other men and women whose work have brought credit to Canada.

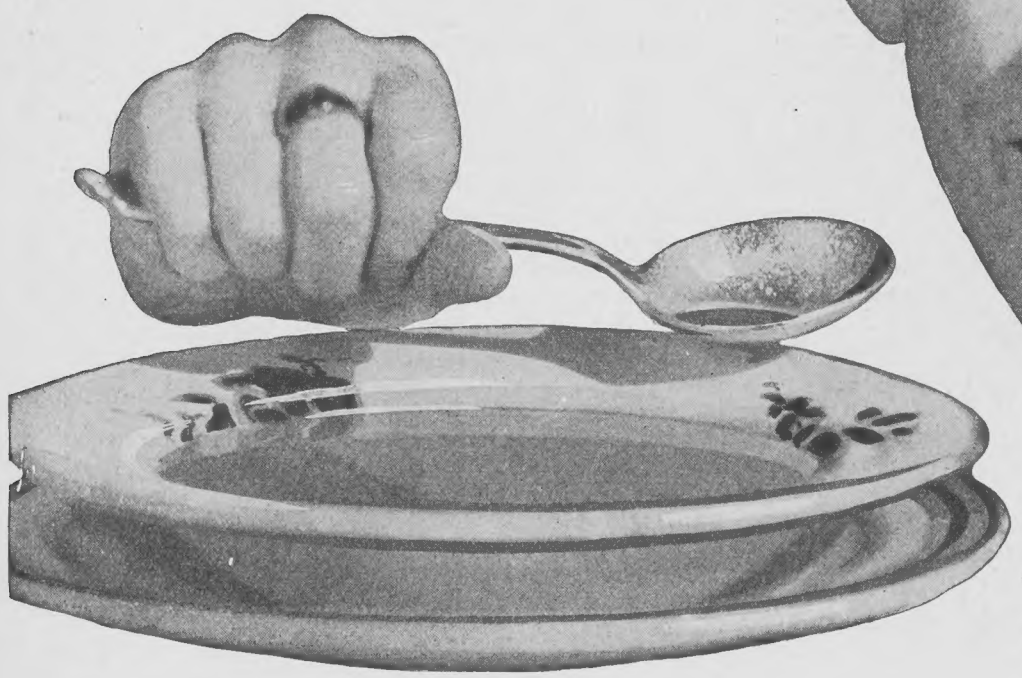
Ignatius Phayre, accepted internationally as an authority on the ways and workings of governments and a noted political economist, will continue his discussion of the "high lights" in the life of the great nations.

Color

Not only are we to intensify the reader interest of the magazine during this year, but we are going to greatly enrich its beauty. This is the age of color, and as we have been pioneers in this respect we hope to still continue in the lead. Let us say in brief, then, that the contributions of the eminent writers we have already named, as well as many of our regular departments, will during this year be enlivened with beautiful colored illustrations. Until now we have been giving you the very best in black and white, but starting with this issue we have taken a step forward and on pages 9 and 10 you will find what we mean by color illustrations. Each succeeding issue will abound in this interpretative effort. Nothing that will give our readers more pleasure and profit will be stinted. It is with pleasure that we are able to make this announcement, for it is our aim to keep The Western Home Monthly a credit to our readers, to ourselves, and to the great Western country which we serve.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

C--L--A--R--? *Sure!* Clark's Tomato Soup!



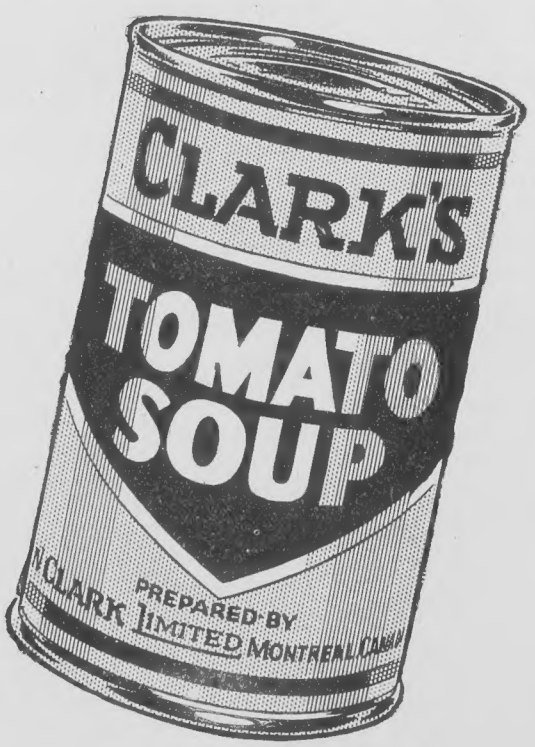
TOMATO VEGETABLE OXTAIL
CHICKEN PEA GREEN PEA
MUTTON BROTH SCOTCH BROTH
MOCK TURTLE JULIENNE CELERY
MULLIGATAWNY CONSOMME

"JUST as sure as I can knock a ball farther than any kid in this street . . . this is CLARK'S TOMATO SOUP!

"Some people say it's better to be late than never, but gee! when we are having Clark's Tomato Soup, it's not much use being late . . . you may never get any!

"Mother says she couldn't make better tomato soup herself . . . sister always brings Albert (that's her beau) home when we are having it and Pop, he says very little other than ask if there is any more."

All the goodness of big, red-ripe tomatoes. Nothing taken away—nothing added other than tasteful seasoning. It couldn't be anything but just delicious, wholesome soup. Your whole family will enjoy it!



CLARK'S SOUPS

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W. CLARK, LIMITED, *Establishments at* MONTREAL, P.Q., ST. REMI, P.Q., *and* HARROW, ONT.

VOLUME XXXI WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 1

Lessons of the Old Year

THE year 1929 will be remembered not chiefly because of the great personalities brought into prominence, though there were many whose names might be mentioned, but because of the changes wrought in national fortunes, and because of the success achieved in the promotion of international understanding. The great movement of this year has indeed disregarded persons and nations as such. It has had to do with ideals, beliefs, social and financial relationships, and in such fields there are no geographical boundary lines recognized. The world is finding its unity. A great genius appears in America—the wizard Edison—but he belongs to mankind; a royal prince speaks at a banquet in London, but a listening world applauds; an intrepid explorer reaches the Arctic or Antarctic and the people of Australia join with the people of the United States, Norway and Canada in honoring the deed: the jazz of the Mississippi States is heard in the music-halls of London: the wheat of Alberta finds its way to the baker-shops of Canton. The world is a small, small place, and railways, airships, radios make it smaller, so that old ties are weakened and new associations established with astonishing ease. The year 1929 has made the world a great neighborhood.

In past years we hoped that great poets, authors, religious leaders might appear. This is the age of science, the age of trade and commerce. The liberties for which men fought have been for the most part achieved, and now the fight is over something new. Nor is the fight as dignified as of old. It will not call for heroes and singers and makers of verse. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has well set forth the change in world spirit in a short paragraph:

"Obviously the certain and revolutionary result of the shift which has taken place in the centre of gravity of human interest is to put Wealth in the position which Liberty used to occupy. This displacement more than anything else explains the extraordinary decline of political Liberalism which has taken place in Europe and the United States. 'It bores me to hear you discuss liberty,' said a young Oxford man who is now a member of the House of Commons. He was perfectly sincere, and he spoke the language of his generation. For him, at least, and for millions like-minded with him, the centre of gravity of human interest had definitely moved from the politics of principle to the politics of interest, from problems of Liberty to problems of Wealth."

Canada

YET there are advances in national and international life that should be mentioned. Naturally, the first that come to mind are those which pertain to our own land. We have more reason to be grateful than all other peoples, for during the year our progress has been truly remarkable. No longer are we a little colony in the Northland but the pride of the Empire, no longer a barren wilderness but a "land of illimitable possibilities." And in 1929 we have learned a few lessons. We must draw upon all our resources. All our eggs do not come from one nest. Even from unexpected areas wealth has poured into our coffers. Who could have dreamed that the finest wheat-growing country in the world is north and west of Edmonton in the Great Peace River country? Out of our attempts to grow wheat for the world we have learned that machinery can save manual labor and this has revolutionized our thinking in many ways. No longer is there a cry for immigration, as if that would solve our problems. There must be adjustment at home before an appeal on a larger scale can be made for men from outside. Nor can we thoughtlessly clamor for a water-way to the Atlantic until we are assured that there is population and production that will assure the success of the undertaking. It might be added that if we are to preserve our self-respect and the respect of the world we must put an end to the nefarious practice of bootlegging. We must be fair to a good neighbor. And in all our planning for industrial and economic betterment we must not forget that the more important thing is human betterment. Our own English writer has furnished us a slogan—"Sweetness and Light."

A New Year Hymn

By D. Ferguson

Father roll the stone away
From my sepulchre today;
In new life let me arise:
I with Christ am crucified!
All the sad and barren years,
All the bitter sighs and tears—
All the days I knew Thee not—
Let them, Father, be forgot!

Father, when one year is through
And men celebrate the new—
Let me tell what I have heard
Joyful tidings from Thy Word!—
That Thy New Year Day shall be
The great Year of Jubilee!
Oh, let the New Year bring to me
Greater love and zeal for Thee!

Father, Thou it is Who knows
Of the old year's trials and woes,
Of the hours of distress,
Discouragement and weariness:
Let me cast them from me now
And joyful to Thy mandates bow.
Let the year that's coming be
Sweet and glad with serving Thee.

The Empire

CANADA is part of a great Empire. During the year the conception of Imperial unity has gathered new meaning, and it is only a matter of time until trade relations will be established that will be for the mutual benefit of all the Dominions. In the meantime the Mother Country is having a hard enough time, first because of unemployment and secondly because of international complications. Nor will the unemployment problems be readily solved. The construction of public works calling for an expenditure of $100,000,000 will alleviate distress and that is all. The causes of unemployment are deep-seated. With oil taking the place of coal the mines cannot employ workmen as formerly; with new factories opening in all the countries of Europe and in America, the British manufacturers do not find it so easy to control the markets of the world. The fight for world-trade is on in earnest, and the effect is felt in every land. It is to world conditions rather than to inaction of the national government that there is unemployment in Britain as in the United States and Canada today. The great concern of the Empire is, therefore, world peace. It is being sought in two ways. First there is an effort being put forth to hasten disarmament. This, of course, is all to the good. An equal effort must be put forth to establish harmonious trade-relations. Here is the rub. World peace means little to nations that cannot see anything bigger than their own flag and it never enters the minds of individuals and corporations that are intent on swelling their profits. In the fight for world-trade Great Britain will not yield easily to others. She is not a weakling in trade nor does she lack financial strength. She has the five largest banks in the world—the Midland Bank leading with deposits of over 2,000,000,000 pounds, and with assets of over 2,000,000,000 pounds; she has the largest stock exchange in the world, the normal trade being over 3,000,000 shares a day, this being independent of runs by "bulls" and "bears"; she has Lloyd's, the famous maritime exchange; she has a daily newspaper with over two million subscribers; she has the finest railway system to be found anywhere, though it is limited as to mileage; she owns the three greatest shipyards in existence; she has some old-time manufacturing plants, but there are two—Cadbury, Carreras, that are more perfect in organization and management than can be found elsewhere. The Motherland is not defunct, and her best days are still to come. All honor to a government which is sufficiently far-sighted to perceive that the condition of progress is happy world relationship.

The World

AS FOR the rest of the world there is little room for comment. Italy and France are yet nationally-minded. China is awaking from the dream of centuries. India is still wavering between two loyalties. The United States is trying to be self-contained and yet trying to establish a one-sided world trade. Soviet Russia is the menacing force in civilization—with little to boast of in her own national life, and with little to her credit in the councils of the nations. On the whole there have been definite advances. The British-Amercian two-man conference was something new in diplomacy and the five-power conference even if it accomplishes little will be a friendly gesture. A recent happening on the Stock Exchange has disturbed not a few. There is a new alignment of forces in the financial world. Henceforth there will be more attention to legitimate trade and more caution exercised in speculation. All this is an advantage. The old world revolves ceaselessly but always takes twenty-four hours to do twenty-four hour's work. Her children might well follow her example. For individuals and nations it is poor policy to aim at sudden enrichment. The oak grows slowly but it becomes an oak. The way to greatness is not revolution and it is not excessive untempered zeal. Let us make haste slowly. We have no reason to be ashamed of the progress in 1929.

Brotherly Love

THE second observation has to do with religion. In the early Christian Church emphasis was placed upon the ethical. When the Gospel met Greek culture religion was replaced by theology, and the world has not yet recovered from the effect. When later the Roman Empire felt the force of Christian teaching, it endeavored to help the Church with its great system of organization. On this continent there has been a parallel development, but no branch of the Church will dare to take any other stand than that—it is chiefly concerned with conduct. It calls itself the custodian of morals and at times lays down rules of conduct touching even trivial affairs of life. Yet anyone will note the growing suspicion that sometimes the Church preaches one thing and practices another. For instance, it preaches "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The world loves consistency, and expects the clergy to live up to her high calling.

"Tired out, run down persons become completely changed"

. . says physician of Germany's greatest free hospital

DOCTORS throughout the world know Berlin's great "Charité" —the largest free hospital in Europe's most important medical center.

As physician-in-chief of the medical polyclinic at the Charité and Professor in the University of Berlin, Dr. Julius Citron holds a key post in European medical circles. He is a specialist in internal medicine. He says:

"Medical experience confirms laboratory results with yeast.

"In cases of constipation and stomach troubles of long duration, I have had excellent results from its use. It purifies the whole intestinal tract. It can overcome skin troubles such as pimples and boils.

"With the creation of the 'sunshine' vitamin D in fresh yeast, our bodies now get from this simple food that power of the sun itself which helps make bones and teeth strong and sound, and muscles firm. Nearly everyone who works indoors is 'sunlight-starved.'

"Yeast contains large quantities of vitamin B, which increases strength. Run down, tired, exhausted people often become changed persons after yeast has been added to their regular nourishment."

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, according to the directions on the label. Each cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

Noted physicians cite yeast benefits

DR. PAUL GERBER, of Vienna, noted internal specialist, says, "In cases of run down condition, yeast renews energy and endurance."

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, Laureate of the Institute and of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, declares: "Yeast is one of the best gastro-intestinal cleansing agents."

DR. BORGE PONTOPPIDAN, physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, says: "The 'sunshine' vitamin which fresh yeast now contains is of vital importance for both adults and children."

". . my own doctor advised yeast, too"

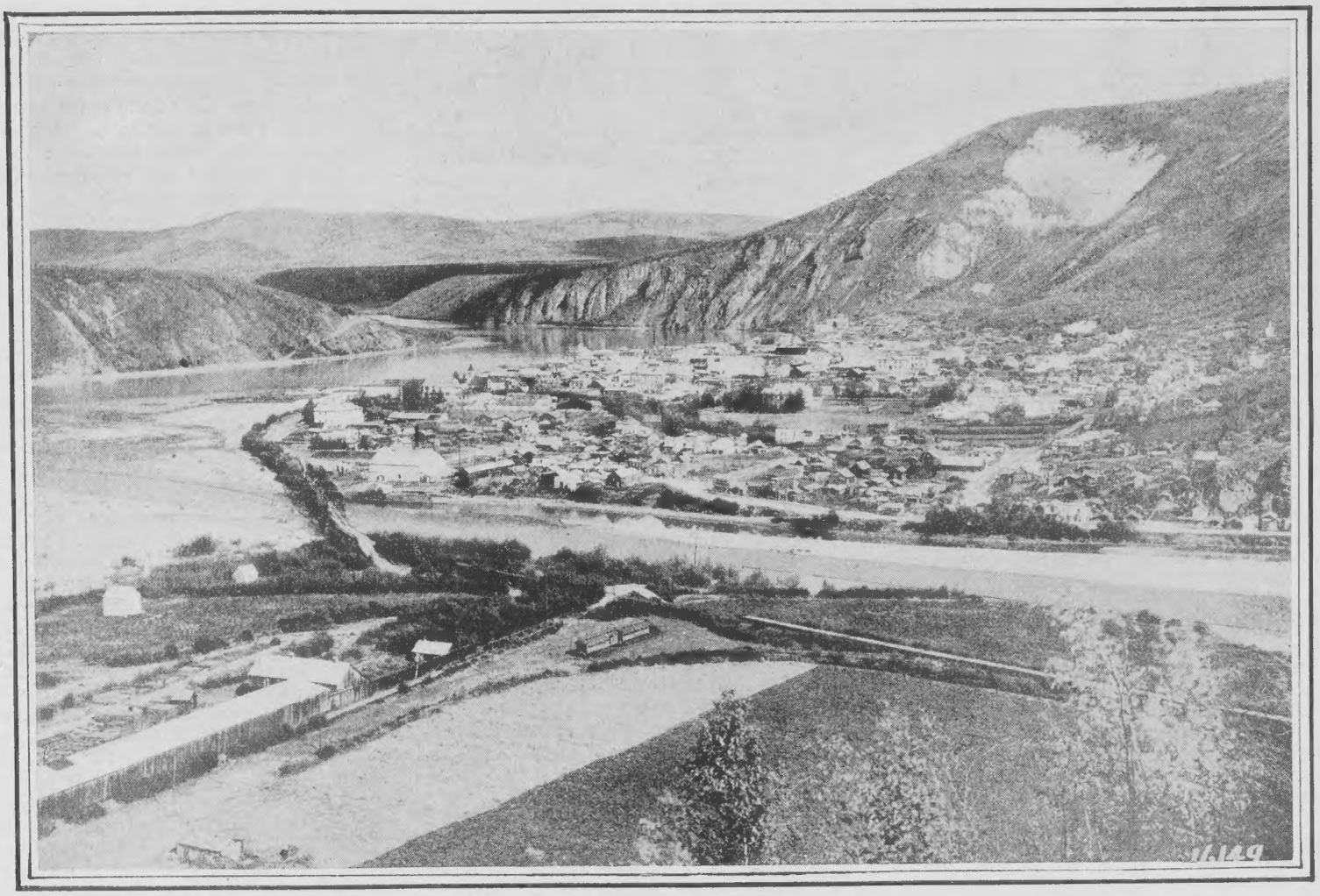
"I had always been very subject to colds and for two or three years my face had broken out," writes Mrs. F. W. Forman, Jr., from Baltimore. "Both these conditions no doubt were caused by sluggish intestinal activity, yet nothing I tried had any effect. I asked our family physician what he would suggest and he told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. I did, and my complexion began to clear and I stopped having those annoying colds.

"The sunshine vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast appeals to me for its effect on the children,* as they are confined so much indoors in the winter."

*Physicians recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for children over 5 years of age.

This Canada--a Picture and a Frame

By C. B. Robertson



Dawson City—"With its history of high hopes and despair—now a great outpost in the midst of grandeur."

ONE radiant early morning not so long ago, I was travelling through the Rocky Mountains out of Banff. A group of wayfarers were sitting on the observation platform. The lovely Bow River wound its way through the valley. All about us, great mountain peaks, snow-capped, towered to the skies. The sun was shining now, but there had been rain, and wet cliffs shone in the sunlight like mighty, bright-hued jewels in the crown of great nation.

A portly man, who held a very-black cigar in fingers reminiscent of a bunch of bananas, was talking about his "home town," in the East. He was apparently its leading citizen. A little girl stood gazing, wrapt in shining ecstasy, at the loveliness all about. At last, when the fat man's voice ceased for a moment she squeezed her mother's hand and said, almost-breathlessly: "And God made it—didn't he, Mummie?" Her mother smiled and nodded, and the man, having overheard, spoke complacently: "In our new church in my home town, we gotta stained glass window, showing God creating the earth, twelve by fourteen feet!"

Nary a one of us laughed out loud, but we grinned every known variety of grin, I think, and the man looked from one to another of us in a puzzled way. But what right had we to laugh at that man, even if his way of putting the thing were ridiculously expressive of his limited outlook? Are not most of us a bit narrow in our conception of a divinely-created world? After all, this mighty earth is of just such proportions, for each and every one of us, as we make it perhaps not "twelve by fourteen feet," yet of very small dimensions; within the boundaries of a province, or a city, or a village, or even within the confines of those things which minister to our own individual contentment.

There is an idea abroad on the earth, that we humans are becoming world-minded. I wonder? It must come, of course, in time, but it seems a tall order. It seems to me that the first step for we Canadians to take on the path which leads to universal brotherhood, is a step in the direction of national-mindedness—that we must learn to love Canada as a whole, (first perceiving what Canada is), not each his own small section of the country or even his province, but our homeland, Canada, "our heritage; our love." Would it not be possible for us to see the beauty of our land with the eyes of that child? Or shall we cling to the short-sighted vision of the complacent fat man?

It may be said that we cannot "love that which we have not seen," and our land is so vast that not all of us, indeed, may travel from sea to sea; but, after all, the soul of Canada is not expressed only in its beauty of mountains and forests, in its great lakes and mighty rivers, but in the hearts of men and women—yes, and little children, the citizens of to-morrow—all together creating a Canadian tradition within the land.

Mighty in service to Canada; men and women who make laws wisely, and administer them with integrity, and those who loyally keep the laws; those who develop our great resources, our growing industries, be they great or small in the furthering of the general scheme; those who work for national unity between the French-speaking and the English-speaking races within our borders, and the immigrants who come to us from foreign lands. And the children? Such as those boys and and girls of Saskatchewan who pointed the way to all the world in proving the tremendous possibilities of service, of a hitherto unheard-of Junior Red Cross.

Of such is the soul of Canada, which we must perceive if we would be nationally-minded. Her physical beauty is but a frame for the picture of Canada—of man, woman and child, including, together, the soul of a nation.

And how shall we gain knowledge—broad knowledge—of this Canada of ours? I wonder how many or how few of us realize what tremendous workers are our Canadian magazines in the cause of national understanding, and national unity? If we be possessed of the Canadian spirit, we may gain a comprehensive knowledge of all parts of our land through the reading of our own magazines. We may learn of the problems which confront different sections of our country, and how public-spirited men and women tackle those problems and, in a spirit of service to the whole nation, solve them. Great servants of the nation may become familiar to us; human beings with an ideal of service as great and as inspiring as that of the "Fathers of Confederation." I do not say that all of our people "in public life" are self-forgetfully disinterested, but I do state, most emphatically, that the rewards of office, to most of them, are greatest in the sense that they realize that they are serving their country to the limit of their powers.

Upon my many journalistic travels throughout Canada, diving deep into the activities of the Canadians, (of provinces, East and West), perceiving beyond their service of the day, the goal of great nationhood toward which each is striving, I have found Kipling's words coming into my mind, time and again. "It's the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul!"

"Team-work"—that's what counts! That is what creates the composite soul of a nation. Premier Lucien Taschereau of Quebec, of wham I have spoken in a former Western Home Monthly article, is a brilliant man of integrity and unsullied statesmanship. Why is he a great Canadian who will go down in history as a force in our day and generation? Because he has done more than any one man in our history to bring about national unity between the races. Conservative Premier Ferguson, of Ontario, and Liberal Premier Taschereau of Quebec, have worked together toward this end, and have cheerfully accepted the abuse of those intolerants who disagree with them. Their "team-work," (in teaching, and preaching, "team-work"),

is a big thing for the nation. These two are well to the fore in that picture of Canada, within its beautiful frame.

For them—although he may not have left his own "home-town"—the French-Canadian sees Canada more broadly, and the English-speaking Canadian sees old Quebec with new eyes, perceiving that it was once all of this Canada of ours; that these French-Canadians—as we call them—are descended from the first Canadians; that no native son or daughter can love our land with a deeper devotion than do these brothers of a different race and faith.

If we care to read, we know what great pioneers they have been, not only in their own French-Canada, but throughout the land. When, in the days, long gone, before our country was a Dominion, many of them made their way to what is now British Columbia; they helped greatly in the creation of a new civilization beyond the Rockies. There is a lovely old Indian proverb which has come down to us: "No-one can stand against those who come singing." They say that it was first said of the French-Canadians who sang their habitant songs far from home, as they felled great trees in clearing for their homes in the mighty forest. The Indians heard the singing, and they marvelled, for it was a time of Indian uprisings and of tribal wars, yet these people sang to the stroke of the axe, sang songs of home. Yes—"No-one can stand against those who come singing. They fly far above us like an army of birds, and are gone, ere we can fix our arrows." So said the Indians of these French-Canadians who were unconsciously doing their part toward the creation of a great Canadian tradition of courage. They and their descendents are a part of the picture of the soul of Canada. Don't you think so?

AND what of the Prairie Provinces? What courage is there. The very soil is rich with the devotion and heroism of the early pioneers, and those qualities abide to this day. The true Canadian of the West is loyal to "the land," even in times of greatest financial depression. Heart-sick, I looked upon the fields at this last harvest-time, but they said: "The farmer can't expect all bumper crops. Whatever comes, we must make the best and the most of it!" The pioneer spirit–and expressed in other ways too of late years; notably in the development of a co-operative marketing organization such as has never been known in the history of industrial evolution. The early pioneers, the farmers of this day, and the farm people in politics and in this organization are all in the picture of Canada.

I have interviewed Prime Ministers—and others — by the score, throughout this land of ours, and I have stood in respectful admiration before their work and their dreams of achievement to come, with a keen sense of their great service to our nation, but there have been others — "unhonored and unsung"—who belong in the picture, too. There were young mounted policemen in the far Klondike country, and young missionaries up there under the far-famed Bishop Stringer. He was once a young missionary himself, and, with his courageous wife, "fought the good fight of faith, and conquered "the land God forgot," and proved that line a fallacy. Surely the Great Artist painted in that figure of the picture, with loving hands.

The Maritimes? Read of their service to the country, service past and present, in your magazines. I cannot tell of personal experience and contacts there, for there seems a fate which prevents my going—even to a broken leg, which stayed me at the last moment, the last time that I set out. In British Columbia, however, I met some of these many women unknown to fame, who with, fine "team-work," and dogged determination raised the money which made possible that wonderful Solarium where suffering crippled children from all the West are helped and healed. (There are few of us, indeed, who cannot enter into the Canadian picture in some such way as this.)

In Saskatchewan I talked with nurses who serve at the remote Red Cross Outposts; the days, the months, the years of the best years of their lives given to the service of their fellow-Canadians, pioneering men and women and children. Surely God—the Supreme Artist—embodies the hearts of these girls in the picture of the Soul of Canada.

In Alberta, I went adventuring in a flivver, far beyond the Railroads, with a Public Health Nurse who was blazing the trail for a Government clinic. Shall I ever forget the experience—or Jane? Never! She was another of the kind who "come singing." Life was an adventure to be met with song—and with prayer sometimes, and she was the praying sort, was Jane. No matter how overwhelming the magnitude of her job, her sense of humor never failed. This was, part of it, her own country, where she had served as a district nurse, and the mothers told me rare tales of her adventures—dashing on horseback, at "forty below," through the night, for twenty miles or so, to bring a little Canadian citizen into the world, or crossing a swollen river in the early Spring to reach a dangerously-ill Indian woman—crossing on hands and knees over a great, fallen tree, because the bridge had been carried away by the rushing, high waters. My word! I am convinced that she remembered a song to suit the occasion. They were always apt—Jane's songs. For instance——

I shall never forget one day when our flivver was dragged back into the deep mud of the road by a couple of homesteading farmers with a team; hauled up from the little ravine where it had leaped, and then nestled as if in need of a nap. I climbed in, and Jane took her place at the wheel. Just before we started, she looked pensively over her shoulder at the spot where we had gone over the edge, and she raised her voice in song: "Where my caravan has rested!" Those homesteading boys stood in the rain and howled! She could have had either one of them for the taking, I'm thinking, at that moment. Oh yes—that's the spirit! Laughter and song along with the service of body, brain, and spirit!

When the time came that I had to return to civilization, Jane drove me many miles through the night to the nearest railroad where a train paused—if flagged—at four in the morning. With us— just for the fun of the thing—came a couple of government surveyors whom we had run into on our line of travel the previous day; young university chaps who were surveying this part of the new North West, through valleys, over wooded hills, fording rivers, packing their supplies on their backs, half the time—real explorers, if you like! It was a wonderful night. The Northern Lights were like white flame all across the sky. As I stood on the platform of the train beside a sleepy porter, the little group of young Canadians raised their voices in song, and Jane beat time as she waved a farewell. "Land of hope and glory!" they sang—bless them! As the train pulled out, the words came to me faintly: "God Who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet!" Are these three worthy to be a part of the picture of Canada? What do you think?

PERHAPS you remember the story which appeared in Western Home Monthly not so long ago about the Wheat Kings of the Prairie Provinces? Do you remember their stories, and how they carried on with indomitable perseverance and courage, in the face of defeat by hail, and fire, and drought, and early frosts? How, finally, they served Canada in a stupendous way, by winning the world championship again and again, and so "telling the world" of the richness of Canada's soil, and the perfection of her grain?

Yes—all these Canadians make up the picture of Canada, as I see it, within her inspiringly beautiful frame; these and other numberless ones—the great executives who build and rule our railroads, and the engineers who carry us safely from sea to sea; the pilots who, in their aeroplanes, carry men and machinery and supplies into the Northern mines far beyond the railways; the Mounted Police and the missionaries in the far North; the men and women serving in our houses of parliament and on the judicial bench and in our pulpits. Many books could not completely describe this great picture of the soul of Canada. Yet—it's "twelve by fourteen feet" to some of us, and only as big, to each of us, as the individual's knowledge and conception of our nation's soul. (So many of us disregard the picture in admiring the frame.)

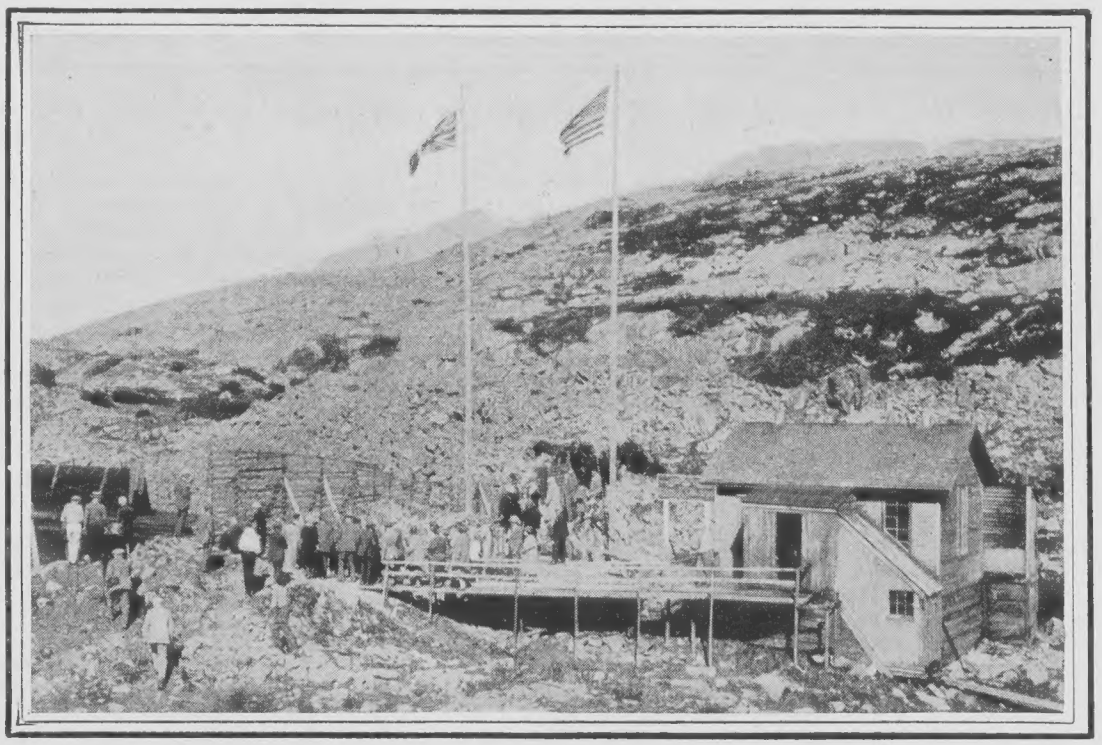
Returning from the old lands across the sea, I have stood on the broad deck of the Empress of Scotland, and, entering the St. Lawrence from the Straits of Belle Isle, I have forgotten the fogs and icebergs, and the storms at sea, in the glory of Canadian sunshine which greeted us—sunshine more radiant, it has seemed, than that of any other land in the world. I have seen the villages nestling among the trees on the shore line, the white spires of their little churches, pointing like the tree-tops to the blue Canadian skies, and with swelling heart, I have held out my arms to the land, and have cried to fellow-travellers from over the sea: "Here we are at last! This is Canada."

And—I have wandered through the old Province of Quebec, the cities and the villages, the highways, and the byways, and, hearing the French tongue on every hand, I have said: "This is Canada — beloved old Canada." I know the cities and the towns of Ontario, too. Best of all, I know the beauties of Ontario's "Muskoka," having paddled my canoe for long, blissful, beauty-drenched holidays there since I was a little child, and, because I know it most intimately, I say: "When I am abroad and think of home, this seems most Canada to me."

And — the prairies — typically Canada, one might say—with a beauty all their own to those who love them, and a prairie, glowing-ripe with grain is surely a thing breath-taking in its loveliness. And then—the Rockies —the nation's crown of beauty? No need to say how one thrills to the mountain heights! And the lovely Okanagan Valley—orchard of the West —so lovely in blossomtime as to be indescribable.

And then the North—the magnificent Yukon—Canada's last outpost, with its history of high hopes and despair, its teeming thousands of a bygone day, its quiet contentment in the midst of mighty grandeur today. I remember, as we crossed the line from Alaska into British territory, I cried: "See! There's the flag! This is Canada!"

Oh, I love it all, from sea to sea! I take my oath that no one, more than I, loves the beauty of our great land—yet I say again that this is but the frame within which the picture of Canada is even now being painted by a Divine Hand. May all of us be true Canadians in a national brotherhood.



Boundary Line between Alaska and Yukon.

Illustrated by N. Brett

"My father is having his after-luncheon nap and he must not be disturbed," lied Hesperia.

Managing Father

By Elizabeth Church

THE girl in the cream roadster drove quickly along the curving road of the Wellington Crescent and came to a standstill before the gateway of a great garden, which stretched its scented spaces as far as the Assiniboine River. She gave a shrill blast of three notes—a long, a short and a long.

A pre-arranged signal?

Miss Hesperia Jolyon, hidden behind the tall hedge, raised herself stiffly from the bed of late-blooming white roses and parted the leaves to peer short-sightedly through at this bold disturber of the peace.

Her first glance made her aware only of the loveliness of the driver, a young girl, dressed all in white, so vividly flower-like, that Hesperia could compare her only to the exquisite blossoms before her. Golden! Graceful! Colorful!

But her second glance changed her admiration into anger.

"That's the very girl!" she told herself. "That's the Miss Montrose that Father raves about! That's the very same car! Yes, the license number is the same! That's the car the agent brought here! Father bought it for *her!* Mercenary little minx! I'll send her packing! To come right here after him! An old man of eighty-four! Horrible!"

Toot . . . Too—ooot . . . Toot!

The girl stared at the upper windows for a moment or two, then she left the car and came through the gateway.

"I mustn't let her get to the house," thought the excited lady. She slipped from the hedge and barred the way of the surprised visitor.

"Oh, Miss Jolyon," said the girl, "is your father . . . perhaps he has told you about my . . . "

"My father is having his after-luncheon nap," lied Hesperia, with a backward glance to make sure that her aged parent was safely hidden by the dense shrubbery, "and he must not be disturbed."

"I thought . . . I just thought that he might have told you, that he . . . " The girl retreated a step or two before the resolute lady and backed slowly through the gate. "I thought he might have told you about my white roses. He said that he would have them ready for me."

"My father is having his after-luncheon nap and must not be disturbed." Hesperia shut the gate firmly, repeating with phonographic accuracy: "he must not be disturbed."

The girl jumped into her car and drove as quickly down the hill as the cream roadster could carry her.

"I must telephone for help at once," thought Hesperia. Her half-sister, Henrietta, was the only one who could make her light-hearted father see reason. She hurried into the house, locked the door of the telephone closet behind her and called the Hardin home.

Her nephew, Dick, answered.

"Dick! Tell your mother to . . . to . . . come at once." She stuttered so excitedly that he could scarcely understand her.

"That you, Aunt Hespy? What's up?"

"Tell . . . tell your mother . . . Oh, Dick, if you could have heard her tooting at our very gate!"

"Who? Mother? Tooting?"

"No, no—a girl! A very young and pretty girl!" She stopped short. She must not let Dick know of her worried suspicions concerning his grandfather.

"A pretty girl!" said Dick quickly. "Now you have me excited. I've got almost as keen an eye for a peachy skirt as Grandpa Jolyon himself. What's he doing this afternoon? Shaking a giddy leg at the Fort Garry, or . . . "

"Don't be an idiot, Dick! Talking so of an old man who'll be eighty-four next Thursday! Oh, I don't know what to do!"

"What's the matter, Aunt Hespy? What's worrying you? Surely not Grandfather?"

She shuddered at the nearness of his guess.

"Don't let him tease you,' went on Dick. "He likes his little joke, you know. What you need is a husky sheik to take care of you.'

"Dick, how can you! You all seem to have marriage on the brain!"

"It's in the air! Here's Mother now."

Then the sharp voice of her half-sister reached her.

"What's the matter now, Hespy? . . . Father, as usual?" She listened grudgingly for a moment, then hung up the receiver with an ungracious: "Well, I suppose I'll have to come. Dick will drive me in. We'll be there in twenty minutes."

The agitated Hesperia leaned against the wall to collect her senses. Someone tapped on the glass door. Minerva, the plain-looking new housemaid, certainly needed a lot of training. If Henrietta would only undertake that too.

"Miss," said this worrying retainer, "your pa wants his . . . "

"You should say Mr. Jolyon, Minerva."

"Very good, Miss. Your pa, Mr. Jolyon, wants his suitcase out of the storeroom."

"What! His suitcase!"

"Yes, Miss." Her lantern jaws seemed to bite the words. "Your pa, Mr. Jolyon wants it. He says as how he is going to need it this evening."

"Oh dear, oh dear," worried Hesperia inwardly. "How much of this awful affair does this cross-grained woman know!" Aloud, with what calmness she could muster in the face of this fresh blow, she said:

"You'll find Mr. Jolyon's—the one marked M.E.J. —on the left-hand shelf of the store-room. Place it in my wardrobe. I shall attend to his packing later."

Oh dear! Packing! Would Henrietta be on time? If it were only Dick who wanted to get married! What man could resist the attraction of the lovely girl who had tooted the horn of her smart cream roadster at their garden gate? Her fears returned with double force. She did not believe that even her doughty half-sister could rescue their aged parent from his self-sought peril.

Crossing the hall, she peeped in the drawing-room door. Whatever was he doing now? She almost laughed aloud, for the little old man in the mirror brought back the long-ago eighties, when she, a small child, had seen a wax model in a tailor's window with the sign in red letters: "What every gentleman should wear at his own wedding and the weddings of his friends."

If her father—she told herself—had worn in place of his neat white beard, the luxuriant whiskers of that period, the resemblance would have been perfect. That diminutive gentleman, practicing an agile bow and offering a gallant arm to an imaginary lady before the tell-tale mirror, was dressed in a morning suit of black broadcloth, tailored in the fashion known years ago as the Prince Albert. His white waistcoat, his white spats and the corner of his white handkerchief made such a complete image of her childhood's recollection that she blinked her tired eyes as she stared. His own wedding! With a flapper child! Oh, dear!

Mr. Jolyon, raising himself from his last low bow, caught sight of his daughter behind him, wheeled squirrel-like in his patent shiny shoes, grasped his gold-headed cane and white gloves. With a provoking grin upon his shrewd old face he fairly ran through the French window into the shrubbery.

She followed him as quickly as she could. He was not in sight. Oh, would Henrietta be on time? It would take twenty minutes to come in from Saint Vital.

Then she caught sight of her father at the end of the walk with a green can in his white-gloved hand. "Oh, dear, he must be terribly absent-minded today! If he saw a gardener putting a drop on them before sundown he would have a fit, and as for his white spats, if he gets a mark on them, he will have a stroke! Oh, if Henrietta would only come! Oh, what's he doing now?"

For the dapper gentleman had caught one perfect blossom, kissed it tenderly and placed it fastidiously in his button-hole. "Poor Father," her thoughts ran on, "he's just too romantic—like me. I'm half sorry that I've set Henny after him, but—but she's the only one who can stop him. She managed so well about Mrs. Beatem and Miss Vampton, too. What's he doing now?"

He had taken a seat upon the garden bench and was fanning himself with his silk hat. As she came closer she raised her voice falteringly:

"Oh, it's very hot in the sun, Father. Won't you come in and lie down?"

"Hot? I don't feel hot. Only old ladies like you, Hespy, feel the heat and cold. I'm just as young as I ever was!"

"Oh, Father, you forget that next Thursday will be your eighty-fourth birthday and that Dr. Angus said that——"

"Humph! I'd forget it if you and Henrietta didn't keep on driving it into me. My motto is, that one is just as old as one feels. Dr. Angus said the other day —I was getting examined for more insurance, you know, for Miss Montrose—the numbskulls wouldn't give me a new policy." He swished his cane jauntily and laughed teasingly as his daughter blushed poppy-red at these horrible words . "Hm—just as sound as I ever was, and the doctor said that there aren't many men in the sixties—mind you, the sixties—who have my arteries, and can do the work in an office that I do." With a wicked twinkle he added: "Anything on your mind, my dear?"

"No—oh, no." How could he, the guilty old sinner, read her thoughts so cannily? No, no. Henrietta is coming in for tea."

"Good," said Mr. Jolyon. "And Dick is driving her in."

"How did he know that?" thought Hesperia in surprise. She must listen. She must get some clue to his doings. He was saying: "Glad Henny's coming. I've been wanting her to meet . . . to meet my little girl, you know, Miss Montrose. She is coming to tea at five, and later we are—are——" He looked at his wrist watch with a gesture of military youthfulness which for once failed to amuse his daughter. "It's almost time to go fetch my little sweetheart."

Would Henrietta never come?

At that moment Dick's motor tooted its joyous note at the garden gate.

At the close of the service Father welcomed her to the church and walked home with her.

HESPERIA returned the warm kiss of her tall nephew with a surge of thankfulness for his timely arrival.

"Aunt Hespy," he began, with that laughing kindness in his gay brown eyes which had kept her his adoring slave throughout the twenty-four years of his happy progress, "what's up this afternoon that you should send hot-foot for Mother?" His aunt laughed with the sense of happy reaction which Dick's buoyant presence always seemed to bring. His voice, she told herself, was like the sound of the wind among the branches of a tall young elm tree, that it drove away all the sandpapering cares and daily vexations of her lonely life.

"How come," he went on, "that you'd dare to break in on my Saturday golf; bold, bad woman?"

"You were just leaving for town, Dick, so don't pretend that it was a favor to drive me in," said his mother, as he helped that stout, satin-sheathed matron in her awkward attempt to get out of the car.

"Out you come, Mother! Say, Aunt Hespy, can't you talk the mater into taking a common-sense view of my future?"

"He's been worrying me," said Mrs. Hardin as she kissed her sister in a hurried, managing manner. "And he's huffy because I refuse to meet this new girl of his."

"New! She's not new! We've been engaged six months and we'd have been married long ago if you'd only let me bring her to meet you."

"Well, I won't. Run along now, Dick. I want to talk to your aunt. Be sure to come back at six."

"Say, Aunt Hespy, where's that sixth wonder of the world, giving his lady-loves a joy-ride in his airplane or working among his white roses?"

"That's no way to speak of your grandfather, said his mother. "Of course, he's in the garden, isn't he, Hespy?"

"Just the spot for me! I want some white roses."

"You know very well that he won't give you any of the white! So don't tease him."

"How much do you want to bet that he won't give me some of the white? I'm in good with Grandpa, ever since I made that forty thousand for him in Noranda. I'll be back at six, Mother. Bye-bye, Hespy!" And as he sauntered down the path towards the distant green bench he whistled loudly the notes of the Wedding March.

"Oh, do you hear that!" Hespy grabbed her sister's arm as they went through the front door. "That's the very same tune that Father has been humming all week. He is all dressed up like . . ."

Her sister cut her short. "Hespy! Do try to take things more calmly." She seated herself on the drawing-room sofa and took out her knitting. "Do get your needlework. You fidget so you make me nervous. At your age you should have more dignity. Let me see!" She counted in the air with jabs of her knitting-needle. "You must be fifty-seven, for I'll be fifty-four my next birthday. Well, now, what's all this fuss about?"

"It's—it's father!" Hesperia, bolt upright at her end of the sofa, quavered. I'm afraid—I know that he's going to do it this very day."

"Fiddle-de-dee! You always were romantic!" Henrietta stared at her sister's idle fingers. "Of course I knew it must be father! What nuisances men are! that silly Dick, bothering

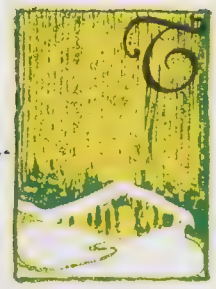
[Continued on page 22]

HOMESTEADERS

By
Francis Dickie

Illustrated by
R. Dorf

A woman's voice—a little querulous—shattered the silence.



THOUGH the cheap alarm clock on the shelf above the rude table pointed to but four o'clock, the early winter's dusk already lay heavy in the cabin's single room. Still the man, since early afternoon slouched in a home-made rocking chair before the stove, retained his position. His feet upon the damper, his knees slightly raised upward and clutched by interlocking hands, he stared sombrely into the fire. Only at intervals, when the insatiable blaze called for more wood, did he move quietly to replenish it; always immediately resuming his seat and dull-gazing pose. Before him upon the stove a ponderous nickel-plated kettle simmered softly, a prolonged sighing, a droning somnolent note, suggestive of homely things, yet freighted with an underlying melancholy toning.

Quickly the short day died; the brooding evening darkened into night. With the fading of the light, a huge tabby cat, its pupils bigly black to fit the piling gloom, ceased her drowsy purring, and rising to her haunches began a careful, assiduous toilet, now one hind leg, now the other, high in the air, strangely grotesque as the trick of an agile contortionist, yet unlike, each move placid, unhurried, as one possessed of infinite time.

Outside, the slow, great flakes of snow began lazily drifting from a low-hanging, leaden sky, that swallowed up the early rising moon of this northern Canadian lattitude, and heightened the dark.

Within the cabin, the walls and scanty furniture lost distinctness, faded into, and became part of the hushing night, save in the immediate foreground of the stove's mica-fronted door, through which the flame, now high, now low, cast fitful light upon man and chair, table and wall behind, making them into strange objects, vague, distorted and unreal.

Now and again the fiercely burning spruce sticks snapped, the sound momentarily loud, like the explosion of tiny firecrackers. The kettle simmered on. For a long time there was no other sound.

Then, at last, from the darker depths at the side of the room to the left of the man, some one moved, the motion slow, undecided, as one just awakened and still very weary. A woman's voice—a little querulous, in spite of her evident striving to keep it steady—shattered the silence.

"It's back again, Henry. It waked me up. God, Henry, I can't make it go away!" Something hopelessly resigned was in the heavy depths of her uncultured voice.

Her stockinged feet thudded ever so softly as she dropped them over the edge of the bunk to the floor. She spoke again—the querulousness of faint hysteria triumphing: "Gawd, Henry, how I long for them canned strawberries!"

Silently the man's moccasined feet slipped to the floor: "Yes, yes, dear," he said, very quietly, very soothingly, answering her unchanging cry with the same non-commital words and soft inflection as he had daily for two long weeks. He got to his feet. A match flared in his hand. He crossed to the shelf, took down a candle and, lighting it, placed it upon the table. Its feeble rays threw into bold relief the face of the clock above and back of it. It was half past seven.

"Why, Henry, I have slept nearly five hours!" The hands of the time-piece brought realization of the lapse of hours where the dark had failed her attention. "Yes, dear, I kept as quiet as I could," he answered in subdued, mild tones, hopefully placatory.

Sighing heavily the woman let herself slowly down into the vacated rocking chair. Clasping her hands over her stomach she stared broodingly at the glowing yellow-red of the flames showing through the mica-front, while with one slightly moving foot she set the chair swaying ever so little.

As she rocked, the man, moving almost noiselessly, set the table with hardly a click from granite cup or plate, or rattle from the tin knives, forks and spoons; and prepared supper-fried salt pork for himself, a boiled egg for his wife; fresh scones for each.

The woman's eyes lighted slightly at sight of the egg as he tenderly dropped it into a small saucepan partly full of boiling water. Noting the look, he said proudly, "Yes, they laid one to-day."

She was about to return some commending word, but instead, gave way to a peevish plaint, a dissatisfied hyper-criticism, which, born of a perverse spirit within her, understood, unnatural, but uncontrollable, triumphed over her first kindly intention.

"One egg from fifty hens since November, and this the tenth of January!"

A faint shadowy hurt flitted over the man's face, then was gone. Three months of like carping had dulled his sensitiveness. Also, in a dim, vague manway had come slowly to him a sort of comprehension of her irritability. This understanding now made for tolerant acceptance. So though the slur stung momentarily, it passed off without rousing the resentment it would have caused six weeks before.

The supper ready, he drew the rough board table close to the rocker, saving her all but the slight exertion of partly turning herself. They ate in silence.

THE meal over, she resumed her former position before the fire, while he noiselessly cleared away and began washing the dishes. He had nearly finished when she said in a strangely changed voice, no longer peevish, but apologetic: "I know it don't seem reasonable, Henry, but I just keep awanting and awanting them canned strawberries. I don't know why; but its just like everything else lately, me being cranky and nervous. I can't control this craving. I do try, Henry, honest I do."

"It's all right, Maggie, its all right." Soothing as the gentlest caress, the low pitched words came drifting across the room like the subdued modulation of a benediction, in them a kindly sympathy, a restful assurance, a vast understanding.

The last dish dried and laid away, he moved to the side of the stove and stood gazing fondly down at her.

After a long pause, she said, with a little of the old impatience and querulousness returned: "But you don't understand—" then, her inflection softened once more to one tentatively complaining—"I feel I just got to have them strawberries."

"But, my dear, it's forty miles to the settlement!" Faint protest was in his tone. "Besides, I can't leave you alone."

"Oh,I know how far it is; I got good reasons to know—and whose fault is it? whose idea was it, this coming away from a good job and home in England to a God-forsaken homestead in this Alberta wilderness!" From low quavering of her first few uttered words her voice had mounted higher and shriller, a whining wail, indignant and accusing. She sat silent a moment, hands nervously clasping and unclasping in her lap; then, all the belligerence suddenly vanished, she said in husky, whiffling pleading: "Aw, please, Henry, won't you go? You can make it and be back in two days by walking steady, and Reynolds' is right on your way. You can drop in and ask Mrs. Reynolds to come over. It's only three miles, and I'm sure she won't mind coming for a couple of days, seeing as there is just her and her man at home this winter."

The man stood so long without answering that, interpreting his silence for refusal, she fell to weakly sniffling. But at last, straightening his slightly stooping shoulders, he came over and laid a pacifying hand upon her arm.

"All right, Maggie, I'll go if you feel it that bad;" he hesitated—"but about that other thing—about our coming out here—I ain't going to say I'm sorry, because I ain't. It may be a little hard just now; hard till we get a crop. But the railway's promised; the surveyors is coming in the Spring. Why," he went on gaily, "in a few years we'll be rich. Ain't that better than me slaving in the old button factory and jest getting enough to mosey along on, an' no more? Well, I just guess yes. You'll agree with me after awhile, when you're feeling better. You liked it all right when we first came a year ago."

The woman wiped her eyes. Her sobbing ceased. Presently she said, almost calmly: "I guess maybe it'll be all right. I guess maybe I ain't myself." Then cajolingly: "but yer goin' in the morning?" Forcing a wavering smile, he nodded: "Yes, I'll be away by daylight," His words reminding him of something, he crossed to the shelf, took down and set the alarm for six o'clock.

Each breath drew his nostrils together with a peculiar grip.

SHORT of capital as homesteaders often are, Henry Smith had been forced to content himself with a team of oxen, rather than the faster moving horses he would have preferred. But in regard to his journey to the settlement, he could make better time on foot. So at seven next morning with the first streaks of dawn just tinging the horizon, Smith struck the trail. He moved rapidly, as the snowfall of the previous night had been too light to interfere with good walking upon the fairly beaten way.

From his homestead, the winter trail to the village of Lac La Biche wound for thirty miles across a sparsely populated stretch of recently settled country, a region of rolling prairie and scattered bush, then struck the lake edge and continued on the ice straight across Lac La Biche for ten miles to the little settlement upon the opposite shore.

It was bitterly cold. Each breath drew his nostrils together with a peculiar grip. As he walked, Smith rubbed his nose continually with his mittened hand to prevent the frost from taking hold.

"It's forty below," said the just risen burly Peter Reynolds an hour later, as Smith stepped inside the Reynolds' home. Receiving here a hearty assurance that Mrs Reynolds would be with his wife by noon, at the very latest, Smith stepped once more on to the Lac La Biche trail.

It was just noon by his battered silver watch when he reached the edge of the lake. With the passing of the morning and the higher climbing sun, the cold had considerably abated. Pausing a moment Smith undid the lower buttons of his mackinaw coat to take from an inside pocket a sandwich of scone and a slab of fried bacon, kept from freezing by this close contact with his body. Rebuttoning his coat, he moved on, gulping the food hastily as he walked.

The day was now clear and bright, the sun turning the snow stretch of ice into a dazzling sheen, painful and blinding to the eye. The sleigh tracks here were faint, and for long stretches entirely obliterated, showing how light had been the recent traffic. But the level ice, covered with several inches of snow, made easy, unslipping walking, and Smith swung into a long, rapidly mile-devouring stride.

But all through the morning hours, while he moved on, the mother storm wind had been hastily gathering her Gargantuan brood of battling winds amid the desolation of shaggy peaks far to the westward.

Smith had covered perhaps half of the ten remaining miles of distance to the settlement when the clear sky darkened in advance of the bursting of the blizzard's bolts.

Down, down, down, flying, whirling, from crag and peak and wide plateau, the snow came snoofing on the wind; in a blinding wall, rotating and resistless, it went roaring on the wings of a mighty wind across the plain and swooped upon the frozen shore and ice expanse of lonely Lac la Biche.

[Continued on page 55]

The Lure of An Old Land

New to We Canadians, Visiting the Oldest Colony of the Empire

Newfoundland Fiords and Rivers; Barrens and Mountains

By Bonnycastle Dale

Photographs by Courtesy of the Newfoundland Government.

WE WERE at Sydney, Cape Breton, that island part of Nova Scotia. We were waiting to embark on the big new steamer "Caribou." A stranger approached me and touching the brim of his hat said, "Are you Mr. Dale by any chance?" I agreed. We shook hands and the stranger said—" I used to do your MSS. when I was on the Sporting Times staff in London, and when I saw your name on the hotel list I wanted to know you. "So we walked up the gang-plank together and later met on the deck. It was a starry night, with a light swell running. Once we got outside the harbour, I swapped cigarettes and tales and memories and about midnight sought my bunk. We were at Port Aux Basque, Newfoundland, shortly after I awoke next morning, I intending to wait over a while, my new friend intending to take the through train for St. John's, five hundred miles across the island.

"I made a bad break this morning" he told me. "When the boy pounded at my door I told him to quit I was going to stay abed every day now until we got to St. John's. Not till he answered did I know that I had not taken a through boat. The Furness Liner "Newfoundland" was the one I intended to take at Halifax and take my runabout, too, now I have stored it in Sydney. Well! instead of two days at sea I had one night, and now it's thirty hours by train, but they say it's a wonderful journey, with salmon streams and lakes and caribou galore along the tracks—Well, Goodbye!"

"What was the name Mr.—" I asked.

"Not Mr.—Miss—" she laughed back and as I saw the train pull out with her plus fours form and sack overcoat and felt hat vanishing I vainly racked my memory as to just what things I had told him—No! Her. Luckily, ever since I first crossed the Rockies, when in those early days a fall of rocks was dreaded, I had purged my speech of all words I might regret and my reward was now.

I took a train a few days later. They run but three days a week across the Island after the steamer "Caribou" runs that hundred miles across Cabot Straits. The train headed North along the east coast of the Island. "Red Rocks." A single person to get on—"Overfall," another—and between stations we stopped and took up a chap who carried a sea purple, silvered scaled, twenty-one pound salmon, caught since I got up in that comfy berthroom. This morn's morning "Corner Brook" held me for a time. I was interested in the failure of the British Company and the sale of part of the stock to the Americans. Still, we are full partners, having all the preference stock and a lot of the common. It's a busy scene here, as fifteen millions of "cash-money"—as my ebony southern guide used to call it— must be spent according to the contract to bring this mill up to dividend production. The stock is on the market, and the buyers of whatever country holds the most will control it.

Drying fish at Witless Bay

THIS is a famous land. Again I saw a long train stop and one man drop off, a man with the usual salmon rod and gaff. The famous sealing season was over. A chap on the train knew the aviator who directs the ceremonies. Imagine this lone scout, a thousand feet up, sending down to the steamers battling in the ice the news of just where the mothers and the white pups lay on the ice. About a quarter of a million, counting all they get and those they lose, are taken each year for the hide and the oil. Until this year Newfoundland controlled the industry. Now a Nova Scotia-American company is in the field, or in the ice I may say. My seat partner enroute to St. John's, while we passed along plunging salmon streams or past ice clear lakes, told me: "One vessel put her bowspang onto an underground lip and tore her plates loose and the men all scrambled on the ice before she backed off into the unfathomable depths and disappeared with a great gurgle. All they had salvaged, save the clothes they stood in, was a half barrel of porter. It was not so bad that first day but at night they suddenly found that no man dare to sit down, and they stood all the dark hours, snatching a morsel of sleep as they slid downwards in the groups. Men were detailed to mount the iceberg in the centre of the great cake. Twenty-four hours passed and the weakest one among them passed also. Forty-eight hours and several black figures lay motionless on the ice, I know, for I was one of the ship-wrecked men. "The third day many were so chilled that masses of men kept the life in them and in themselves by beating them lustily. Then came the glad cry A STEAMER! A STEAMER!' and we were saved, the balance of us. Many's the poor chap was carried aboard insensible or dead. "That's the risk every 'swoilin' season' the Newfoundlander takes."

"We do be hearin' de big roar of her," one of the men told us, those men who still believe they heard Nungesser and Coli's ill-fated plane pass over enroute to the desolate barrens. "Where dey could lose a fleet of dem airplane birds big as a flock of geese, sir, dem barrens is big, sir."

We had turned almost due east and were now threading the lakes. The great chain of the Long Range mountains, where incalculable riches await the prospector we could not see—too far to the north. We passed Gaff Topsail, the three hills—I always thought it was on the seacoast, no! two hundred miles inland. A passenger who had seen them was telling me of the wonderful sight the salmon make when they leap up The Humber Falls. "Out just like one of the flashes of light the sun was sending on the sparkling river, came a great gleaming thing. It sailed up in front of the face of the falls like a flying fish and with a mighty effort it disappeared upstream above the plunging, roaring lip—some leap! Eh? Oh, I guess twelve feet or more."

A Basket of Trout

IT IS odd where we Sons of Men all come from. There on the lobby of the Newfoundland Hotel, a really fine big modern house, sat travellers from everywhere. "Oh! we shut our home up and came from Boston by the steamer Evangeline to Yarmouth and up to Halifax and across by the Nova Scotia of the Furness Line." "I came all the way down the Gulf on the Canada steamship Rosalind. My brother came from Montreal on the Clark liner Northland, and we are arguing ever since which is the better boat." "I came C.P.R. to St, John's, New Brunswick, and boat and rail to Halifax, N.S." [Continued on page 48]

He could just see the inert bundle that was Sylvia, lying where the robber Abe had dropped her

North-ward Ho With Sylvia

By Janet Munro

THE great official opening of the Port Churchill was over. Cabinet ministers, leaders of organizations from all over the West had assisted at the event. A few steamers, forerunners of the thousands from every country in the world which soon would crowd this harbour, lay in the roadsted. They had blown their whistles and the big fog horns boomed and zoomed. Engines of construction trains, stationary engines on the docks scarcely begun, answered in a rising and falling series of shrieks of heartrending triumph. Great men made speeches, for the most part, to hundreds of overalled, grinning laborers, and a few better-dressed individuals with, however, not a silk hat, a cane or a pair of spats or wash leather gloves among them.

On the outskirts of the crowd groups of Eskimos with merry but shrewd eyes and Indians with unreadable faces watched the play. To the northeast against the sea line a low, broken gray excrescence on the horizon marked the ruins of Fort Prince of Wales, three miles away.

Now the great men of a modern day, who had re-opened the safe harbour that the old Hudson's Bay Company's men knew so well, were gone from the scene. Port Churchill was in working clothes again, building, grading, ballasting, dredging, hammering a city from the Barren Lands.

One bright September day, a week after the celebration, Sylvia Catherwood tramped up the beach to the old fort almost on a level with the gray sea. A tangle of berry bushes covered walls thirty two feet thick. In the grass inside and outside, lay dismantled cannon torn from their fastenings by Le Perouse and his wild crew in 1783 when they captured the fort from Samuel Hearne. Sylvia remembered an old picture of it with its grim walls bristling with guns, and flag flying. Outside by the seashore an officer in gorgeous uniform walked with a lady in flowing draperies, and pointed seaward with his sword.

Sitting on the crumbling wall where late golden rod fought with flaming prince's plume and the curly shavings of ripe fireweed, Sylvia went into a daydream. The moist air beat her cheeks to vivid scarlet, darkened her grey eyes to purple and crisped the curls on her bare head. Did the lady of long ago love the gallant soldier of the picture? Here on these old walls, from year to year, lovers had walked; Samuel Hearne, perhaps, with Sarah La Petite, whose descendants still took their part on the prairies of the west and north.

Old days and old lovers, sure and content, while she, Sylvia Catherwood, alone, unsure of anything, stood on ruins above a lone and moaning sea.

Leaving her there we will go back six months to a Mid-Victorian drawing room in a picturesque old house within sight and hearing of Ottawa's singing chimes.

FOR an hour Sylvia Catherwood had been pacing the floor or going aimlessly from one object in the room to another. Anything to work off that agony of loneliness and rebellion and the exquisite pain of a feeling new and strange in her heart.

She had not known that it was possible to suffer so and still go about one's daily business gayly smiling, asking and answering questions and always driving onward with her pen. Very rarely had she known pain, real physical pain which could not be thrown off with a vigorous turn of her clear mind and purposeful will.

But this gripping thing! There was no getting at it, no cure, apparently, but at the hands of another unwilling to relieve her. What a victim she had been! The victim of one clear look from the exceedingly handsome eyes of a man not otherwise conspicuously handsome, although outstandingly and obviously manly, masculine and virile.

Sitting down quietly in the big chair in front of her comfortable fire Sylvia went over the ground step by step.

She remembered the day the explorer came in from the field. Except to be rather surprised at his aldermanic appearance and at his fair hair so faded with Arctic suns and wind she remembered no particular impression of him. Public interest had been aroused over this new North of his and she was there to write him up—his and the new country whose tale was one of rich prairies guarded by snow-capped mountains feeding turbulent sapphire-ribboned streams to the sea.

He had shot grizzlies! Well, he looked it, she decided. That slow, solid, relentless way of his would wear down the ferocity of any grizzly. There was no getting away from it, he was a born commander of men too, likeable, humorous but undefeatable. From the first he remained shy with her, but she liked him all the better and they discovered common ground in historical research.

In the spring he went out again to another portion of his North and she did not even know when

In the thickening gloom all that could be made out was a big man running in the lead.

Illustrated by John Clymer

he went, or care, consciously. Her own work took her quite near him but his proximity never entered her mind. Frequently she spoke of him and his work with enthusiasm to those who were interested. Not until later did she realize that he had been in the background of her mind all summer.

Later, too, they were both back from different routes to the big city building that rocked with industry all winter, the men of the Exploring Company in from the field laboring feverishly to put their work on paper, the big presses of The Graphic running full time, and over, everyone happy, busy, interested.

The situation of the winter before was repeated. Occasionally she went up to his block to show him an item and he accepted it with the eagnerness of the research worker. He rarely looked at her except for a fleeting glance that lowered at once. Apparently his woodsy, remote life had made him shyer than ever, which accounted for the fact that she did not know how exceedingly fine eyes he had.

Gradually she became aware of a little amused attitude in his office toward them both. A stray slam or two flung at his broad back elicited no more than a closer humping over his table and a concentrated aloofness to her that she endured with a kindly tolerance.

Then one April day when the sun shone full upon her bronze head bent over a desk littered with manuscript he came in to give her some information for which she had asked him. Only a few words, but, looking up, she met those handsome blue eyes of his full. Sylvia's heart turned over and her gray eyes widened to a flash deep down in his.

At the thought she banged an angry fist on the arm of her chair. To go down to defeat like that! One direct look from a man's eyes a fortnight ago and then this unutterable pain, longing and madness!

Why neither of them were so inexperienced, and he must be as young as she, in years at least, even if her abounding vitality of mind and body made her otherwise so much younger than the slower, heavy-bodied, deliberate man.

The morning of that day in April was the last of peace for many a week for Sylvia Catherwood. She could neither sleep nor eat. Reading was impossible. Her cosy shabby home, with the few old family heirlooms and the charm which her good taste brought to it, looked barren and forsaken as a desert island.

The dinners that, heretofore, had had a spice, an extra spice, perhaps because of the Honourable Arthur's most devoted attention — unreciprocated albeit—lost their savour; the interesting people she knew—their conversation and gay doings—all was as dust and ashes in her mouth.

Thank God, there was the office—work that never downed that gripping pain and wild longing.

She asked him out to her home, and found herself shy and awkward, her usual charming entertaining dull and strained. He went home early with a loose handshake and scarcely glanced at her.

There would have been less of pain had she known him to be less fine, less upright. "The dear, loyal, purehearted boy!" she cried into her hot pillow.

Not for a moment did she mistake that look caught from his eyes. It was utter devotion. Instinct told her something else. He was unutterably shy. Years in the wilds had given him an almost ridiculous reverence for women and developed in him an inferiority complex toward himself as far as they were concerned.

With all her experience she knew of no way to break down that barrier of reserve. She could not let him go to the field again without speaking. A week and he would be gone.

SUDDENLY she rose and went into her bedroom to turn on all the lights. It was an austere bedroom, very different from the living room and from vivid Sylvia with her worship of color, light and movement. She was never able to change that bedroom and she realized suddenly that that represented her reserve, the nearest, inner intimacy of her life, which she had kept pure cold and austere. She, too, had a barrier that refused to surrender to the great love, an inner shyness exemplified in this room.

Once when they had stood together poring over a document on a desk someone had whispered, "Beauty and the Beast!" Yet now, in humble mood, she wondered what assets she had to offer for that blind, blundering devotion of his. Did she not possess a strange fascination for men. She realized all at once that the knowledge had invariably humiliated her with the sense of having some physical quality which she could not help, but which drew down upon her the over-passionate devotion of many men whom she had not wanted.

But she wanted this one, and stepped to the full length mirror. Her nose! She had never liked it, a sort of hybrid nose, cross between her father's handsome, Duke of Wellington appendage and her mother's high bred aquiline with its proud nostrils. That too long oval face! She despised her chin with the dimple. The mouth was generous but not pretty, she decided.

Yes, she had queer eyes, gray and wide but not large, and black brows. The Honourable Arthur had once told her that her eyes were "wild and sweet." She laughed at the recollection, thinking him wild and not conspicuously sweet. The hair was lovely, rebellious and uncertain like herself, dusky at night and bronze in the sunlight. Certainly the neck was graceful from every angle and the "Society back" of which her mother had been so proud. She didn't know that he appreciated the

[Continued on page 52]

JUST SO

By Harry Hind

Illustrated by Graham Hunter

Snatching my straw hat from off my head he viciously drove his fist through the crown, just missing my proboscis by the trifle of an inch.

"NO, MATILDA, I think I am quite capable of administering the funds for this household." So saying, with a tone of finality, I let myself out of the apartment door into the hall.

As I waited for the elevator to take me down, I let my mind go over recent events. Until quite recently, I had been employed as head bookkeeper with a respectable firm in the wholesale drug line.

But things had changed in the twinkling of an eye, as you might say. My Uncle Horace had crossed the Great Divide; going on the great adventure we must all take, leaving me all his worldly goods and chattels. When totalled and accounted for, had left me with an assured income far beyond my modest needs and highest expectations. Needless to say, I had tendered my resignation, cutting off my connection with wholesale drugs forever, and was now what you might call a man-about-town.

Going down in the elevator, I was hailed by Mr. O'Brian with the words: "How do you do, Mr. Jones?" My mind still on family troubles: "Mostly as my wife likes, I'm afraid." A smothered snicker from the elevator boy snatched my mind from woolgathering.

"Your pardon, Mr. O'Brian; I should say—fairish—fairish."

Courtesy demanding, I enquired the state of his health, and how things were in the notion business. As we passed through the entrance into the street, his booming voice informed me he had knocked them for a row, all along the line. A sure home-run hit. "Believe me, I'm the baby that sells 'em, and when I do, they stay sold."

I must here explain that my acquaintance with Mr. O'Brian was of the nodding variety; mostly of meetings in our goings and comings to and from our respective apartments.

I had heard he was a high-pressure salesman, for some kind of ladies' notions; and by hearsay, was reported very successful. But really, he wasn't of my sort, for I am one of the retiring disposition sort of chaps. While he is the complete opposite—one of those hail-fellow-well-met, if you catch on to me—with a genial smile, and "how goes the battle, old fellow?" You know the kind; you run across them here and there.

But, for all of that, there were times when I had chanced to meet him, and his good-natured smile had bucked up my lagging spirits, and I had really envied him.

Sauntering along the sidwalk, chatting of this and that, we had covered a few blocks in our walk, when he made the suggestion that we should take in a fistic encounter that was taking place that evening.

It always was a mystery to me, how human beings could derive any amusement from watching two fine specimens of human fellow-men pound each other until one should drop senseless on the floor. But, according to the newspapers I would be reading, in the quiet of my home, the crowds that would attend (I give you my word) was staggering.

Getting my views on the subject, Mr. O'Brian suggested we drop into a cosy little place he knew of, for some liquid refreshment. This sounding much better, I acquiesced.

GOING round the corner into a side-street, we entered what I took to be a combination florist and tobacconist's establishment. Here my escort was evidently known, for, addressing the chap behind the counter, we passed through a door in the rear; into a cool little room .

I could almost swear I saw the right eyelid of Mr. O'Brian flutter.

Glancing around, I noticed what I took to be a mahogany counter, with some stools all along the front of it. We seemed to be the only occupants, with the exception of a gentleman who was busy polishing glasses in front of a mirror.

This fellow, turning around said: "What will it be, gents?" Mr. O'Brian mentioned something about a Collins. I said I would take a lemon squash. A blank look spread over the fellow's face, and looking quickly at Mr. O'Brian, he smilingly answered: "You're the doctor, sir."

Right here and now, I am going to make what might seem an expression of unworthy suspicion, but I could almost swear I saw the right eyelid of Mr. O'Brian flutter. Be that as it may, I'll leave you to judge for yourself.

"Now you do yourself proud, Tom, for Mr. Jones is a special friend of mine."

"Leave it to me, O'Brian. This will be the same concoction the Prince of Wales had last time he was here."

This sounded like a vast stretch of imagination, but in the light of later events, this Tom person knew whereof he spoke. After much juggling and shaking of a metal container in his hands, he emptied the contents into two tall glasses, liberally supplied with ice. And dropping a big red cherry into mine said: "There you are, gents."

Being rather thirsty, I did not stop drinking until my glass was emptied A peculiar tangy taste seemed to linger in my mouth—dashed strong lemons, but certainly a rare thirst-quencher; it made one tingle.

In honor bound, I could do no less than ask Mr. O'Brian if he cared for a repeater. On his accepted: "You bet I will," I told the smiling Tom to duplicate the first order. While he was preparing our drink, I took the liberty of mentioning the peculiar flavor the lemons seemed to have.

"Oh, that, sir? Well, you see, we have our own special grove down in Florida, and it's a certain something in the soil that gives them the tangy, zippy flavor. In fact, sir, if you will take my say-so, once you acquire the taste, any other drink is so much tepid water." "Er—put a double dash of lemon in mine, Tom, there's a good fellow."

After partaking of our second squash, I give you my word, nothing would do but I order again, and, come to look at it, there's Tom, a real good-hearted fellow, dispensing good cheer: "Surely you would join us in a squash?"

"It would be a pleasure to drink with you, Mr. Jones. And now, before you go, gents, I must ask you to take one with me. The hospitality of the house demands it."

"Yes, Jonesy, women are all right, as you say, but in their place. I still maintain that home is that place."

"You know, O'Brian, Matilda is a fine woman, if I do say so, who shouldn't. A bit strong-minded, I'll admit, and set in her ways, but pshaw, a solid citizen compared to these vapid-faced hussies one has to mingle with."

"Say, Jonesy, let's take in the fight—what say?"

"Well, you know my viewpoint; still, one can't express an honest opinion on something he has never seen. And besides a man should keep in touch with the manly art. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but at times there lingers a doubt." "That-a-boy, Jonesy, I knew all the time you were a *he*-man. Let's catch us a taxi; and *are you going to see something!* One of my boy-friends is in the main event, and when he cuts loose—oh, baby! One Round Grogan, and when he cuts loose—oh, baby! He is sure one grand sight for sore peepers."

Arriving at a huge building, brilliantly lighted, we entered through the main [Continued on page 56]

I was having difficuly with my latchkey and the keyhole, confound it, when the door opened—

A room of dignified, gracious atmosphere

The Room That Satisfies

Its Details Carry Carefully the Spirit of the Main Furnishings

By Katherine M. Caldwell

INDIVIDUALITY is sometimes in danger of becoming the rarest virtue in the furnishing and decorating of our homes. It is so easy to follow the crowd—but if one does that in the big things and stops there, the home will remain a very cold and commonplace affair, no matter what money may have been spent upon it.

We all know rooms or houses which, in attempting a description, we call "different," and go on perhaps to say that the one in question is so cheerful or so restful, so home-like or so charming. The outstanding impression, however, is that of having some real and complete effect of its own—to use a much abused word, a "personality."

Usually I have observed that if one analyzes these remarkably successful rooms, the good effect is apt to be due in great measure to clever detail. Certainly I would say that in that direction lies one shortcut to distinction.

It has been so well established in recent years that an artistic and attractive home can be achieved even on a modest expenditure, that people in general are taking much more interest in the whole subject and are starting with the assumption that whatever the amount of money involved, it will be possible to have a room in the spirit they desire to strive for. That is to say, it can be warm and colorful, or quietly exquisite or gay as a May morning or cool and dignified—the main thing is to know exactly what one does want, and then go after it quite deliberately and with a steadfast refusal to be sidetracked.

The main pieces of furniture are better to be acquired gradually if necessary, in order that they may be just what one would like them to be. If a very distinguished room is being built up, the principal pieces may take considerable finding, I have known months to be spent in finding just the right fabric—years to locate a highboy or a desk that would mean the realization of a dream. Sometimes we buy temporary pieces, and there can be no quarrel with that, if there is another role for them to fill later on when the really satisfying substitute has been found. If the budget is slow in providing the wanted furniture, wise home-makers just do without, meantime, enjoying in anticipation the things that their careful efforts will in time achieve.

SO FAR as the important furnishings are concerned, there is scope indeed for individual taste to be considered. Never before, I think, was it possible for the householder to choose from so wide a range of styles, types, designs, woods, fabrics. There is all the past, reproduced for us in practical fashion; there is the new and the very new, the conservative and the extreme and a vast distance between the two filled with every degree of modern feeling.

Having selected the foundation, so to speak, there is an interesting and enjoyable task ahead in providing the accessories, the big "little things" that in the end will have so much to do with the success of the room.

I have chosen as an example for study, a dining room which illustrates very well the part which the incidentals can play in completing a room that is in every way satisfying. This is a room of dignified, gracious atmosphere; it could never be called stiff, although it remains formal; there is no false note anywhere and whilst the same character might pertain to a room given a more costly treatment, the essential notes would not vary greatly.

Consider the room itself first, its architectural character. The ceiling is quite high—obviously not what we should think of as a new house. The windows are exceptionally tall—a point which can be made an asset or a liability by their treatment. There are good wall spaces which permit certain advantages to be taken by the clever decorator.

Since there would be a wealth of good detail to be shown against it, a plain background was wisely chosen. It is a very perfect background, with well treated woodwork that blends imperceptibly into the tones of the wall; there are lovely lines to the painted mantel, which is also finished in the rich ivory tones of wall and wood trim. This is a room which would lend itself equally well to panelled or plain walls—its proportions are so fine.

THE furniture is a good example of the formal and dignified style that is nevertheless not costly. This is a superior suite but not an extravagant one. Simple in line, with almost nothing in the way of decorative detail, it relies, and very justifiably, upon that very simplicity, along with fine finish for the wood, good proportions and design, to give it distinction. It is substantial but not heavy; long lines are emphasized. The sideboard is long, occupying the main wall. The smaller buffet is possible in the large room or it will sometimes times be chosen instead of the sideboard, if there is not a wall space suitable for the latter. The chairs are a type that has found favor for a long time—a version of the ladder-back that will please the most discriminating taste. The rush seats are of course in order and good ones are invariably pleasing. The panelled top on the table is a fine note.

This furniture definitely sets the key for this room that will do it the greatest justice. If we follow the details through now, we shall see quite readily how cleverly the individuality of this one room has been built up.

GOING back to those tall windows—picture them for a moment with curtains cut to sash length, for instance, instead of falling as they do, to the floor. The room would be ruined! Some people would declare for a valance across the tops of the windows to decrease their apparent height; with the room furnished in the spirit of this one, I greatly prefer the decision of its decorator, to treat that height as an asset in itself and make no attempt to disguise it. The simplicity of this style, the plainly hung straight curtain with just its deep heading at the top and its own color and pattern to give interest, seems perfectly in sympathy with the other furnishings. The rod should be heavy enough in appearance as well as in actuality, to sustain the not inconsiderable weight of all this fabric; it would probably be a plain brass pole, adequately supported and finished. And let me add the fulness is always an important part of good appearance in curtains—as many a sorrowing person has discovered, when she has thriftly tried to split even a wide fabric! It just never seems to work. [Continued on page 49]

"The old man frowned darkly and wagged a rebuking finger."

Lord of the Silver Dragon

A Romance of Leif the Lucky

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

FIFTH INSTALMENT

WHILST Leif labored in the hills with his men, and Thorgunna lightened the duties of the ageing mistress of Brattalid, Freydis, contrary to her former habit, assiduously encouraged the visits of the good wives of the neighborhood. Their entertainment became of a sudden a passion with her, and having gained their faith and confidence, she began with premeditated caution and cleverness to poison their minds against the already much-maligned Hebridene.

"How comes it?" she asked on one occasion, "that my lord Leif withheld his recognition of his supposed son this long while? Think, dear friends, for something is sure amiss! Think, I pray, think, think! Did anyone perceive the chieftain's likeness to the child beforehand? Nay! Is there likeness save likeness of coloring, and are not most infants fair? Oh, that black magic should enter this Christian land! But again I ask ye to reflect—is it not truth of the holy fathers that Satan guilefully sendeth his evil emissaries wheresoever the Cross hath been planted?"

Seeing that many a face blanched at her words, she pressed her advantage and hurried on: "Give thought, I beg, to mine own grief, which in truth hath occasioned these ponderings. Think upon my woe now that my heart tells me the pearl of my bosom, my sweet daughter, was foully despatched. Nay, 'twere cruel to ask good friends to dwell upon it! Think not too long on what in reason's light ye might discover to have taken place that hateful hour in the bath. Consider only this: 'Tis since mine infant perished that this Hebridene's child assumed a likeness to Eric's blood!"

Consternation followed. Such a babble of voices surely never before reverberated through these cheerful bowers. Everybody talked at once, though no one had more than hearsay to go by, and those who lacked opportunity or imagination to contribute some spicy morsel to the general criticism prayed piously for protection against this vile creature come amongst them. Freydis chuckled to herself at so amusing a betrayal of fear and cowardly superstition. They were so foolish, these little women, so easily played upon, that she almost loved them in their simplicity. "Good wives," she purred sweetly, "be not disturbed nor inclined to hasty judgment. I would do none an injustice. Yet, methinks, 'tis righteous to seek an explanation, to test the lady and ourselves. If so be we have misjudged her 'twill but increase our cheerful amends. Truth, good friends, such purpose alone prompted my planning a feast in the busy time of Thing; but 'tis my firm intention to have the lady watched in order that we may ascertain the better whether her actions be above reproach and if her presence causeth good or evil."

Thus, little by little, Freydis endeavored to color the thoughts of her neighbors with her dark mischief and by subtle flattery and persistent friendliness to win them to her favor. At the same time, being what she was, her vindictive nature must find an outlet somewhere; hence there were those of her own household who found her care less tender and her hand all too heavy. Indeed, the lady of Gardar was at best a hard taskmistress, not sparing of the lash when a thrall displeased her.

Curiously enough, it was the lashing of one such simple creature that led to Freydis' final abasement and the failure of her most cherished scheme.

An erstwhile thrall, lately freed by Thorvald and since then inclined to over-ride his fellows, tripped on his way to the wine-table one fateful evening and spilled the bowl of precious vintage he was to serve to Freydis' guests. The insignificant accident sent his mistress into a tantrum. "By the saints, thou shalt be whipped for this!" she shrieked, pale with passion. "Fool and sluggard, thou shalt be taught a sounder course and habit, thou shalt indeed!"

The poor fellow mumbled a nervous apology, not heard above the din of laughter occasioned by this mishap. Freydis ignored his plea and, calling her lackey, a huge, shock-headed fellow, great in body but simple in mind, she commanded him to give the miscreant thirty lashes. The unfortunate thrall cried out in protest that he was no longer her property, but a freedman, such as could bring her to justice for an act of violence. Freydis smiled ironically. "Muzzle thy tongue, fellow, lest we be compelled to find efficient means to silence thee. Since thou art so full of wisdom, think upon my words whilst the lash teaches thee better deportment; 'twill be good solace for thee." Turning to her half-witted lackey, she nodded sharply. "Take him away, Haki," she commanded, "whither his howls won't trouble us, and thrash him soundly."

That night the poor thrall fled to the hills, his one thought to seek his chieftain and to cast himself upon his mercy. When he eventually reached his destination he was a pitiful spectacle, more dead than alive, for his tattered rags and swollen wounds bore testimony not alone to Freydis' harshness, but to the vented resentment of his fellow-thralls over whom he had foolishly lorded in his new and uncertain freedom.

Leif, naturally, knew nothing of this; all he recognized in the misery of the man before him was an astounding proof of his sister's cruelty. His words, however, betrayed no hint of what he felt. "Thou

shalt remain with me," he said with quiet decision, "and at the Thing I shall enter thy complaint against thy mistress." Thus encouraged, the wretched man found hatred surmounting fear. "My lord," he stammered; "my lord," and then plunged on: "God's truth, my lord, there is something thou oughtest to know. 'Twas vile treachery—'twas murder—aye, lord, 'tis of Finbogi . . ."

"What sayest thou? Beware lest resentment tempt thee to lying! Of liars I think no better than dame Freydis of clumsy wine-bearers."

"My lord, I speak but truth! God curse me if 'tis lying! Finbogi and most of his men were foully murdered, whilst the women . . ."

He got no further, for Leif caught him roughly by the shoulders and shook him till he moaned with sudden fright and pain. "Justice! justice!" he wailed; "justice, in the name of God!"

Disgusted with his own impatience as much as with the cringing thrall, Leif let him go. "Speak, then!" he commanded, "and if thou liest I myself will hang thee with delight!"

LEIF did not reveal to anyone what had been the nature of the thrall's confidence, but when he emerged from the tent where they had been closeted together his face was as a black thunder-cloud, and the lightning of his eyes intimidating enough to extract unquestioning obedience from the men he hastily summoned to his counsel. Without explanation, he despatched two of his ablest guardsmen to Gardar on what seemed to them a strange and suspicious errand. They were to take a gift of silver ore to the acquisitive Freydis and in return must, by strategy or force, bring back with them no less than three of her sailors. A seeming paradox, this—they were to bestow gifts of courtesy and at the same time exercise the rights of piracy in the lady's household.

Threatened on the one hand by Leif's anger if they failed, and on the other by Freydis' vitriolic hatred if they succeeded in the face of opposition from her, it was natural that their procedure should be cautious. Fortunately, they found the mistress of Gardar in a happy frame of mind and, therefore, an easier prey to their guileful flattery. The silver delighted her, and their assurance that Leif had averred that she was to receive an even greater share in future demanded of her pride some formal recognition. Was there something she could do for her dear brother's comfort? Something he lacked in food or clothing? She feared he was too prone to neglect himself!

Now that she had walked into their trap, Leif's messengers appeared to hesitate and ponder. No, they thought their lord was very well supplied with the daily necessities, but he was short of laborers—a fact he had lamented sorely when sending them away with his gift of silver. The gift had been greater had his laborers not been so few. Freydis pricked up her ears at this. How fortunate, she thought, that she should be enabled to please her princely brother without undue cost to herself! Eagerly she confessed to having a dozen idle fellows about the place, all of whom she would gladly send to Leif if that sufficed him. Her crafty visitors assured her that nothing so magnanimous was necessary or indeed acceptable, for at the outside their chieftain would receive no more than three able men from any one household. Thus persuaded, she proceeded to further play into their hands by selecting from amongst her retainers the men whose presence was grown the most distasteful and of whom she wished devoutly to be rid.

The journey across the hills consumed several days, for the way was both difficult and dangerous, but to Freydis' sailors the arduous passage was a welcome diversion. It was spiritually refreshing to them to be away from her eternal vigilance and espionage; to be once again in the company of honest men whose hearts were light and whose consciences untroubled. It was enheartening to them just to laugh in the teeth of the mountain wind and to blurt out carelessly what came to mind without forethought and crafty consideration. So healing was the pleasant respite afforded them in the bleak wilderness, that at the journey's end they were quite recovered of their former melancholy and in the best of spirits when they presented themselves to their chieftain.

Leif received them with grave courtesy. There was nothing tangible in his speech or manner to have incited distrust, yet almost immediately their primitive instincts were roused to a sense of impending danger. A huge fellow, brown as a nut and sound as Norway timber, had constituted himself as spokesman for his comrades. Making a clumsy deference to the great chieftain he began: "My lord, 'tis said thou art in need of our poor services, and if it so enpleasure thee, it hath been agreed amongst us that I make bargain for us all."

"'Tis pleasing enough to me," Leif answered shortly, in a voice which struck his hearers as singularly clear-cut and cold. "Aye, it pleaseth me well; but more so, perhaps, if we make settlement man to man, safe from interference and interruption, for oft-times even friends make the best bargain seem bitter. But come, since thou art the wit of the party, it pleaseth me to interview thee first. 'Tis certain thou wilt agree with me that what appeareth difficult is best done quickly. Grim, follow me."

No alternative being offered, Grim was forced to comply, despite a very pronounced reluctance and an altogether incomprehensible desire to escape. Leif led the way to his tent, pitched some distance away—a great red-striped pyramid standing out against a jutting wall of solid grey rock. The massive tent was dark within, and where it backed against the rocky wall there yawned a black abyss, evidently the entrance to a natural cave. Gripped by sudden fear, Grim cast a suspicious glance at his chieftain, who immediately upon entering had seated himself by a rough table littered with samples of rock and broken weapons, and on which a clumsy grease-burner spluttered patiently, though not so much, it seemed, for the purpose of giving light as of enhancing the dismal shadows round about.

Grim stood in hypnotic silence staring at the stern figure looming so large and terribly impressive in that cheerless light, and for the first time he was forced to recognize the mysterious and invincible powers of a great and magnetic personality. Though his life had been at stake he could not have stirred a muscle in self-defence. Leif's steel-blue eyes, hard and cold as that flashing metal, held him subdued and captive. Long and dreadful seemed the scrutiny to which he was subjected, an altogether intolerable experience. But no sooner was he somewhat recovered of his seemingly unwarranted fears than fresh doubts assailed him, for, now that his eyes were becoming adjusted to the murky light, he saw to his amazement that the outer shadows had yielded up a circle of mailed warriors.

Grim was no craven. If he blanched it was not so much in terror of that formidable and threatening force as at the thought of being himself unarmed. Yet, disadvantaged as he was, the very sight of armor dispelled the disagreeable uncertainty which had most tormented him. War was his element and all its accoutrements were enheartening. Born on the battlefield—his mother having, perhaps, been the last prophetess of war to cry her encouragement in the North—he was truly bred to battle and bloodshed. So now, more like his callous self, he laughed derisively, and in his roisterous way burst out: "Devil take it! These fellows of thine gave me a nasty turn, my lord. 'Tis over-much like black magic to call a ring of fighters from the very shadows. Art planning a raid, mayhap, and would'st number me amongst thy legion? If so, know me thy man and right willing. "Truth only do I ask of thee," came the quick reply, each word clipped off sharply; "truth concerning thy deeds in Vinland."

Grim was far too intelligent to attempt evasion. Someone had betrayed his evil mistress, that was obvious. Nevertheless, he was resolved to defend his own word, whatever the cost. "'Tis said I honor truth but little," he retorted; "it were better to find a nobler advocate, my lord."

"'Tis thine to tell me what occurred in Vinland, and mine the sorting of truth from fiction. For truth thou shalt be rewarded; for fiction, also—in stripes!" the chieftain countered in cryptic fashion. To outward seeming he was as unmoved and coldly detached as his native hills, though, in truth, distaste of the task before him burned in him like a consuming flame. Immobile, adamant, he stared at the burly Grim, and none could have suspected that for once Leif would have welcomed weakness in a Norseman. "Consider thy answer and its consequence," he urged his prisoner. "Again I ask thee, wilt thou speak or must a thrall's lash loosen thy tongue?"

Grim betrayed no hint of the physical revolt and revulsion sweeping his healthy body in a sickly tide at thought of the torture to come. He met the chieftain's hard eyes unflinching and undismayed. "It hath been said of thee, my lord, that thou art given to pledges. Yet, it seems, thy condemnation falls on lesser men who may, perhaps, but ape their nobler leaders. 'Tis not a soldier's duty to correct his chieftain, but, right or wrong, know this, my lord, that even a soulless wretch may deem his word inviolate and above the lash."

"'Tis well spoken and true," Leif responded bitterly, but by no means insensible to the man's courage and the justice of his appeal. But a stern duty called for stern measures. With a frown Leif hurried on: "'Tis true, but with reservations. Leif Ericson encourages fidelity to honor only. Pledges begotten in dishonor to cloak a coward's act have no power to bind an honest man to secrecy. What hath been vowed in fear may well be disavowed at liberty. 'Tis not a question of self-righteousness, but of righteousness itself, for what bringeth ill to many cannot be an honor to a conscientious heart."

Grim glowered sullenly, blind to the chieftain's meaning, determined to be true to what he understood as honor. "What I have pledged I have pledged," he muttered grimly, "nor will I speak whilst there be strength in me to hold my tongue."

Leif considered him a long moment in heavy silence, and to his guard he seemed unmoved and unaffected, though in truth his whole heart went out in unalloyed admiration to the staunch-hearted seaman. Had it been at all possible he would have spared him, for he loathed the part he had to play. Yet his command rang out, cold, immutable, steel on steel: "Men, take him within and loosen his tongue!"

One after another Freydis' unfortunate sailors met the same fate, and each one confessed his part in the Vinland tragedy when the whips bit deep enough; though none found an exacted oath so binding on honor as sturdy Grim, nor the betrayal of an evil mistress so distasteful. But when the sorry business was at an end Leif had ample proof of Freydis' villainy and her husband's cowardice. In every essential the three testimonies agreed; beyond a shadow of doubt the half-crazed thrall had told him the truth!

And this was the story:

THORVALD was taken ill toward the end of a rough voyage, on which account, when land was sighted south-west of Markland, his wife commanded that the ships make in to shore. It proved a goodly spot, rich in timber, fish and fruits, and to Freydis it seemed a happier arrangement to remain in a place where full rights of discovery were theirs than to proceed to Leif's post to be restricted and supervised by the masterful Karlsefni.

The argument appealed to Finbogi, who had no intention of supporting a Vinland settlement and was only concerned with immediate gain. Hence, but for the sharp dissensions broken out amongst the men of the two crews, the work of throwing together some sort of rude shelter for the company would have proceeded cheerfully. As it was, the dissension grew more vitriolic from day to day, very much to the discomfort of all concerned save Freydis, who was the real instigator of it. Whilst at sea she had sown the seed destined to bear such bitter fruit. In the rough way of seafaring men, Finbogi's sailors had taunted her crew good-naturedly for manning such a tub as Thorvald's ship; which badinage they had accepted in good part until she, already busy with her evil

A Lakeside Reverie

By E. Gardner-Smith

O bright sparkling jewel so fair and serene,
How clearly I see thee on memory's screen!
In fancy I tarry again by thy shore,
And dwell on the days that shall live evermore.

The waves are still washing thy beaches of sand,
Their chant is of her—now far from thy strand;
The sheen of thy waters, the azure-clad skies,
But mirror the beauty which lurks in her eyes.

The zephyrs that stray through thy shore-line of trees
Are whisp'ring her name to the tremulous leaves,
The soft-throated songsters are trilling her praise,
In Nature's Cathedral her anthem they raise.

I hear her sweet voice in the song of each bird,
Its cadence I hear in the foliage stirr'd;
The wavelets that gambol and frisk at my feet
Re-echo her laughter so joyous and sweet.

Her spirit pervades all the bright sylvan scene,
Her presence I feel though the leagues lie between—
I linger and pensively muse by the shore,
Recalling the days that shall live evermore.

plotting, began to interpret the sport maliciously. Soon what had been harmless humor to lighten heavy labor became a bitter insult, and the angry men set to bandying lampoons — that sardonic mischief most deadly to Norse hearts — and by the time land was reached enmity and hatred were but thinly masked.

This enmity Freydis nurtured assiduously by malevolent hints and dark insinuations. Mischief and mishap ruled the day. In some mysterious fashion Finbogi's traps were tampered with; a set of drying logs tumbled down the hillside and thundered into the sea; pelts had a curious way of disappearing from one camp or the other. A thousand petty irritations cropped up to set the short-tempered sailors quarreling. At length Finbogi sensibly withdrew to another part of the island whereon they were encamped and conditions improved for a time.

Yet what eventually fired Freydis' jealousy to its wicked resolve was the news that Finbogi's men had penetrated the mainland and had located a grove of giant hardwoods, and were, in addition, growing rich in fox pelts.

Shortly thereafter Freydis' fertile brain conceived a fiendish plan, one which the most hardened offender might have hesitated to execute, but which, with that despotic rashness which similarly characterizes the mad actions of tryannical rulers and vicious women, she proceeded without a qualm to put into effect. In the dead of night she slipped from her warm bed and, in the scantiest of clothing and naked feet, fled through the bitter cold of early winter to the merchant's cabin. Finbogi, startled from dreamless sleep by her frozen touch and pathetic tears, doubted his reason for the moment. She gave him no time for reflection. Conscience troubled her, and she was come like a penitent to sue for pardon in the hopes of re-establishing friendly relations between their crews—so she confessed, adding humbly that she was desirous and prepared to make ample amends for past mischief.

Finbogi was completely mystified. What could he say under the circumstances? To spurn this tearful penitent would be ungallant indeed; besides, there was nothing to be gained by further estrangement, whereas much of mutual benefit might be derived through restoration of peace and friendliness. Hence, in his awkward way, he endeavored to soothe the lady's distress and assure her of his willingness to assist her in such measure as he could.

Having won thus far, Freydis stayed her tears and, with a seemingly guileless preamble of irrelevant nothings, introduced another subject. She complained of indisposition; homesickness was undermining her health, and she had not the hardihood to endure the terrible isolation any longer. This being so, she had come with fear and trembling to cast herself upon his mercy; she proposed to lease his vessel for the journey to Greenland.

So, thought Finbogi, the real purpose of her visit was at last clear! Amazed and indignant, he stared at her, entirely at loss for words to grapple with so impertinent a request. Freydis smiled at him benevolently, ignoring his apparent displeasure. "Nay, good friend," she hurried on softly, "be not amazed, though I offer thee good gold for the pleasure of toiling homeward in thy vessel. 'Tis extravagant, mayhap, but my heart hungers for the sight of my precious son and the homely comforts of Gardar. Thorvald's tub"—she emphasized the word significantly—"will bear thee safely to Karlsefni's camps, and in his company will see thee to Greenland, where I vow thou shalt find thine own vessel waiting for thee, recaulked, repainted and impatient for its Norway cruise. Think, by friend, 'tis not often that gold is thus lightly to be gained."

Finbogi had his suspicions, but, knowing the lady for what she was, he understood the futility of protest. Moreover, the prospect of being rid of her for good and all was worth any sacrifice; and, as she had said, in the company of Karlsefni he could reach home in safety. Why, then, should he not choose peace and gold in preference to bickerings and chance?

Freydis understood perfectly what was passing in the trader's mind. To encourage his decision she cunningly produced from the secret folds of her habit a tantalizing handful of gold, which she strewed on his rough pallet, telling him in laughing persuasion that the coffers whence it had come contained much more of its kind. The glittering metal won the day. Finbogi could not resist its shining appeal, and, just as his temptress had calculated, he silenced his doubts by arguing that such an action on her part must presage the sincerity and good-will of her intentions. How else was he to interpret the reason why so money-loving a lady should cheerfully part with her gold? No, all in all, it seemed ridiculous not to accept her offer, for, as she had cunningly hinted, gold was not always easily won.

After some little further argument, flattering compliments and still more flattering promises, Freydis parted with the gullible trader in the most amiable fashion and hastened away to perfect her devilish scheme. Finbogi, unfortunately for him, gathered up his gold with caressing fingers, thrust it under his rude pillow, and with a satisfied grunt resumed his interrupted slumbers.

Now, upon reaching her own camp, Freydis broke into loud lamentations as she staggered to her bed, waking Thorvald from his ale-drugged repose by falling across his bosom in a moaning, pitiful heap. His emotions were indescribable; alarm, curiosity, mystified amazemet, each in turn raced through his disturbed mind in a nerve-wracking flood. What unearthly cataclysm had befallen? What untoward thing, good or evil, could so have affected the iron-hearted Freydis? He shivered at the thought, and, blinking foolishly, peered into the face of his wife as if to reassure himself that this weeping female clinging to him like a frightened child was indeed she. It seemed beyond belief that the masterful woman he was unhappily resigned to acknowledge as his consort should be wailing and sobbing into his rumpled bosom, quite like any other fond and feeble creature. Freydis shivered convulsively and uttered a hollow groan, which proofs of terrifying misery roused the dazed Thorvald to more husbandly compassion. In clumsy solicitude he proceeded to help his exhausted lady to bed; whereupon, to his increased amazement, he discovered that her feet were bruised and bleeding, her garments disordered and torn; that, in fact, her whole appearance testified to some scandalous ordeal.

For all her simulated weakness Freydis' explanation was emphatic enough. This was Finbogi's doings, she told him. She had gone to the trader, prompted by a Christian impulse, on an errand of peace, and he had received her with insolence and insults . . . Sobs choked her utterance, but she managed to insinuate what decent modesty forbade utterance. No matter! She had courage, thank God, and strength! More tears followed, more pitiful sobbing and groaning. "Oh, that my lord Eric were yet alive!" she cried in sudden passion, "alive to avenge a poor daughter's insult. But alas, 'tis useless to lament a dead falcon's glory. Mated as I am, 'tis mine to bear this humiliation in silence, and the blessed saints alone know what more is to come!"

THORVALD'S vanity, if not his heart, was touched. Devil or not, she was his wife and as such she must be respected. No one might thus cruelly offend Thorvald's lady and not learn to rue his folly! In a weak man's savage frenzy, he flung into his garments and rushed out to summon his men to avenge the unpardonable insult done his name and station. Freydis had not anticipated quite so drastic a response to her prodding—certainly not such rapid action on the part of her phlegmatic husband. However, now the thing was done and out of her hands, she dismissed the thought of possible complication and defeat with a careless and indifferent shrug. Meanwhile Thorvald poured his wrath into avid ears; his audience was more than ready to listen to and believe him. As a matter of fact, not a man in the crew cared a particle what had befallen their mistress, but they literally jumped at so excellent an excuse for punishing their own tormentors.

When, armed to the teeth and whipped into fury by a supposedly righteous indignation, they dashed down upon Finbogi's camp, it was to find a sleeping bivouac. But borne on, as they were, by a storm of long-withheld anger, no thought of pity restrained them. Their unearthly howls of rage and vengeance were the only warning given their poor doomed victims. Consequently, the ensuing fight degenerated rapidly into merciless slaughter. Yet, despite the overwhelming odds, Finbogi and his hapless crew sold their lives dearly, fighting with true berserk fury against the mailed demons who hacked and pierced in ruthless frenzy. But flesh cannot prevail against steel. The dreadful carnage was soon over, and the few who had miraculously escaped with minor injuries were quickly reduced to submission and made to renounce their rights and properties in favor of Thorvald and his victorious crew.

As might be expected, Freydis could not for long remain away. Her fierce nature hungered for the fray; her evil eyes ached to behold the humiliation and sufferings of her victims. Stealthily and unobserved, she had stolen up to the encampment, arriving just in time to witness the surrender of Finbogi's ablest fighters. Their sad abasement brought sheerest joy to her wicked heart, but her unnatural and evil gloating was interrupted by wild piercing shrieks, ending in violent babbling, and she beheld a few paces off what to a softer heart had constituted high tragedy. In the shelter of a cabin wall huddled one of the pretty brides of the winter past, wild-eyed and frenzied with grief, swaying to and fro, clasping to her agonized breast the fair head of her expiring husband. Scarcely more than a stripling he was, lithe and slender, with the love of life like a welling spring within him; young and strong, with all his deeds undone. The unfortunate bride was a daughter of Brattalid's oldest retainer, a man loved of Eric and respected by his son. Reared in the atmosphere of freedom and justice prevailing at Eric's hall, she found courage in the midst of her madness to decry the woman whose wiles she now understood to be the cause of all the hideous carnage and useless misery.

"Thou hast done this, mistress!" she shrieked; "out of the blackness of thy vile heart thou hast perpetrated this crime! But think not the dead shall go unavenged. I call upon the soul of the righteous Eric to hear me and to curse thee with a father's curse for the shame thou hast done his memory! May the blood of these innocent men be upon thee and thy breed forever and ever — a walking terror by night and a haunting misery by day!"

Freydis was not so free from superstitious dread as she boasted. She shivered on hearing this curse flung out upon her across the body of that fair young thing, dead because of her baseness. She shivered, but her dark face remained a mask of cold, defiant ambition. "Silence her babbling!" she commanded sharply to a warrior standing near and gloomily regarding the spectacle before him. He appeared not to hear her. "Put an end to the maddened creature," she reiterated fiercely, and again met only an icy stare and determined indifference. The killing of women was never a Norseman's sport.

It was maddening enough to the tyrannic Freydis to find herself completely ignored in the finale of her big act, as it were, without any additional prod; yet the prod was forthcoming. On hearing their unhappy friend's wild invectives, the other young brides crept from their hiding to support her bitter cause. Like three avenging Furies they confronted Freydis, raining down upon her their hate and bitterness as only women could.

The mistress of Gardar lost all control over her savage passions; her whole body twitched and trembled in the unholy storm sweeping her headlong into the bottomless pit of ignominy and shame, whence she was never again to rise.

"What?" she shrieked, "wilt leave their crazy tongues wagging to our undoing? Fools! Wilt suffer these serving-wenches to sing aloud their silly story to the ends of the earth? Oh, wisdom of men! to slay the master and leave the thrall and concubine to be accusers!"

Now, at last, poor Thorvald understood what a dupe he had been in playing into the tricky hands of his crafty wife. For once he defied her with unmistakable fortitude. Pale with shame and disgust, he whirled upon his men, forbidding them henceforth to raise a single weapon in her behest. The command was superfluous just then. They had had enough of bloodshed; their madness was spent, and already the reaction, half remorse, [Continued on page 50]

We predict for 1930

January

Many thousand women will be delighted by the summery sweet-smelling freshness Fels-Naptha gives even to clothes that are winter-dried.

February

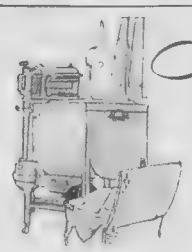
Many a once-grouchy husband will smilingly admit that, aided by Fels-Naptha, his wife has practically a dry-cleaner's knack for removing spots.

March

A great many hands will have come through the worst of the winter with their softness and smoothness intact—because Fels-Naptha suds are gentle.

April

Housecleaning housewives will exclaim over the way Fels-Naptha freshens painted woodwork and makes window-panes glitter.



May

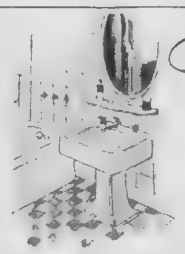
A lot of women are going to be even more enthusiastic about their washing machines after they've tried them with Fels-Naptha.

June

Wedding linens will be much admired—and the best housekeeper she knows will tell the bride to wash them with Fels-Naptha.

July

There will be quite a little front porch talk of Fels-Naptha's ability to keep summer dresses looking their best.



August

In many bathrooms, fixtures and tiling will shine brighter—and stay shining!—thanks to the discovery of this added use for Fels-Naptha.

September

School clothes will once more swell the hamper—but that won't worry the mothers who use Fels-Naptha.

October

More women who believe in boiling clothes will thankfully discover that Fels-Naptha gives the same *extra* help in the wash boiler that it gives in water of any temperature.

November

In every town, certain lucky babies will crow contentedly in clothes that Fels-Naptha has gotten clean clear through with less work on their mothers' part.

December

Women who have used it during the year will agree in saying, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

THIS prediction isn't guesswork. Each year more and more Fels-Naptha is sold . . . which means that each year thousands of women are discovering Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It's the *extra* help of two active cleaners working together; not "just soap" but good golden soap hand-in-hand with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Let this be the year—and let today be the day (provided of course it's not New Year's Day)—that *you* discover it. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer and learn the comfort of having *extra* help with every soap and water task.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Thousands of women have regularly chipped Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, using just an ordinary kitchen knife. Some now find it easier to use the Fels-Naptha Chipper to get fresh golden chips containing plenty of naptha, made just as you need them. The Chipper—a simple, handy little device—will be sent you postpaid on request. Just mail the coupon!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. M.—1-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little gift offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

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. . . extra help for millions of women

SHADOWLAND

With All Its Vagaries

The Greene Murder Case

DETECTIVE and mystery stories are now on the crest of a tidal wave of popularity. After the novelty of the "Sherlock Holmes" classics had died down detective tales went out of fashion. They were high-hatted by the high-brows, and one read them furtively, if one read them at all. But you can't keep a good man down, and mystery stories are far too entertaining to be neglected for long. They are so engrossing that they carry you away from all the every-day cares and worries. The business of "finding the villain" provides you with a puzzle that is stimulating to the brain. And, last but not least, you recover from their terrible thrills to appreciate your own safe and uneventful fireside.

The present vogue for mystery stories and plays is flourishing not only in this country, but also in Great Britain and the United States. In London many mystery dramas, including Edgar Wallace's play, "The Ringer," are playing to capacity houses. New York's list of most successful plays includes several "thrillers," among them a revival of William Gillette's famous play, "Sherlock Holmes." This revival also takes the printed form. One has only to read literary magazines and the book review sections of the metropolitan papers to realize that it is now considered very smart to have a taste for detective stories, and, as many accomplished writers have turned their hands to this sort of fiction, these stories are now written with far better style than in the days of "Hawkshaw, the Detective."

Finally, we have the movies, both silent and audible, recording every thrill to be found.

If you are in favor of this revival of the mystery story, and if, like me, you are constantly crying for better and more mysterious murders, you will enjoy "The Green Murder Case," the talking film version of S. S. Van Dine's well known story.

The plot opens with a mysterious double shooting in the home of a wealthy New York family. While the police investigation is going on other murders are committed. An atmosphere of hate and fear hangs over the whole household. You will suspect everyone and probably get a great surprise when the real murderer is discovered by the famous "Philo Vance," that artistic dilettante who, among other hobbies, dabbles in amateur but effective detective work.

William Powell, who made such a hit as "Vance" in "The Canary Murder Case," is excellent as the same character in this picture. His voice records extremely well.

As "Philo Vance" has become almost as famous in our day as "Sherlock Holmes" once was, it is interesting to know something of his creator. S. S. Van Dine is the pen name of a very distinguished gentleman who once wrote scholarly books on such things as sociology and art. Too much research and sustained hard work brought on a nervous breakdown. The doctor prohibited all writing and all reading. After a few months of this sort of literary starvation, Mr. Van Dine wearied and begged for a book. The doctor gave his permission provided the book were merely light fiction of some sort, and nothing in any way connected with the work that had brought on the breakdown. Thankfully Mr. Van Dine began to read detective stories—probably because he had heard that many great statesmen had found forgetfulness from great worries and cares in them. He read so many that at last he stopped reading and tried his own hand at writing one. The result was "The Benson Murder Case," which created a sensation and brought its author more money than he had ever received through all his previous high-brow works. "The Canary Murder Case" and "The Bishop Murder Case" are also Van Dine stories. "The Benson Murder Case" has also been done for the talkies and will no doubt soon be shown in Canada.

The Cock Eyed World

THIS picture is advertised as "having humor, thrilling love scenes, tense drama, sparkling dialogue, and beautiful songs." I looked in vain for a measure of any one of these ingredients.

The alleged humor consists of poor slapstick comedy, and some burlesque show jokes. "Love" is much too fine a word and holy a sentiment to apply to any of the scenes in "The Cock Eyed World." Tense drama is hard to find in a picture that has no plot. The dialogue, like the picture, is full of repetitions and cheap attempts at comedy. In an effort to give it importance the authors have larded through it a few references to disarmament, and capital and labor. These remarks are intended to be bitterly ironical, but in this setting are merely incongruous. If the director of the picture had had any sense of the fitness of things he would have chosen "Mlle. from Armentiers" as his "theme song." Instead, he tries the hokum of saccharine sentimentality. I don't think the public foolish enough to fall for it. The "mother" ballad which is simply dragged into the picture is really offensive with this background. The "theme song," a treacly love ballad, is absurdly out of place, although it provides unintentional comedy. The funniest moment in the picture is the "shot" of the pale-faced lad singing this "theme song." He fairly melts into tears, and the close-up shows the most emotional Adam's-apple that ever I hope to see.

I imagine many have gone to see this picture because the scenario bears the names of Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, and because it features the well known "Flagg" and "Quirt" of "What Price Glory" of these authors. But "The Cock Eyed World" contains all and more of the vulgarity of "What Price Glory" without having any of the strength of that picture. "The Cock Eyed World" is not only vulgar and cheap—it is unutterably boring.

The Isle of Lost Ships

JULES VERNE might have concocted this fantastic story, for, like Jules Verne's stories, this is a highly improbable, yet highly romantic and thrilling yarn.

The plot is founded on the old legend that many derelict ships were swept into the slowly moving whirlpool of the Sargasso Sea. In the movie, "The Isle of Lost Ships" is a strange village built on the ships that have drifted there throughout the centuries—hulks of modern freighters, old sailing ships, and even an ancient pirate galleon. Over this colony of surviving castaways rules the brutal Captain Forbes, surrounded by a crew of desperadoes. A terrific storm adds another ship to the fold. On it are two men and a girl. The villainous Captain Forbes attempts to make the girl his wife. Hair-raising adventures follow, but I shall not describe them for that would spoil your fun and surprise when you see the picture.

The film is well directed. The action is swift-moving. The dialogue very much to the point. There are plenty of spectacular scenes and some fine photography. Old and young will enjoy this novel picture.

Three Live Ghosts

HERE is an excellent screen version of the successful stage comedy of the same name by Max Marcin. The story has to do with three young men —an American, a London cockney and an English peer—who have been lost in the scrimmage of war. The American and the cockney have been officially reported killed—but the premature obituary happens to suit their rather scampish plans. The nobleman, as the result of shell-shock, is suffering from a complete lapse of memory as well as an attack of kleptomania which makes him pocket everything on which he can lay hands. This trio of very much alive ghosts provide an evening packed with entertainment and fun.

The Kiss

AFTER some absence Greta Garbo is back with us again. Her new picture is coyly dubbed "The Kiss," thus hinting that it is different from the usual picture in that it contains but one kiss. But Greta fools us again. The film has so many kisses that it is hard to choose which one has the honor of the film title. You may make your own choice.

"The Kiss" is a drama of high life in Paris today. The plot has no marks of novelty, being the ancient triangle business complete with the jealous elderly husband who conveniently gets shot. Then there is the trial, the acquittal and the reunion of the lovers, and a fade-out with the lovers very busy working on the title of the picture.

In the first part of the picture Miss Garbo gives a nice natural performance, and she looks as beautiful as ever. Later on she still looks beautiful, but acts a little too much like a tragedy queen. Although the doctors say that anæmia is the cause of Miss Garbo's strange personality, the admirers and copyists of the Garbo hair-cut, the Garbo slouch and the Garbo langour, will be glad to see Greta again.

Mississippi Gambler

THE Mississippi River in its picturesque heyday of palatial steamers and a rich travelling public is the background for this film. In the foreground are suave gamblers, hot-headed planters, and lovely southern ladies. It is a pleasant picture. The story is romantic, but enlivened throughout by many amusing incidents.

Joseph Schildkraut, who first won fame on the legitimate stage, plays the part of the quixotic gambler. His acting is splendid and his rather exotic good looks will quicken heart-beats in the feminine portion of the audience. Joan Bennet, whose charming voice has made her a talkie favorite, is the pretty heroine.

Some Short Pictures

THE talkies are featuring some new short pictures to take the place of the stereotyped comedies of which we are all getting so tired. Among the best of these are the films in the Music Master Series (Fitzpatrick), dealing with the lives of the great composers. In "George Bizet" we see picturesque scenes from the life of this great French composer and throughout the entire picture there are orchestral and vocal selections from Bizet's best known operas, "Carmen" and "The Pearl Fishers."

"Johannes Brahms," also in this series, gives us scenes from the life of this composer and a musical accompaniment of Brahms "Lullaby," "The Smith," and some of the Hungarian Dances. These films are of real educational value, and what is more they offer a very pleasant way of being educated.

Telling the character and the fortune by your birth date is a very popular indoor sport just now and the talkies have been quick to profit by this vogue for astrology. One producer is making a series of short talking films in which an astrologer tells your fortune according to the star under which you were born. These films are very entertaining. "Birthdays in December" was particularly good and now I am looking forward to finding out all the past, present and future of my friends who were born in January.

Children will love either of the two short pictures done by "Gorno's Marionets." A note at the beginning of the film explains to the audience that the makers of these puppets have been in the business all their lives and for three-hundred and fifty years their family has been connected with this sort of entertainment. This can be appreciated when you see these life-like dolls for the control of them has been so perfected that even their lips move, perfectly timed to the speaking and singing. If you like novelties be sure to see these pictures—and the children will adore them.

Pictures Reviewed in December Issue

Disraeli—Be sure to see this splendid film with that great actor, George Arliss, in the title role.

Bulldog Drummond—Good work.

Young Nowheres—Richard Barthelmess renews his popularity in a wistful little story of young love.

The Hollywood Revue—Not as entertaining or novel as it's cracked up to be.

Last month I credited Edgar Wallace, that wonderfully prolific writer of thrillers, with the authorship of "Bulldog Drummond." Having read "Bulldog Drummond" in book form, seen it as a stage play and finally enjoyed it in the talkies, it was very foolish of me not to remember that its author is the renowned "Sapper." My apologies.

Jerome Carver

An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

BRILLIANT, bewitching, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society. At balls and dances at exclusive night clubs . . . famous race meetings . . . hunting and house parties . . . everywhere her radiant blonde beauty reigns triumphant. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her exquisite skin is much admired for its rose-petal delicacy of texture and coloring. For Lady Buchanan-Jardine gives it the utmost care.

"Here in England," she says, "a woman's complexion is the index of her chic. Smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

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Managing Father

me about this girl of his. I don't even know her name. It's almost two years since he began bothering about this girl. And not a cent to his name. I've settled him this time. I simply won't meet her."

Hesperia's thoughts kept time with her sister's flying fingers. Dick, small, snub-nosed, had always been the favorite among her four sturdy nephews. Each year, taller, more lovable, he had held his place as the treasure of her heart. If she had been his mother would she feel so intolerantly bitter against a rival in his affections? No; she felt that his happiness would mean more to her than anything else in the world. If he had been her son—only Dick—not five children, like Henrietta—life would have had more purpose. Ah, well, one must not look back to the days when one should have married and had a family of one's own; but there sat Henrietta who had everything that a woman could want. What was she saying?

"Dick's twenty-four. I told him plainly that I should not consent to his marriage until he was thirty. He's been worrying me for two years, determined to bring her to see me. I know if I give him up to some silly flapper I'll never get any help in business matters, and I need him at home. Well, what about Father? Met another pretty face?"

"He means to be married this very day. Poor Papa."

"Nonsense! Now, Hespy, use your common sense. What woman would ever get married on Saturday afternoon, as late as this? Have these Indian Summer days gone to your head as they have to Father's?"

"Indian Summer!" said Hesperia. "I guess this is the Indian Summer of his life. She's coming for tea, and he's got his suitcase out, and——"

"Ridiculous old man! Who is the creature this time?"

"She's just a mere child! Very, very pretty! Younger than your Norah! She works in the next office to his. She's so pretty."

"It doesn't matter what she looks like!" Henrietta snorted. She's going to learn, right now, this very afternoon, that she can't marry *my* father. If she's young it will be easier to stop her than it was to stop Mrs. Beatem. I soon put an end to her intentions, and that affair with Miss Vampton; I stopped that, too."

"I've often wondered," said Hesperia, "how you managed those two."

"They were easy. I merely told them that Father had made over his entire fortune to you and me—equal shares, and that *we* allowed him a certain income and this home."

"Oh, Henny, how could you?"

"You needn't "ah" and "oh" so, Hespy. Someone had to save him. If he only would do it—I mean, settle at least two thirds of his money on you and me. If you'd had any backbone you would have made him do it long ago . . . There's no fool like an old fool . . . I wouldn't mind him marrying a third time so much, if he had only arranged his money matters with us; but, there, he's just like all the other men in business, he'll keep along as if he intended to live forever. It's absolutely cruel of him to live along so light-heartedly without any thought of the future. Do you realize, Hespy, that he's rated now in Bradstreet's at almost a million? Since Dick went into father's office I've begged him to try to get his grandfather to make some sensible settlements, but Dick — poor unpractical boy—only laughs and says that Father made all his own money and that he has a right to do as he pleases with it."

"Almost a million . . . fancy all that money. . . ." Hesperia's voice was reminiscently regretful, "and to think that I've never had more

Continued from page 8

than twenty-five dollars a month for myself. He gave us that allowance when we left school; I was seventeen then, and I thought it a whole lot of money—but, you know, Henny . . ." Mrs. Harden raised a corrective eyebrow at the childish name, but refrained for once to utter a reprimand. "He's always generous about the household accounts. Poor old fellow—he does love a pretty face around, and he was so disappointed in the new maid's looks. He said yesterday that you had recommended her because she was so terribly plain that you . . ." "He guessed my reason," broke in Henrietta, knitting as if against time. "But I'm not interested in his likes and dislikes regarding pretty faces. If we could only get him to settle his money—half to you and half to me—with my large family I think it would be only fair to make the larger settlement on me. Of course if he did make an even division, you could leave your share to my children."

Dick waved a magnificent bouquet of white roses.

"Of course I would," Hesperia assented dreamily. "I don't need much. If he would only give me enought to buy a tiny bungalow in the country I could work in the garden . . ."

"Really, Hespy, you are almost as sentimental as poor Father. Did you say that he intended to bring her here for tea this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, at five. I'm sure he intends to marry her today. He telephoned the bureau where the special licenses are sold, this morning, and—he——"

"Where did he meet her?"

"In church—just a month ago—the Sunday before I went away to the beach, for a——"

"You should have stayed at home. Father's far too regular a church-goer . . . just a scheme on her part . . . Who introduced them?"

"No one. There she was sitting in our pew—as pretty as a picture. She stood up to let me pass in; then she sat down between Father and me. Then she ——"

There was no humor in Henrietta's strident voice as she broke in: "Then she looked on his hymn-book, and at the close of the service Father welcomed her to the church and walked home with her?"

"But—how did you know all this, Henrietta?"

"Practice makes perfect," was the short reply.

"Oh, we came home in a taxi—then I knew it was serious, for you know Father hates paying for taxis. We left her on the steps of her boarding-house and the next day I went away to the Beach. When I——"

"When you came home you found Father in love for the hundredth time. I wonder how our mothers ever had patience with him."

"He talks about this girl all the time—even in his sleep. Sh—sh—here he comes."

MR. JOLYON entered, humming softly, but his nonchalant air changed as Henrietta shook hands with him in a masterful manner.

"Well—well, Henrietta. Glad to see you . . . Dick brought you? How's your Norah? She's a little older than my sweet——" He broke off with such guilty confusion that his daughters exchanged significant glances as he turned away to rearrange his white waistcoat before the long mirror. Then, humming the bars of the wedding-march he muttered inaudibly: "I must see about her—white roses."

But in his eager passage to the door Henrietta intercepted him with a gesture toward an arm-chair. "You'd better rest here, Father."

He stared round-eyed at her tight-fitting black satin attire.

"That's a nice bodice, Henny—nice enough for a wedding—garment. I—er—mean — not yours — but anyone's wedding. I'll just put a tune on the Victrola, then I'll rest until it's time to go to the gate to meet my little—ah—I mean Miss Montrose. I sent a taxi for her—no—I mean—the car I gave her——"

The music, adjusted, blazed forth triumphantly, as Mr. Jolyon settled himself in the arm-chair and pulled his white silk handkerchief over his head as a protection against any chilly blasts which might arise between the open door and the fireplace. And those notes struck coldly in the hearts of two of the listeners—for the record their father had chosen was Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

"Father . . . that tune! You can't rest with such a noise." Henrietta rose and snapped the processional record from the Victrola.

The handkerchief dropped from the face of Mr. Jolyon and he rose too, asking anxiously: "Eh, what? Has she come? Eh—I must watch for," and, repeating, "watch for her," he ambled through the French window and passed out of sight.

"He's gone—oh——!" Hespy's voice rose excitedly. "Oh, Henny, we are too late . . ."

"Don't lose your head entirely!" Henrietta rose as she spoke and put her knitting in her bag. "I'll have it out with her. I'll teach her that she cannot tamper with my father. Have tea served as soon as she comes. Then tell Father that the gardener wants to speak to him at the foot of the orchard about the white roses. He'll go if you mention the white roses—and while he's out I'll put an end to that girl's ambition to get rich quickly. Listen — there's her taxi now." She looked from the window. "No, it's a cream roadster . . . she's getting out now and Father's dancing round her as if he were eight instead of eighty. Tell Minerva to bring in tea at once."

"Oh, oh, I'm so upset! Tea at once! Tea at once! Hesperia left the room but returned almost immediately followed by the maid whose lack of beauty had so disappointed Mr. Jolyon. Placing the generously supplied silver tray on a small table before the trembling hostess, Minerva whispered hoarsely: "Miss, someone has taken the suitcase I put in your wardrobe. Now it's all packed and in the porch." Catching the stern eye of Mrs. Hardin upon her, she vanished into the regions of the kitchen before the surprised Hesperia could form an answer.

THE hall door opened and Mr. Jolyon came in, holding tightly the arm of the girl whom Hesperia had seen in the cream roadster. He attempted to break through the frostiness of the atmosphere with a cheery word or two.

"Hesperia, this is my—ah, my—Miss Montrose."

But his elder daughter's confused attempt at a handshake was rendered futile by Mrs. Hardin, who thrust her imposing bulk forward, saying: "Miss Rosemutt! What a queer name! Father, sit over here! No, not over there, over here! You must be careful of draughts!" Firmly she guided her resisting parent into an armchair near the fireplace. "Hespy, a cushion for Father!" A second time she cut short her sister's feeble attempt to shake hands with their bewildered guest. "There, there now, Father, you'll feel better in a moment." She patted her father's head soothingly and he returned this attention by a baleful glare, snarling audibly: "Don't you dare put a cushion behind me."

He started up to pass the tea-cups.

"No, no! Father!" said Henrietta. "Don't get up! You know the doctor told you to make no unnecessary effort. Miss Rosemutt will excuse you. "My name is not Rosemutt," said the girl quickly. "I am Helen Montrose."

"Indeed! How is it that you are not at work this afternoon," Mrs. Hardin hurried on. "Oh, of course it is Saturday, and you came up to see the parks. I remember

[Cont. on page 57]

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Extending the Limits of

The story of one of Canada's leading industrial organizations

MORE THAN a quarter of a century ago, in August, 1904, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, was organized.

The business was started in a small frame building previously occupied by a wagon manufacturing company. The original machinery consisted of one freight hoist and a small drill press. Only 17 men were employed.

The first automobiles were assembled from parts purchased from the Ford Motor Company of Detroit and the total production in 1905 was 117 cars—then considered a phenomenal figure.

For at that time, the automobile was little known or understood. Many said it could never be made to run and ridiculed it as "the foolish conception of an impractical imagination." Even those who caught a partial vision of its future considered it as an expensive toy for only the wealthy to drive.

Except in the minds of a few men in the Ford organization, there was no thought that it could ever be brought within the means of all the people.

Slowly at first, then quickly, the news of this new means of transportation spread through the Dominion and orders for the car came faster than cars could be made.

The plant was enlarged, the number of men increased, and arrangements made for servicing the car after purchase. Dealers were established, with capable mechanics, and complete stocks of parts—readily available at a fair price. In this, as in the making of the car, the Ford organization was a pioneer.

By 1909, the annual production had so increased that plans were adopted to manufacture the car complete in Canada. Every year since, the Ford has become more and more "The Canadian Car." Today's model is practically all made in Canada, of Canadian materials, by Canadian workmen.

Yet back of it—instituting new design—finding new ways of doing things—developing new economies and new manufacturing methods that will result in increased value to every owner—is the constant help and co-operation

Opportunity

of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit. The benefits of the vast resources of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit are shared with the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, and in turn with you.

Because of the value built into its products for the past twenty-five years, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the leading industrial organizations in the Dominion, and a large employer of skilled labor. The frame building of 1904 is now a plant covering many acres of ground. The force of 17 has grown to a peak of 7500, with an average annual payroll of $11,000,000.

ASSEMBLY branches are maintained at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, sales and service branches at St. John, London, Calgary and Regina, and more than 700 Ford dealers are at your service throughout Canada.

It is interesting to know, too, that all Ford cars for the British Empire, other than for Great Britain and Ireland, are made by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited. Affiliated in its wide activities, are the Ford Motor Company of Australia (Pty.) Limited; Ford Manufacturing Company of Australia (Pty.) Limited; Ford Motor Company of South Africa, Limited; Ford Motor Company of India, Limited, and the Ford Motor Company of Malaya, Limited.

Greater than the mere size of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, however, is the part it has played in bringing the benefits of economical transportation within reach of all the people. For the low-priced automobile has done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a united country.

The coming of the Ford helped to level hills, extend horizons and remove many of the barriers of time and distance. By emphasizing the need, it has been a leading factor in the movement for good roads throughout the Dominion. By teaching men to use power, it has helped to take heavy labor off the back of man and place it upon the broader shoulders of the machine. In every line of activity—wherever men live and work—it has extended the limits of opportunity and furnished the means for greater enjoyment of leisure hours.

The unusual acceleration and speed of the present Ford—its safety, comfort, roadability, reliability and economy—the scope and availability of Ford Service—all contribute to its increasing usefulness to the people of Canada.

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"THE CANADIAN CAR"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

A mountain torrent.... *inside cannery doors!*

Over 6 million gallons of water a day — just to make sure Del Monte Spinach is clean and free from grit

What a lot of things are done these days to save you needless kitchen work—to put better foods in your year-round diet.

Just think, for instance, of a spinach canner building washing equipment—right in his canneries—with all the thorough cleansing power of a rushing mountain torrent!

Think of using more than 6 million gallons of water every 24 hours in the canning season—to wash a *single* product!

Yet that's exactly what happens—as just one step in preparing DEL MONTE Spinach.

Fresh and crisp, DEL MONTE Spinach reaches our canneries direct from the gardens. It is sorted—as carefully as you would sort it at home. All roots, wilted leaves and heavy stems are removed. Only the best, most tender spinach is used for canning.

And then what a picture you see!

No sand ever sticks through this

Down through great troughs comes the water—rushing like a mill-race. Water—streaming, bubbling, moving at every inch of its surface. Water—playing in jets from every angle. Even the air seems moist—as if we stood above some mountain falls.

And ceaselessly moving in this rapid current, whirled and tossed, up and down, back and forth, this way and that, goes the spinach—until it emerges, shiny and green—clean and free from grit.

If you could see DEL MONTE Spinach right at this point we believe you'd call it *perfectly* clean. Yet just to make sure—and DEL MONTE *must* be sure—there is still another bath to come—just as thorough as the first.

Finally, gleaming white conveyor belts carry it to the canning tables. Rubber-gloved workers put it into waiting cans with forks. Automatic machinery seals the cans. Cooking is done in big retorts—under pressure—at a temperature far above boiling water. When it reaches your table, it is a job in which we can really take pride—one more piece of home drudgery done supremely well!

And remember this—spinach is no exception in the DEL MONTE family of foods. Under this quality brand you will also find asparagus, corn, peas and tomatoes, as well as a wide line of other vegetables, fruits, condiments, relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit and prepared foods.

With such a label to depend on, and such quality at your command, why not make it a point to *get* DEL MONTE? It costs no more—it is no added trouble! And in the long run, what real enjoyment—what extra satisfaction—it can bring to everyday meals!

A Useful Recipe File for You

Recipes for all sorts of dishes, for every occasion—all simple, easily prepared. The full file contains our special spinach leaflet and 6 other books and folders. All free. Just address California Packing Corporation, Dept. **37-D**, San Francisco, California.

Trimming and sorting Del Monte Spinach—just part of the tiresome work of preparation which is done for you by skilled Del Monte workers.

As an added convenience, Del Monte Products are each packed in a variety of sizes and containers to meet your individual needs. Del Monte Spinach, for instance, is packed in five sizes of cans. The largest, the No. 2½ can, represents in its contents over 2 lbs. of fresh raw spinach. Other sizes are No. 2, No. 1, "picnic" (11 oz.) and buffet (8 oz.)—a size for every requirement.

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

The Set of the Sail

"'TIS THE set of the sail and not the gale that determines the way we go." So sings the poet and experience teaches that the words are true. They remind me, too, of a conversation that I had recently with two young men who had had the privilege of a high school education and yet who were convinced that in Winnipeg and the West there was no opportunity for them; this, too, in face of the fact that within the last few weeks many of their classmates had secured positions that offered much to normal young men of ambition and industry.

If a young man cannot succeed in Western Canada, it is hard to imagine a place where he can succeed. Those who say that there is no opportunity in this Western country are either very lazy or very stupid in spite of their educational advantages. They are looking at the gale instead of attending to the sail.

How different this from the experience of a Barnardo boy who, writing to a Winnipeg friend recently, tells of his apprenticeship first upon a Western Canadian farm, then in a logging camp, then in a power station where he found the need for more education and by hard work and evening study worked his way to a technological school and then to a position as chief draftsman with a large coal mining company. After all this, to college and graduation with a degree in science; then specialization in structural steel work.

Finally a closing paragraph from his letter: "I am at present during the evenings doing special work towards the degree of Master of Science. It is a degree I have always desired and since it is now in sight I cannot resist the temptation of struggling for it."

Air Mail

ANNOUNCEMENTS of plans on a larger scale for the delivery of mail by air routes throughout Western Canada bring with them also despatches that stamp collectors are keen to secure first covers of mail delivered on new air routes. Stamp collecting continues to grow in popularity and attracts men of all ages and station, from schoolboys to princes. The eighty-sixth edition of Scott's Standard Postage Stamp catalogue, published by the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, Limited, 1 West 47th Street, New York, contains for 1930, upwards of two thousand illustrated pages, including a complete photographic section on watermarks, and lists every postage stamp that has ever been issued up to the date of publication. A monthly magazine issued by the same company gives full particulars of new issues that come out between the periods of catalogue publication.

Particulars of all new air mail issues are provided and the market value of all postage stamps, used and unused, is given. Many interesting particulars of stamps issued by Canadian territories before the days of Confederation are given. A British Columbia two and a half pence stamp is listed at $100.00 and a five cent rose stamp at $750.00. A Nova Scotia penny stamp is listed at $85.00 and a shilling dull violet stamp at $750.000. Early stamps of Prince Edward Island are valued at from ten to forty dollars each.

Answers to Inquiries

CORRESPONDENT B.A.M., Kenora, writes for information concerning the source of a quotation in which he is interested.

J.A.K., Winnipeg, wishes for information concerning salesmanship as a career.

A.W.J., British Columbia, inquires about the factors that a university student should take into consideration concerning the choice of an occupation.

W.S., Manitoba, having reached the age of twenty-one, wishes to know whether he is justified in leaving the farm and seeking an occupation elsewhere.

These correspondents are being answered under personal cover. It is always a pleasure to receive such inquiries from young men who are readers of this column and for whose benefit it is printed. Such letters are evidence of a fine sense of citizenship and indicate a desire on the part of many young men to shape their lives in such a way that they can serve the community to the best of their abilities.

For Class Leaders

MESSRS. PICKERING and INGLIS, the well known publishers of religious literature, at 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, announce a number of new publications likely to prove of interest to young men who are engaged in the work of class leadership throughout the West. One of the latest is the report of the Keswick Convention, in cloth or paper covers, containing full accounts of this great gathering attended by religious education teachers of many denominations. These messages are arranged in analytical form and so lend themselves to study and discussion by class groups. They represent the best forms of religious thought and teaching and should prove a valuable addition to class libraries.

Advice from Marshall Foch

"THIS is my philosophy of action. "Every time you've a task before you, examine it carefully and take exact measure of what is expected of you.

"Then make your plan, and in order to execute it properly create for yourself a method. Never improvise.

"The fundamental qualities for good execution of a plan are, first, naturally, intelligence; then discernment and judgment, which enable one to recognize the best methods to execute the plan; then singleness of purpose; and, last, the most essential of all—stubborn will."

Joy in Learning

PROFESSOR W. J. DUNLOP, of the University of Toronto, who was a speaker at the annual convention of the Canadian Credit Men who met at Regina this year, had some interesting things to say to the business men who attended that part of the convention concerned with possibilities for higher education of credit men.

"There is a joy in studying and in learning—a sort of joy and achievement. Just this evening I walked over to the building where a number of credit men were writing their examinations. When I arrived, four of them had come out, having finished writing, and were holding a post mortem on the examination paper.

"Though that is a foolish thing to do, these men were having a great deal of fun out of it. After a day spent in their offices they were living in another world. They discussed questions, answers, and examiners. They were boys again. They were in high good humor because they had studied well, had done their best on the paper, and had reasonable hope of making at least a pass mark.

"You can be boys again, you can have your intellectual glands rejuvenated, you can prevent hardening of the arteries of the brain, if you get to work at the beginning of the course. Whether you need it or not, try it. It will give you a glimpse into the sphere of higher education. The work will broaden your outlook on life. It will start you on the road to becoming a professional man—in fact, if not yet in name."

Passing the Buck.—"Dear father: I am in the city and am broke and have no friends. What shall I do?"

The father wrote back: "Dear son: Make some friends quick. Father." — Tit-Bits.

The friendship of a man for a woman is blended with a tenderness which he never feels for one of his own sex, even where love is in no degree concerned.

THE LAND OF THE ROSES

By Oliver S. Arata

CALIFORNIA has been highly spoken of and advertised, especially as a winter resort, and not without just cause. To me it is one of the most beautiful spots on the earth, and even my trip through incomparable Italy, along the dreamy Italian Riviera, among the ruins of ancient Rome, suffers not in comparison nor memories.

California may lack some of Italy's historical backgrounds, as ancient Rome, Venice, and such; still it also has its historical aspects. It does not suffer in direct comparison with Italy.

No doubt what is known as Southern California is the very heart of the Mecca for winter tourists there. This part of the State comprises just fourteen counties, in the southernmost section of the State. This vast empire, as it has been justly called, comprises 574 miles of coastline, harboring beautiful stretches of inviting, exquisite beaches, that mingle with rugged headlands, and are a constant delight to artists and tourists as well.

The fertile San Joaquin Valley is located between the Sierras and the Coast Range, while further south from this place you will discover many rich little valleys. The eastern limits of Southern California are the Mojave and Colorado deserts, plus the mighty Colorado River.

The most intensely settled as well as developed portion of this truly vast empire of beauty lies south of the chain of mountains extending from the Coast to the desert, containing such ranges as the Santa Susana, Sierra Madre, and San Bernadino, while from this the coast plain slopes off gradually toward the mighty Pacific Ocean, and dotted here and there by small mountain ranges and clusters of hills, thence onward to the border of Old Mexico.

Along the Pacific Coast Line of California

For the winter tourist there is a wide and interesting diversity of scenery as well as climate. Again, the beautiful mountains abound in both fish and game. There are many opportunities to satisfy one's cravings for all types of aquatic sports off the Channel Islands. This part of California is also a beehive of industry as well as a Mecca for hungering tourists. The desert is there, with its many and gorgeous mineral colors, its unsurpassable sunsets, and its many wild flowers, as well as industries of all types. In the matter of cities you will come upon Los Angeles much as the weary traveler on the desert's wastes comes upon a spring. When you go to the north and east of Los Angeles, meaning The Angels, you skirt the foothills of the mighty Sierra Madre mountains, and there you will come across a group of truly entrancing cities. From these are readily accessible the great mountain resorts of Mount Lowe, Mount Wilson, etc.

Pasadena is a beautiful city, noted for its fine homes and beautiful gardens, smart shops, broad and shady streets, and last of all, but not the least, the unrivalled Tournament of Roses, which terminates yearly in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, featuring the famous and widely broadcasted radio feature, the East against the West football game. At Pasadena are the world - renowned Busch Gardens, the beautiful Colorado Street Bridge, spanning the Arroyo Seco, which is a picturesque canyon at the very entrance of the City of Pasadena. There are also to be seen many renowned and wealthy persons, who have retired from their active work, and spending there the dusks of their lives in the glamorous beauties that the State affords.

Near to Pasadena one will come across the famous Huntingdon Library, a collection second in size only to the British Museum of England. While on Mt. Wilson is the justly famous Carnegie Solar Observatory. Spots worth seeing near Los Angeles are as follows: Lamanda Park, containing many residences of note; Altadena, which contains many charming vistas, and the world-famous "Mile of Xmas Trees," which is in reality a street bordered by Deodars, that are lighted during Christmas Week; and Sierra Madre is on the spot located on the lower slope [Continued on page 37]

TO THE M'ZAB

By William Thompson F.R.G.S.

FOR many of us perhaps the geography lessons of childhood left an impression of the Sahara Desert as an ocean of shifting sand, sometimes separated from the sea by a narrow strip of cultivated land, sometimes extending to the shore, and covering the greater part of the African Continent. But the beliefs of youth must perish as one may travel for days in the Sahara on rocky hills and not find enough sand in which to trace one's signature.

Today the Sahara is crossed on foot, by camel, motor car, and aeroplane. Novelists choose it as a background for thrilling adventures; the screen makes us familiar with its landscapes; and the Biskra-Touggourt railway permits tourists to experience at a nominal cost, a journey through the great desert which now holds few secrets. Across mountains and high plateaux auto-circuits provide means for reaching the most difficult and inaccessible regions.

The term "Sahara" is the feminine of the Arabic word "askar," which signifies "white mixed with red," its secondary meaning being "space not cultivated." This name denotes that immense desert zone, five to six million square miles; almost as much as the whole of Europe, which extends from the Atlas Mountains to the Sudan. Although bordering on some of the most ancient regions of civilization the Sahara remained a "terra incognita" until the middle of the last century. The Romans tried in vain to cross it from end to end. The Middle Ages ignored it.

It was at the beginning of the 19th century that the Frenchman, René Caillé, crossed the 1,250 miles which separates the Niger from

A dancer of Southern Algeria

Lion and Marabout, or Holy Man

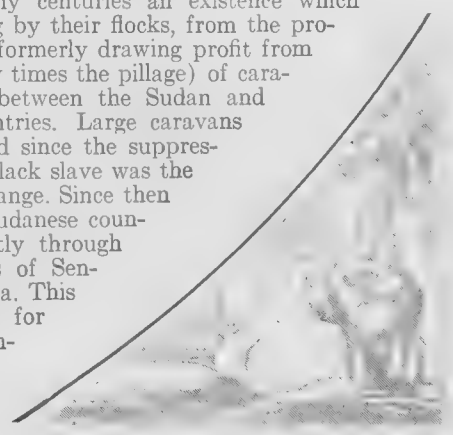
Mosque of Melika

Sahara—Caravan study from life.

Morocco. About 1840 A.D., explorations became multiple expeditions, being made by Penham, Clapperton, Barth, Gerhard Rholfs and Nachtigal. When the occupation of Algeria and the mouth of the Niger, by France, made the major part of the Great Desert French territory, French officers and savants continued the exploits of the pioneers. Today, the Central Sahara can be considered relatively well known. The French military posts form a network which supervises the principal oases, protects the caravans, and holds in leash the marauders. On the other hand, the West is still only crossed by a limited number of routes, while in the East, the famous Libyan Desert, a vast solitude completely deprived of water-holes, resists any attempt at penetration.

The Algerian Sahara is only a portion of the great desert of Northern Africa, yet it is ten times the size of Algeria, which is 223,180 square miles, or 10,000 square miles larger than France. The generally arid nature of the soil is due to the fact that water circulates not on the surface but underground. Where it comes to light either by natural or artificial means an oasis is produced.

Thanks to the oasis and its vegetation, and in spite of its dunes and "ouaddis," on which camels and sheep alone can exist, the desert is not uninhabitable. It has its settlers who devote themselves to many vocations among the palm groves, and its nomads—shepherds of flocks, conductors of caravans, and brigands who infested the caravan trails. Of the sedentary peoples of the Sahara the most interesting are the Mozabites; of the nomads, the Touaregs—tall, thin, and muscular, very sober, unyielding, they separate into tribes exclusively devoted to a pastoral existence. All Mussulmen. These nomads, or "kings of the desert," have led for many centuries an existence which suited them, living by their flocks, from the products of the oases, and formerly drawing profit from the protection (or many times the pillage) of caravans which circulated between the Sudan and the Mediterranean countries. Large caravans have almost disappeared since the suppression of slavery, as the black slave was the principal object of exchange. Since then the foodstuffs for the Sudanese countries are shipped directly through the ports and railways of Senegal, Guinea, and Nigeria. This field, once so fertile for brigands, has become unprofitable since the French military



"Three Gentlemen of Sahara"

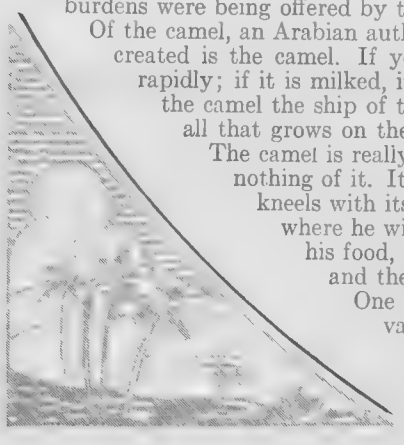
A Spahi of Mzab

posts are masters of the oases and water points. The Sahara is being pacified little by little, and the nomad has no other alternative than to change from a sedentary life and place himself in the employ of the French as "mehariste," hence, the "bandit becomes gendarme," or transforms himself into a peaceful shepherd and subjects himself to a tax. Reluctantly he adapts himself to French authority.

Our journey across the Atlas Mountains from Algeirs by motor bus, via Bou Saada and Laghouat to the Mzab, was an admirable experience. We found the roads as desirable as those of France or the United States, and the traffic was limited to a caravan of camels which we passed at a high altitude.

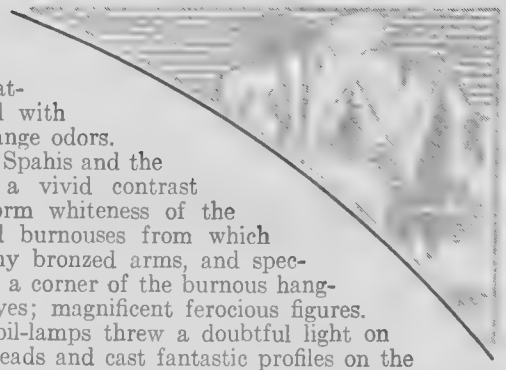
Approaching Laghouat, the threshold of the Sahara, we were introduced to a sandstorm. The wind, with no obstacle to hinder its attack, attained a mad velocity and it seemed as though all the ogres of the air had chosen our party as its victim. The sand, violently agitated, formed a dense cloud and we could not visualize our comrades in the seat in front or the seat behind. We tightened our coat collars and covered our faces with our hands but it penetrated everywhere, even our eyes which were protected by goggles. Hillocks of sand were created in a few minutes. Fortunately the storm was of short duration. The weather temperature was cool and bracing but to our astonishment on arriving at Laghouat we found we had been badly sunburned.

In the market-place of Laghouat the "ksouriens" (villagers) displayed the produce of their gardens, dates and vegetables. In a corner old, discarded tires provided raw material for the cobbler. Arabs stopped, handed him their shoes, and in a few minutes with surprising dexterity the tire was cut, the sole adjusted, and the nomad departed with a pair of shoes better able to resist the cutting sand of the desert. The yard of the Arab inn was alive with camels and black and gray asses whose burdens were being offered by their owners, for sale in the market-place.



Of the camel, an Arabian author, Ed-Demiri has written: "The best animal God ever created is the camel. If you load it, it carries; if it runs, it covers the distance rapidly; if it is milked, it refreshes; if it is killed, it feeds. God wished to make the camel the ship of the desert; he made it capable of resisting thirst; it eats all that grows on the desert and that is something other animals cannot do. The camel is really a marvellous animal although it is so familiar we think nothing of it. It is enormous, yet easily led. At a single word it rises, or kneels with its burden. A little child takes it by the reins and leads it where he wishes. On its back it carries a house in which man places his food, drink, clothes, utensils and cushions as in his own house, and the camel advances with all these things."

One evening we visited a native "cafe," a long bare room vaulted like a church. A stone bench ran along the walls for the guests to lounge upon, at the foot of which were wooden stools. A triple row of Arabs, bare-footed, their shoes placed beside them on the floor, were lying and squatting around in an atmosphere filled with smoke and strange odors. The red of the Spahis and the Turcos made a vivid contrast with the uniform whiteness of the densely packed burnouses from which projected skinny bronzed arms, and spectral heads with a corner of the burnous hanging over the eyes; magnificent ferocious figures. Two smoking oil-lamps threw a doubtful light on the shiny foreheads and cast fantastic profiles on the lime-washed walls. The busy proprietor distributed tiny cups of steaming coffee to the guests. The waiters, in long woollen shirts, put red-hot cinders into the bowls of the "chibouks" and in the space left empty in the centre dawdled the Ouled Nail girls, their high-perched diadems glittering and sparkling in the murky light as they danced.



The desert road from Laghouat to Berrian, 95 miles, and from Berrian to Ghardaia, the capital of Mzab, about 31 miles distant, is intermediary between a trail and a highway, and is not in any worse condition than many national routes of Europe. It is not constructed as the Canadian roads, but it is comparatively level, having been trampled by centuries of caravans and rolled little by little by the pneumatics of the goods trucks which are numerous, supplying provisions to the oases settlements, and the road is not damaged by washouts, as the rains are not frequent. Arab crews are constantly at work improving its condition, the Algerian government spending millions of francs annually for this purpose.

WE WERE rewarded on this day's ride by visualizing three varied and characteristic aspects of the Sahara Desert. The first, a gray plain, barren of any vegetation, on the horizon of which is revealed, eternally, a mirage—a false vision of palm trees and imaginary lakes. We then entered the region of the "daya," little depressions where grows an obstinate tree, the pistachio, living where the palm tree would perish of thirst. Just before reaching Ghardaia we passed through an undulating barren region, rocky and strewn with black earth which has been reduced to a pulverable mass by some prehistoric cataclysm. This is the Chebka, a veritable chaos of flat pebbles, round stones and rocks similar to enormous

[Continued on page 47]

A Nomad Tent

A dusky Peter Pan piping to his comrades

MY LION HUNTING HONEYMOON!

By Pamela B. Storr.

Our Caravan—and ourselves—all ready for the lion-fray!

IT WAS my choice, of course!

"Oh, Ned," I implored him so many times—"The Riviera's all very well for a wedding tour, but I crave something different! Let's go out to Mombasa, and thence over the Highlands down to the mighty lake, where the new-born Nile pours out, and wild elephants hoof out the only roads!"

He was afraid I would hate roughing it! And then what frocks could I sport in a dim Land of Lions, where no white women are, and the natives think a loin-cloth quite heavy wear? Will these silly men *never* understand the Girl of 1929?

It was Ned himself who'd kindled me for this adventure. Out there he'd known poor George Grey—Lord Grey of Fallodon's brother—who was so terribly mauled by a lion, near Sir Alfred Pease's ostrich-farm on the Athi River. My Ned had brought down a bull-elephant, who'd charged upon him screaming, with trunk up-curled and great ears outspread. What's more, he's been hunted himself by an angry rhino. His boat on the Zambesi had been scrunched to bits by a wounded hippo. And how often my dear one had thrilled me—even in a box at Covent Garden, between the long acts of "Gotterdammerung"—with his coursing of leopards with a pack of hounds, and a thunderbolt spring out of a tree-fork that tore up the lot as though with a hundred razors!

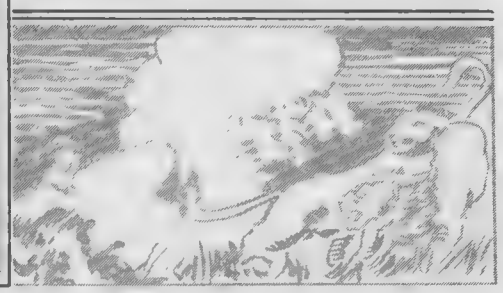
"Let's lose ourselves," I besought him, as I recalled his own camp-fire yarns, with starry silence above, broken by queer cries and vengeful roars all round. "Let's play at savages for a while, and leave all the motors and jewels and dance-floors in a tiresome world. I'll keep house for you in the bush like a Kavirondo wife. I'll plant maize and sweet potatoes in the queerest of kitchen-gardens. I'll floor a wicker hut with packing-case planks and make it comfy with cretonnes and skins. Then each day, as we come off *safari,* I'll slip out of corduroys and khaki and big boots into fluffy chiffons . . . like *these!* Won't it be fun? And then outside in the night we'll turn on the gramophone for the jolliest dance, while a tropic moon looks down and the hyena laughs, and our Masai trackers squat around to beat black hands to the music and their own amazement. Oh, Ned, *what* a season to remember!"

He was already giving way. His people and mine put up an awful fuss, till I explained that East African *shikar* of today was an affair of sleeping car-company tickets. Of palace liners and grand hotels, of motor char-a-bancs and roads and rest-houses, with outfitters at Nairobi and the professional hunters and trackers to plan and guide the whole affair—if need be, from Mombasa clear up to Khartoum!

That day week we went through the crowded Ordeal in Hanover Square, with inquisitive mobs outside the famous church, and more throngs at home who were still more embarrassing. The weather was bad when we left Victoria. I was crazy to get to Marseilles and on board the big French Messageries steamer for Port Said, Djibouti and the deep blue Indian Ocean where a hot sun has blazed ever since this grand old world began!

The "big rains" were over when we sailed into Kilindini Harbor and the old slave-port of Mombasa, which in Stanley's time was four months from lake Victoria Nyanza—a trek of terrible peril from savages and wild beasts. Now it is only two days' run in luxurious sleeping-

I gave a little concert at dusk to Ned, and some of our Masai trackers.



The authoress with one of her King of Beasts

cars and restaurant-wagons, from whose plate-glass windows one stares out at an open-air zoo of galloping giraffes and zebra herds, with fleet antelopes of every sort, from the big eland to lovely little gazelles and hartebeests.

We didn't stay long among the mango-trees and white-robed Swahilis of Mombasa, but were soon on our way to Nairobi and Jinja—that outpost on a giant lake as big as Scotland, which was our ultimate railway goal. How wonderful a ride is this—like some fantasy of the movies made real!

Here were the awesome snows of Kilim Njaro, lifted 19,000 feet into the cloudy blue. We stopped at Tsavo station, where Ned recalled the pair of man-eating lions that took such a toll of railway workers, both black and white, that all construction of the line had to be stopped until the Government sent out Colonel Paterson to kill those terrible brutes. A pillar on the line at Mau marked 8,350 feet; never did I think I'd need warm wraps in tropic East Africa!

I thought Nairobi a hideous place, with clanging machine-shops and corrugated iron houses, for which the race-course and clubs could not atone. Here we completed our outfits, and went on again through plains fairly swarming with game. Groups of ostriches gazed at the train as we sped past. We saw wild-bull droves of gnu, with here and there half a dozen giraffes, like cantering telegraph-posts; and a fearless foreground of zebras by the thousand, with the hot sun glinting on the black and white stripes of their satiny backs. Ned shared my delight at sights which were not so novel to him.

"Only for me," I murmured in soft reproach, "we might now be at the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, slipping into that stuffy casino in *prim tenue*, to drop wads of silly money on the green baize of those roulette-tables . . . and to think I shall soon hear real lions roar outside my little jungle home!"

LET me come quickly to the time when we forgot railways and ranches, and were selecting porters and young Masai braves for our hunting caravan. Some were in full war-paint, with their black faces framed in ostrich plumes, and their woolly heads crowned with bunches of hair from the lion's mane. By special favor these martial fellows carried long warrior-spears, and the old shields which the District Officer had taken away from them as an incitement to battle with their former foes of the Wa-Kikiyu tribe.

My jungle home sprang up like a mushroom of wicker-work and plaster, and mud. Camp-chairs and beds and pretty hangings excited the wonder of Mr. H——, our white organizer—himself a professional hunter in Kenya Government service. That quiet, soft-spoken Scot had shot or trapped 165 lions and leopards in a little over three months!

"Most of 'em are man-eaters," he told me grimly. "They get into the habit, because the Masai and other blacks throw out their dead to be eaten. That saves all trouble and expense!"

Mr. H—— had no patience with busybodies at home who cry out for the protection of big game. "These carnivora kill cattle wholesale," he told us one night under the blazing stars. "And, what's more, they carry off and devour the black farmers and their folks. The elephants, too, make cultivation all but impossible. Even the antelopes, great and small, carry parasitic diseases wherever they go. No, ma'am; old Africa's game, and new Africa development can't exist on the same plane!"

Our £50 license allowed us two elephants and one buffalo; two rhinos, two hippos, two zebras, and no less than 54 antelopes, from the eland down to Grant's gazelle and Jackson's hartebeest. I was surprised to hear that fine ivory fetched £110 a cwt. in London. Yet Mr. H—— assured me he got more thrills than money out of the perilous calling he'd pursued these twenty years.

Ned would insist on taking a motor-car into these African wilds. And our hunter agreed, in his cautious way. [Continued on page 46]

Hauling our automobile through the bridgeless rivers in the heart of Lion Land

Vancouver

An Impression

by Frederic Beck

CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER sailed into English Bay. He dropped anchor, a thing he would possibly never have done if he had foreseen what was going to happen.

What happened was Vancouver, B.C.

Be that as it may, the city, today, is one of the most interesting in Canada. No visitor need find a dearth of interests, even though his visit be an extended one.

Vancouver's commercial beginning may be considered to have begun in 1865 when the first mill was established on the North Shore of Burrard Inlet. It is still less than a half century since the few scattered shacks were incorporated under the name "Vancouver"—and in that time it has grown to a city of 305,335. It makes the claim to the position of third Canadian city in regards population . . . a claim contested from time to time in other quarters.

This truly remarkable growth is continuing. The visitor will find the present fair city still writhing in the agonies of growing pains, and if he should cock his ear to listen for the agonized wailings of this thing that suffers the aches of growth he will not be disappointed.

Vancouver's cries of pain are only too audible, and all is far from quiet on the western front. Despite this somewhat bewildering voice of Vancouver the city is destined to occupy an increasingly important position in commercial and industrial Canada. It is important today in that more than eighty-five per cent. of British Columbia's commercial activity is carried on in Vancouver—something amounting to billions of dollars annually in fisheries, mining and agriculture. The lumber industry alone produced $593,787,000 in the year 1928, and manufacturing, including pulp and paper, is on the constant increase.

Situated on the rugged coast-line of the mid-Pacific, Vancouver is set against a background of the forest-clad mountains of the Coast Range. The visitor appreciative of scenic grandeur is repaid for his visit by his first view of Gargantuan blue-green mountains soaring upward, crowned by snow-capped peaks that reach far into an azure sky—a sky that reflects the blue waters of the Pacific.

This same visitor, the one who takes his scenery seriously, will put in a pleasant half-day in a trip to Grouse Mountain. Here, on a plateau four thousand feet above the city, is the unique Grouse Mountain Chalet. On a clear day, spread below is the panoramic vista of Vancouver, the Fraser Valley and the Gulf of Georgia. To the west a blur of smoke marks the coal city of Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. To the south the snow-capped summit of Mount Baker glitters in the sunlight—miles distant in the State of Washington. Cities and farm lands, towns and orchards unfold themselves in a rare and wondrous picture. The Grouse Mountain Chalet is reached by a curving, ever-climbing highway. From the city's centre across the Second Narrows bridge to the North Shore and then on to the plateau is but sixteen miles—truly an experience for any traveller.

All winter sports are indulged in at this scenic resort, the snow remaining as far into the year as June. Bob-sleighing, ski-ing, dog-sledding, snow-shoeing—all these things and other recreations await you on Grouse Mountain.

THE North Shore is a thing different and apart from the city of Vancouver. Once across Burrard Inlet the whole atmosphere seems changed. Whether the visitor be headed for the top of Grouse Mountain or for any of the other many points of interest on the North Shore, he'll experience that same sensation which travellers feel when they first set foot in a foreign country.

The site of Grand Canyon Park was once the happy hunting ground of the Squamish Indians, favorites of Pauline Johnson, Indian princess and poetess. Pictographs on the flat face of the canyon walls placed there years ago and recently renewed by an Indian artist, set forth well-known early Indian legends. The canyon itself is several miles long. At the park is a suspension bridge [Continued on page 39]

Vancouver's natural harbor.

False Creek Lumber Mills

Some of Vancouver's sky-scrapers.

"This reel is called.. First Pictures of Joan

I've taken movies of her every month since she was born"

SCENES similar to the one pictured at the right are being shown on the home screen thousands of times each month.

Many a mother is proudly exhibiting precious films with Baby playing the leading part. Many another parent, on seeing these films, bitterly regrets not having seized the same opportunity.

And what an opportunity it is! Home movies enable you to make a screen biography of your children, to record permanently those baby ways you love so much.

Pictures taken the day of the christening, pictures of the first trip in her little carriage, in her high chair, in her tub, and asleep in her bassinet. What a thrill they are to take, yet there's one thrill even greater. It comes to you in later years when you flash those pictures on the screen for the grown-up children to look at, too.

Your Own Silver Screen

Yes, years from now you can sit in your own living room and see what your youngsters did today. This is the miracle that Ciné-Kodak home movies have brought to pass for other parents. Take advantage of this priceless opportunity yourself. Begin today to make a "living diary" of your children.

As Simple as Snapshots

It's just as easy to take Ciné-Kodak movies as it is to make simple snapshots. You merely point the camera and press the lever. Instantly the action before you is being recorded.

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you to enjoy.

As for expense, a home movie outfit consisting of Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen can be bought for as little as $162.

The Ciné-Kodak takes black and white pictures with Ciné-Kodak Safety Film in the familiar yellow carton, both regular and panchromatic.

Color Movies, Too

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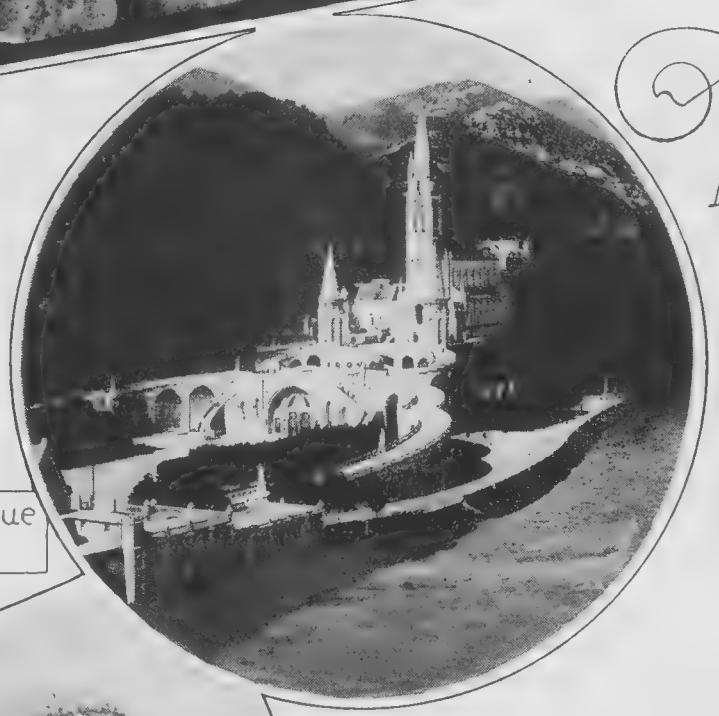
PILGR

Lourdes, City and Se

By Francis



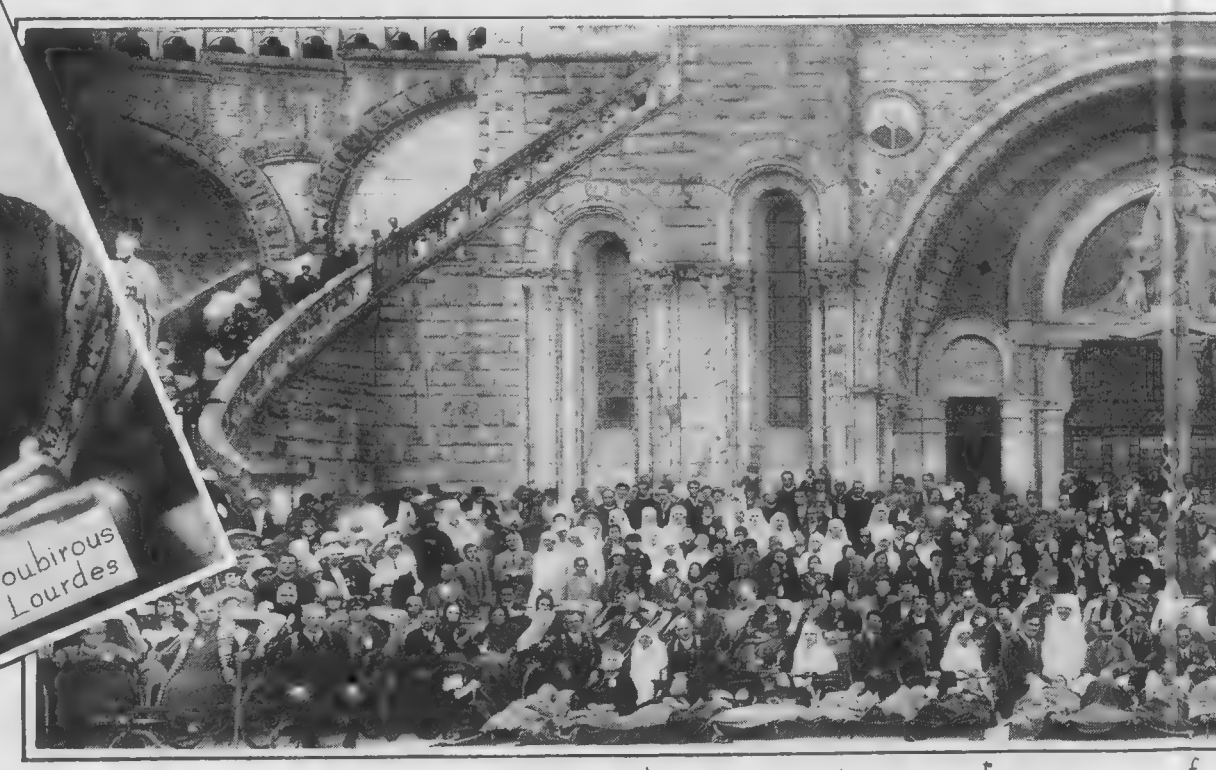
Lourdes La Basilique et la Gaul

IN THE long train shed of the P.L.M. Railway, Nice, the pallid September dusk settling swiftly. At either end of the long train-shed the archway frames the low hills beyond, the white dome of the Observatory jutting just above the horizon line at one end, and the old mansion amid a blur of trees at the other, high on a crest, seeming afloat in the dreamy light. Above my head four bats wheeling around the lights, now high, now low, dodging the thin steel rafters, a strange feeding ground here amid the coal smoke and the shrillness of engines' whistles.

I have just heard of a great Italian pilgrimage on its way to Lourdes, the last of the season, while from various parts of France and Germany other smaller ones are hurrying to the famous shrine to pay their devotions while good weather lasts. And so I await my train to journey there also to view this city of suffering and service; this place that from an unknown hamlet seventy-one years ago, has become known throughout the world, and drawn to its storied grotto in that time forty-two million people, and become a rival in fame and number of its pilgrims with those so ancient centres of shrines: Rome, Jerusalem, Mecca and Benares, in the attention of the world.

My train pulls in. I mount the steps of a car bearing a little wooden plaque marked "Hendaye." The agent who had sold me my through ticket told me to stay right on this car and it would land me in Lourdes. We are off across France, racing through the night toward Nimes, by the Romans founded, and

Bernadette Soubirous Founder of Lourdes



A Typical Gathering of Pilgrims in Fr

RIMAGE

City of Suffering
d Service.

ANCIS M. DICKIE

Lourdes – La Grotte

Carcassone dreaming behind its ancient battlements, recently well restored.

At Nimes, in the chill of early morning, I stepped down for a little walk along the length of my car, but as I came back I looked startled. I was sure I had only walked the length of my own car, but now looking I saw the wooden plaque upon it bore the words "St. Jean-Bordeaux." I climbed the steps. Yes, it was still my car, the one marked Hendaye to start out with. And, as the man had told me that this would take me right through, I gave not another thought to the changed plaque. If the trainmen wanted to juggle around little boards that was their affair; the agent had told me to stick to that car. The train got into Toulouse at 8.30 in the morning, and there was much shunting about. There had been no diner on the previous evening. Hoping some of this shunting might bring a diner, I stepped onto the platform. The train had been divided, and upon another track I saw part of it with a diner, and next to the diner was a car bearing a plaque, "Hendaye."

"Isn't that diner coming with this train?" I asked the woman in charge of the car.

"No." She added: "Where are you going?"

"Lourdes."

Instantly she was all [Continued on page 40]

Monument to Stretcher Bearers

ms in front of the Church at Lourdes.

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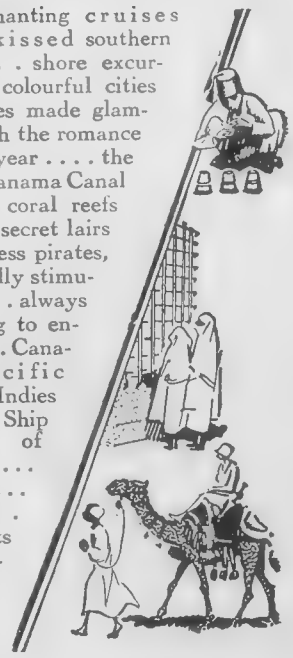

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And So You're Going A-Travelling!

By Hilda Hesson

All that I see is mine to keep;
Foolish the fancy seems,
But I am rich with the wealth of Sight,
The coin of the realm of dreams.

AND as Clara McLaughlin would say, "So You're Going A-Travelling What a thrill! Is there any other in the world like it? It is an investment besides which the mere acquisition of stocks and shares, is the world's dullest game. Let the bulls and bears rage, let the ticker gather momentum hourly, your investment is hidden away in your mind, and heart, and for the rest of your life you will draw dividends, and no niggardly ones either!"

The poet who wrote the lines with which I begin this little article knew well what the first essential for travel was—a wealth of Sight. Now this wealth, like the ordinary coin of the realm, must be spent carefully, and after thought and study. You do not want to put into your storehouse things that are shoddy, worthless or cheap, and so to make your coin of dreams buy the riches you want, you must plan. Generally speaking, know beforehand what you are going to see. This does not mean burning the midnight oil studying up minute details from Guide Books, far from it. Sometimes I have it in my heart to wish there were no Guide Books. When you go into a great cathedral does it matter to you how many feet long it is, how many feet high? Is it really vital that you should know how many tons of bronze there are in the great doors? No, a thousand times, NO! But it does matter to you, that here the architect has created from stone, a thing of such beauty that to gaze into its fretted roof leaves you breathless, and to study the pure beauty of the bronze figures on the doors makes you marvel at the cunning of human hands.

But there are people, many of them sad to say, who cannot buy beauty in the Market Place of Life, but turn naturally to the shoddy things upon the nearby stalls. To such as these a broken lettuce leaf floating beside their gondola obscures a crimson sunset dipping behind the towers of Venice, and the placid beauty of an English countryside disappears behind the memory of "a room without running water." Learn then first to spend your wealth of sight discriminatingly, and the first essential of happy journeyings is at hand.

And the next thing that you should carry with you on your travels is the Will to Enjoy. It means so much. If you start out with the feeling that this is to be Adventure what happiness you will bring back with you. If however, you take with you only the "I'm from Missouri, Show me" attitude, you'll get exactly what you are expecting. To the adventurous spirit the little chances and changes of travel, the strange unexpected customs the unusual foods, the different viewpoints are the very spice of travel, but to the narrow soul, who cannot 'leave his home town at home,' it is tragedy to substitute rolls and honey for a breakfast of bacon and eggs! And so—equipped with a wealth of Sight, and the Will to Enjoy, you may pack your bags, and climb the gang plank and go away!

Do you perhaps remember many years ago Bill Nye's advice to those about to marry? It was "DON'T." My advice to those who wish to take a trunk, is the same. Travel light. It is the only royal road to comfort in European travel. Here there is no baggage checking system such as we have at home, and for safety's sake, and convenience, it is best to have your bags in your own compartment. To begin with then, I should choose a light strong dressing bag. This may take any shape or form you fancy—a small suit case, fitted with light weight toilet articles, a dunnage bag of soft suede, with zipper closing, a Migrator, a hat box, or a Mendel Wardrobe. If your bag is a new one, and you wish to save it, have a cover of oil cloth or linen made for it, it will be well worth while. Carry in this bag your toilet essentials, among which should be plenty of cleansing cream, and cleansing tissues; a bottle of listerine, a tube of new skin, a bottle of fruit salts, asperin tablets, a good supply of your favorite tooth paste (you will find your accustomed brands expensive in Europe) soap (which is never in European hotels or on trains) and a bottle of some refreshing toilet water. Your bedroom slippers will of course be the kind that fold into a case and you may even purchase your pajamas and gown folded into a square silk envelope that will tuck in anywhere. Take washable things to Europe—dry cleaning is a long, difficult expensive process for the traveller.

YOUR large bag, if you take the advice of experience, will be made of vulcanized fibre. Get the large unfitted case, which is like a small trunk, and pack carefully. First your steamer clothes. Impossible as it may seem, you are going to be cold on board ship. The thermometer may be registering 90 in the shade when you reach Montreal, but be assured that in two days you will want all the cosy warm things that you do not use in the winter time. Warm stockings, warm underwear, a wool dress and a comfortable warm loose coat, with soft gloves and a snug, little hat. A printed chiffon, or a lace dress is an excellent investment, and can be worn in the evening on shipboard, and for a fussy dress while travelling. A simple dinner dress will give you that festive feeling on the night of the Captain's dinner, or when you go to the theatre in London. For everyday wear a figured silk dress is the least crushable and the most satisfactory, and a navy blue georgette will be found most useful. If you are planning to visit Italy tuck in a couple of last year's summer dresses, you'll be glad to have them, and be sure that your have enough shoes. You should have two pairs of good comfortable walking shoes so that you may change from day to day, and in addition you will need at least one pair of slippers. To carry these is perhaps the traveller's most awkward problem, but if the shoes are wrapped in squares of chintz, and pushed into the corners of the bags they won't be such a nuisance, and they are a necessity. Take plenty of stockings with you. We get better stockings in Canada much cheaper than we can get them on the other side, so take a good supply along, and wash them every night. Three sets of silk underwear will be ample for you can wash and dry garments wherever you are. A waterproof, a short umbrella that will go in your bag, toe rubbers, and light, shady, soft hats that can be folded are other essentials. Your dressing gown should be dark and long, for you will use it in the hotels where bathrooms are often some distance from bedrooms.

In planning your wardrobe try as far as possible to keep to one color, or at least to colors that blend. This will save you money and insure a smart appearance always. Suppose your color scheme base is navy blue, it may be varied with green or red accessories—or if your color [Continued on page 49]

The Land of Roses

Continued from page 27

of foothills. Others are Arcadia, Duarte, known for its fine citrus fruits, Azuza, being an industrial centre, and Monrovia, etc.

IT WAS the warmth, the loveliness of San Gabriel Valley that aroused the admiration of the early Spanish settlers. It was Father Junipero Serra who founded a famous mission there. Nearby is the Mission Play, a historic pageant given annually.

Other noteworthy places in the Pomona Valleys are: Monterey and Monterey Park; Alhambra; Wilmar, a jewel set among trees and flowers; El Monte, called also "The End of the Santa Fe Trail," and likewise famous for its walnuts, general farming, dairies, and the like.

Pomona proper, a part of Pomona Valley, is famed for its juicy oranges and splendid citrus fruits, whose annual production are over $25,000,000, for more citrus and canned fruits are shipped from this part of California than from any other city on the Southern Pacific Coast line.

A famous place, as well as a historic one, is the San Gabriel Mission. It is very old, dating back from the dead centuries. In these beautiful valleys you can see, at certain places, of course, the snow-capped peaks in the distance, rising above the orange groves, like Japanese monks with their bald heads at prayer.

A beautiful sight to behold, especially from an airplane, is the Los Angeles and Long Beach harbor. From the air you can discern the breakwater, while the County's coastline may be discerned in the distance. Los Angeles is nearby. Again, from the wings of the bird-machine you can make out how the progressive Los Angeles County is building, even from the sea to the very mountains in the distance.

From the air you can see more of this beautiful garden of the Pacific than from the ground. You can see the Revieras, Santa Monica Canyon as they lie in the rolling hills. Again, the natural scenery was preserved as far as possible, for the curved roads conform to the contour of the land.

When you travel a little to the west of Occidental College you come across the famous California Botanic Garden, which covers 800 acres. There are many things of note there, including the Garden Foundation and its fine reference library; research laboratories. 150,000 specimens are already in the Garden's possession.

BEVERLEY HILLS has been classed as one of the most residential districts in the nation. There abound spacious, luxurious homes in the centre of vast estates, and the rolling hills form many wonderful sites and views. Even the smaller homes on winding drives lend to the entire beauty of Beverley Hills, making it truly a city of beautiful homes.

Hollywood is too well known to give much description here. Its once barren hills have budded until today there are many fine homes of the strange yet beautiful California - Spanish type of architecture, all suited to this part of the country. Even its once lonely canyons are thriving with life.

There is a fine reason for the growth of Hollywood, as Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Tom Mix, and a myriad of other cinema celebrities work and play here. At the Hollywood Bowl are held the now famous concerts, called, justly, "symphonies under the stars." During the past season over 325,000 persons heard these concerts. Did you ever know that Hollywood has 33 banks? Did you ever know that this haven for the motion-picture-hungry has 39 churches?

In the north and northwest sections of Los Angeles County is Glendale. Again, one should view this modern and beautiful city of the Pacific Coast from the air. It has been called the "Fastest growing city in America." Its gain in one year was almost four hundred per cent. Burbank is located in the northern part of the County.

A MOST magnificent view is that of Mt. Lowe, reached within two hours from Los Angeles, over one of the most famous mountain railways in the world. There you enjoy invigorating air. There you may play, rest, amid the monarchs of Nature's mountain chains. There you can take a trip, via the mountain railway, that will thrill you. You step into an unusual car, then rise upward over twelve hundred feet. The journey will never be forgotten, for the scenic beauty below you will always remain in your pleasant memories of California.

On the top of the mountain you can play tennis, see the fine Silver Fox farm, dance if you so desire, take pony trips on the mountain trails, etc. And when you wish to retire, after a strenuous day, you have comfortable cottages to live in.

But above all you can look down on fifty-six cities from atop of Mt. Lowe, and see places from the foothills to the very sea. It is one of the most beautiful panoramas that any state or country affords. Another trip worthy to take is that to the top of Mt. Wilson. This rugged mountain is but twelve miles from Pasadena, in the Sierra Madre Mountains. It is over one mile high, and is visited by thousands of tourists to California annually. The road by auto to its peak is now in excellent condition.

As your car ascends the smooth and gentle grade, winding up nine miles of wooded slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, the gorgeous view becomes more and more entrancing. Your eye rests upon the beetling cliffs above you, then upon the vast sweep of San Gabriel Valley, with its cities, flowering orchards and farms. Again, beyond the stretch of valley and mountain ranges may be seen the coast line of the Pacific Ocean, while on clear days Catalina Island, fifty miles away, thrusts its jetted arms into the blue sea.

Arriving at the top of Mt. Wilson you gaze far, far below. Like a carelessly spread Spanish shawl, undraped for a moment from the shoulders of a fascinating senorita, spreads the varied panorama of hills, valleys, their brilliant, gorgeous colorings diffused and blended in the magic of the warm, melting California sunlight.

[Continued on page 46]

A picture of San Juan Capistrano Mission as it appeared before its restoration. It now stands in a restored state, serene and lovely among pepper trees and flowers and is one of the outstanding points of interest on the Coast Highway between Los Angeles and San Diego, California.

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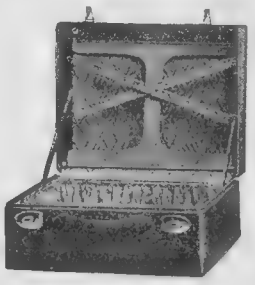

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An Artistic Country

By Toni Halsey

WITH all their practical gifts and all the power of assimilating and adapting to their own purposes the best that other nations have to offer them, the Japanese are essentially and beyond all an artistic nation.

In no more delightful manner is the art of the people expressed than in the cultivation of flowers. Flower gardens are to them a source of infinite and unending joy, of which the chief pleasure lies in their proper placing and arrangement. Chiefly their fascination is due to studied neglect of geometrical design.

Main Gate of the Temple of Asakusa, Kuannon, Japan.

Toy summer-houses dotted here and there, miniature lakes and tiny bridges give an air of indescribable quaintness. In spite of the smallness of the dimensions, the first impression is one of vastness as there is no one point on which the eye fastens and the absence of any striking object creates a sense of immensity.

To see the cherry-blossoms of Yoshino, the plum-trees in full bloom at Sugata, the wistaria at Uyeno, or the iris at Horokiri, the people will travel scores of miles. It is these iris gardens seen by night that leave an impression which will never fade from your mind. If one visits the gardens in the afternoon the changes that the flowers undergo are marvellous. The great iris petals, turning back towards the stem are rich and glowing in the full warm rays of the sun—then as evening comes on and the sunlight fades the deeper purple blooms lose their richness and grow shadowy, while the white ones take on an icy purity that seems unearthly in its transparency and they shine as with an internal light. A little later and with the last rays of daylight, all the darker flowers have disappeared and where a short time ago stood a proud bed of royal color one can see only the ghostly heads of pure white petals looming phantom flowers in the purple night.

As the silver evening gradually changes to purple night—a purple only seen in Japan—the festoons of lanterns which illuminate the summer-houses become one chain of soft orange light. Nothing disturbs in the landscape. It is the harmonic combination of untouched naturalness and high artistic cultivation. The tea-houses owe much of their charm to the absence of paint—benches, lintels and posts are all uncolored except by age. White mats and paper screens act as a foil to the bright flashes of geisha girls who move noiselessly through the rooms like gigantic butterflies. How different they are from the geisha of fiction, of operettas and story books which is the only one the stay-at-home can know.

This daughter of the sun is the highly educated woman of Japan, the hostess, the entertainer. At the early age of two or three she is taught to sing and dance, converse proficiently and, above all, to be a sympathetic listener, which is the greatest art of all. The career of this tiny mite is carved out thus early because her mother foresees that she has the qualities that will develop and the little butterfly child, so gay so brilliant, will become a still more gorgeous butterfly woman. Nothing can be too brilliant for the geisha—the life and soul of Japan, the merry, sparkling side of Japanese life. The raison d'etre of the geisha is to be decorative and she delights in her own charm and art to be beautiful. She wants to please and openly sets about doing so with the simple joy and sincerity of a child dressing up. There is no mock shyness, no pathetic struggle to deceive into the belief in the reality of an all-too-artificial peach-bloom—no powder-puff hidden in the pocket handkerchief, no little ivory box with mirror in the lid, no rouge tablet concealed in the purse to be applied surreptitiously at some propitious moment. She has the courage to look upon her face purely as so much surface for decoration and decorates it as one might a bit of canvas. Under the gaze of all she sits down and proceeds to make up with the simple vegetable—white and vermillion red—so sweetly, simply, candidly alluring like some fantastic tropical blossom or dragon-fly. Every moment and gesture, each rippling laugh, each fan flutter, each wave of her rice-powdered arms from out of their wing-like sleeves, is a joyous naive appeal for admiration and sympathy. She is an artist.

One never dines out in Japan without the geisha forming a prominent part of the entertainment—in fact she herself decorates the room where you are dining, just as a flower or picture would decorate ours at home. The dinner with its pretty doll-like tables, its curious assortment of dainty viands set in lacquer bowls and its quaint formalities is an artistic scene elaborately thought out and prepared—but when at the close a troupe of geishas appear forming a pattern of gorgeous flowers the scene becomes as daringly original and whimsically beautiful as any to be seen in this land of artistic design and effect.

It is through the geisha-girls that there is still a living art in Japan at the present day, in the designs of the silk dresses that they wear, which are so modern, so up-to-date and yet so characteristic of Japan. When a geisha orders a costume she goes not to a dressmaker as we do, but to an artist. The design is chosen not according to fashion but to some sentiment or other—apple-blossom because it is springtime, peach-blossom for a later season and many beautiful ideas are thus expressed in their kimonos. That she should be a picture perfect in every detail is the artist's ambition and the geisha always is an exotic flower beyond description. Take her as a woman—a real woman stripped of all outward appearances and her own particular nationality and she will be found as dainty in mind as in attire, highly educated, with a great sense of honor, while her moral code would compare favorably with others of her sex the world over.

EVEN in the children the national artistic and poetic of the Japanese most assuredly finds expression. Each little one expresses in its tiny dress some conception, some idea or thought dear to the mother. More care is taken with baby dresses than with those of grown ups—no price too great, no coloring too gorgeous, for the kimonos of these little butterflies—the children of Japan.

Their artistic training is perfect and a mother will take infinite pains to cultivate the artistic propensities of her child. And the children themselves, dainty child blossoms of a land of flowers, are works of art. Each head and piquant face is but a field where the ever-present artist can exercise his ingenuity and skill. Deliberately the child's head and face are treated as subjects fit for the most decorative design and the result, though quaint and formal to the last degree, is invariably as pleasing as it is startling and original.

A small shrine carried through the streets by children.

There is no monotony in this land of cherry-blossoms and the sense of the decorative is its intense and extraordinary vitality—in that, it is no more exotic cultivation of the skilful, no mere luxury of the rich, but a part of the daily lives of the people themselves. In the houses, streets, gardens and places of public resort—everywhere is to be found the all-pervading element of art and beauty.

There is no such thing as accident in a scene which in its beauty and perfect placing appears to be the result of nature in an [Continued on page 47]

When you envy such beautiful teeth

do you ever stop to think "How many of *my* 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation...the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth *will remain sound* if you put Pebeco to work immediately. Pebeco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. *Try it one week*...and you will realize its exceptional value.

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Vancouver

Continued from page 32

swinging four hundred and twenty-five feet above the roaring, raging Capilano River. At night this stupendous sight is flood-lighted, revealing the cavernous depths and the wonders of fern-clad cliffs, the angry, hissing river far below.

Further down the canyon is another—the world-famed Capilano Canyon Suspension Bridge. This is four hundred and fifty feet above the raging waters.

There is also Seymour Canyon—and another, Lynn Canyon, which rivals Capilano. Here again is the scene of a swinging bridge high above turbulent cascades and rapids.

Two residential suburbs, North Vancouver and West Vancouver, are situated on this North Shore. Towering above and beyond West Vancouver is Hollyburn Ridge, offering a new and interesting thrill to the sturdier of visitors. A trail mounts a southern slope, overlooking the whole of Greater Vancouver. Six lakes are passed in the heather-carpeted meadows before reaching the steeper crest which fronts "The Lions," twin peaks suggesting couchant lions eternally guarding the entrance to Vancouver's land-locked harbor.

No recounting of the interests of the North Shore could be complete without reference to Horseshoe Bay. This delightful spot is reached by a motor road—Marine Drive. This famous roadway at points is barely a few feet from the calm waters of the Pacific, and again it is high above, presenting a combined vista of towering mountains, sea and sky line of Vancouver across the inlet. Approximately ten miles from North Vancouver, along Marine Drive, is Horseshoe Bay, a delightful resort and one where tackle and boats are available to those who would seek the salmon or sea trout.

Among the many boat trips from Vancouver is the popular twenty-mile excursion to Indian River Park. Up the North Arm of Burrard Inlet—through a veritable Norwegian fjord—the boat steams. Before the return trip there is time for a walk to Cathedral Canyon and the Falls of the Spray of Pearls—five minutes from the modern hotel at Indian River Park.

Stanley Park, with its thousand acres of primitive beauty, is unquestionably one of the finest and most interesting city parks in America—and well worth a visit.

CHIEF among Vancouver's many bathing beaches is English Bay, where massed thousands loll upon the sands or besport themselves in the refreshing surf. And here is one of Vancouver's strangest institutions. Gray and drab and forlorn throughout the winter months English Bay emerges each spring—its pavilions and piers bedecked in a fresh coat of paint. English Bay characterizes the city itstelf—a strange combining of beauty and ugliness. The fresh salt breezes are tinged with the aroma of hot dogs and the beauties of a natural, golden beach are besmirched by perspiring humanity of all nationalities. But English Bay will interest, even fascinate the visitor—for one astonished moment at least—perhaps as much as any other single sight in this city of a thousand and one interests. There's pathos and comedy and human interest as well as awe-inspiring beauty at English Bay Bathing Beach.

FOREIGN and unusual and strange and mysterious to the visitor from Mid-Western or Eastern Canada, will Vancouver's Chinatown appear. Here in the heart of a Canadian city, isolated and breathing of the Orient, is a maze of streets and alleys that belong to China alone. The signs, shop-windows, the sounds and the smells and even the flags are China's. And yet, an occidentalized China's—for there are motor cars and radios and service stations. A six-storey brick apartment block is one hundred per cent. Chinese.

Native costumes evoke no stare, though for every black-haired, sloe-eyed China girl clad in bright, embroidered silks, there are two Chinese flappers with high heels, short skirts and a knowledge of tomorrow's dance-steps. Chinese sheiks in sport roadsters and garbed in a manner almost too "collegiate" do exactly the things their uptown cousins do—and it is suspected that they're quite severely criticized by the few greyed patriarchs who still honor the pig-tail.

Vancouver's Chinatown is self-contained. Removed a thousand miles and set down in some forgotten corner of the province and it would still be a town. Newspaper offices and community halls—banks and markets and barber shops—all these things are there. You'll see them when you visit Vancouver, and you'll wonder, as you sit eating Egg Foujong in a Chinese restaurant, whether the thrill on adventuring into this strange place is enough to offset the qualms with which each highly seasoned forkful is consumed.

ALL these things are easily seen, and are seen by most visitors who come to Canada's Western Gateway. All are worth while, but there are other things you won't see from a sight-seeing bus—things you won't find in any guide-book.

There are nooks and corners of Vancouver overflowing with interest—some of them romantic and beautiful, some of them sordidly repelling—but all of them interesting.

There's Cordova Street, for instance, once a proud little street with cottages and lilac bushes lining the board sidewalks. Cordova Street today is a typical waterfront thoroughfare, but one which still echoes the sounds of a time when the gold rush was on and the world looked to Alaska.

Today's Cordova Street is just around the corner—around the corner in another world. The clink of glasses in the

[Continued on page 43]

Life in "The Evergreen Playground" is not without its little surprises. How delightfully amusing to find one's car like this, after having parked it at the curb overnight.

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Pilgrimage

Continued from page 35

excitement. "Mon Dieu, that's your train there, and it's starting!"

"Well, you run and tell them to wait, because I got to get my valise and typewriter."

She was a fat girl, and had the fairly long skirt of a train porter, but she made it, gesticulating as she went. The guard, hearing and seeing, blew shrilly on his whistle. The moving train paused impatiently. And I, to a volley of "depeches vous" from a score of employees once more mounted into a car marked "Hendaye," but not the one in which I set out. To save a little labor in switching cars, the train hands had merely switched the name plaque, but without taking the trouble to inform the passengers. In the past, from a fair amount of experience in journeying around Europe, I have always made it a point to ask four different railway employees, the higher their position the better, the same information about a train. The answers are seldom the same, but you sum them up and accept as true the majority of opinion.

On our way again. Through Gascony we go, that old and tired land filled with liars, joyous, lovable, unintentional liars (how many of us have chuckled at Daudet's immortal characters from this region.) As the saying goes: "When a Gascon and a man from Marseille meet —heaven help us!"

The grape harvest is on. I go in to breakfast, and now and then long trains made up of enormous wooden barrels on flat cars move by on their way to Paris; wine to be distributed to half the world. And I think how about the same time on the far Canadian plains the enormous wheat trains are also rolling to lake and sea . . . bread and wine . . . bread and wine . . . far less changing than the human race through the centuries.

Across from me in the diner is a middle-aged American, very like hundreds of others to be met wherever one goes in Europe. A genial man, unquestionably in his own country, but here, unable to speak the language, he yields to that queer idea, common to most people of all countries, that if he shouts loud enough in his own tongue, he will somehow be understood.

He wants eggs for breakfast. The waiter understands his English word. But, alas, our traveller now grows more complicated. He wants two eggs, and they must be in boiling water seven minutes. To make this clear he holds up his fingers—seven of them. The waiter gazes in some astonishment. But then, what would you; these strange foreigners. He goes his way, returning presently with seven hard-boiled eggs. It is such little incidents that relieve the monotony of journeying.

It is nearing noon when the train halts. The voice of the trainman comes for once clear and unmistakable: "Lourdes . . . Lourdes." I look out in astonishment. Can this tiny, this unpretentious station possibly be the place where yearly half a million people disembark?

I HAD heard of Lourdes all my life. Yet now that I had arrived I was surprised at myself, how very little I knew definitely of this place; how many were the pilgrims and the sick; how they were handled, and other facts of this remarkable centre to which people come from all over the world. And so, acting upon the presumption that many of my readers are, as I was, vague in point of exact knowledge, I am setting forth here as completely as limited space will permit, a story of Lourdes and its so-appealing founder, Bernadette Soubirous, beautiful and humble peasant child.

She was born at Lourdes on the 7th of January, 1844, in a mill house not far from the now-famous Grotto. The house still stands and is visited by tens of thousands annually. She was a delicate child, and her life was calm and unmarked by any more important happening than the tending of sheep in summer and the helping to look after her younger brothers and sisters in winter. At the age of fifteen she could neither read nor write. She did not even speak French, but only the dialect of her region.

On the eleventh day of February, 1858, while she was gathering wood near the side of the low mountain near her home her search brought her in front of a small grotto at one side of which was a peculiar niche. Here she saw appear a "Lady" in white, bearing a rosary. She related this occurrence to her two sisters later and also to her parents, receiving a sound scolding. Yet, impelled by a strange urge, she returned again and again to the Grotto in the following months at different times, and again saw and held conversation with the Apparition. From the 11th of February, 1858, until the 16th of July of the same year, Bernadette paid eighteen visits to the Grotto. The story of her vision spread throughout the country, until people came in such great numbers that the Attorney, the Chief Constable and the President of the Tribunal, after interrogating the child, barricaded the Grotto and forbade people to go there. Bernadette was also forbidden. But, yielding to the urge within her, she disregarded the commands of the authorities. During the 11th and 14th vision, Bernadette was commanded to tell the priests to erect a chapel, which resulted in the present Basilica, first opened on August 15th, 1871. It was upon her tenth visit to the Grotto that Bernadette was bidden to enter the Grotto and dig into the earth, when the spring was uncovered, the water from which now supplies the baths beneath the church and the line of drinking taps. About 100,000 quarts a day flow from this spring, which is now connected up with a piping system. From this spring millions of gallons are carried away to all parts of the world by pilgrims, and in addition, water is also shipped in large quantities.

At this time the little peasant girl had just entered the school of the Sisters of Nevers. But her ill-health increased and two years later she entered the hospital. On the 3rd of October, 1867, she joined the Sisterhood, taking the name of Mary Bernard. Her ill-health continued. She suffered from asthma, a tumor and caries of the bone, dying on April 16th, 1879. Yet despite her so short and uneventful life, marked only by a long series of bodily ills, there has arisen a shrine that for 71 years has drawn pilgrims from every corner of the globe in ever-increasing numbers. A city of 100 hotels and several miles of streets lined with stores almost entirely given over to the sale of religious objects, has grown where once was only a few hamlets in this lonely mountain valley.

LOURDES has one of the most dream-like settings in the world. In a narrow valley, through which winds the green waters of the River Gave there rises at one end of the town an almost sheer oval mass of rock, the feet of which dip into the foaming falls of the river. At the summit of this rock rises one of the most remarkably preserved fortresses in all France, that has stood since the days of the Romans a menacing and protecting guardian of the valley. At the other end of the town, perhaps a mile away on another towering rock, there looms today, the more whitely against the green sides of the mountains beyond, the Holy Rosary Church, the Crypt, and the Basilica, ascending the steep slope of the rock in the order mentioned, three vast edifices of worship, catching the rays of the sun through the entire day, three vast edifices of worship in one above the Grotto where a little over a half-century ago Bernadette knelt and gazed into the tiny niche and saw the Apparition. The church is according to Viollet-Leduc, a magnificent example of the ogival style borrowed from the 13th century. Due, however, to the peculiar form of the rock, and the situation of the Grotto, the church was built contrary to custom from east to west so that the foundation of the choir could lie over the Grotto rock. [Continued on page 41]

Pilgrimage

Continued from page 40

With its background of pasture-land and groves of trees rising along the mountain-sides, the green river winding beside it, and the magnificent approaches of a horseshoe-shaped roadway that ascends up around the lower church and gives access to the Basilica with a highway capable of accommodating the largest of processions, this immense creation of stone casts some queer spell over the entire place. Serene and high and aloof from the tawdry town below it looks across the roof-tops to that ancient fort, seeming to disdain that clutter of shops that are filled from the early hour of seven in the morning until ten at night by devout pilgrims from many lands, each visitor seeking various souvenirs from the immense assortment presented to his view.

At the side of the Basilica on the north the rock sheers straight down. Here is the Grotto, this world attraction that has made the place a monument celebrated throughout the globe. It is not a large one, perhaps fifteen feet high of opening, thirty-five feet across, with a depth of some 18 feet. The interior is chill and damp in spite of the continual flames from hundreds of candles in size varying from a few inches to four feet tall. Unceasingly for 71 years, since that day in 1858 when Bernadette lighted her first humble offering, candles have burned in ever-increasing numbers, so that it is estimated sufficient tons have been consumed to amount to a pile of wax and tallow vaster even than the stonework of the church. The ceiling and the outer face of the rock is black with a thick patina from those millions of offerings. All day long a constant stream of people marches through the Grotto, and so enormous is the number of candles offered that they have to be stacked up in boxes to await burning space.

From the front of the church the Esplanade stretches away, lined with two rows of magnificent horse-chestnut trees, beneath whose shade the ailing pilgrims in wheel-chairs and on stretchers in long lines, sometimes four deep, are blessed each afternoon. Upon this Esplanade 100,000 pilgrims can assemble. Here, now nearing completion is a great monument raised in thanksgiving for the victory of the Great War. Near the monument is the peaked-roof building housing the Bureau of Medical Verification. Here any doctor, irrespective of creed, can examine cases. In the past four years, according to statistics of the Bureau, 500 doctors have attended for times varying from a day to several weeks. Two hospitals stand within a few hundred feet of the Grotto, nearness to the baths being a necessity because of the absolute helplessness of the majority of the ailing ones who come here in such great numbers yearly.

JUTTING out from the face of the rock at the side of the Basilica, situated between the Grotto and the Holy Rosary Church, are the baths, three-peak-roofed buildings surrounded by a fence of iron palings. Two of the houses are given over to women and children, they being in the majority, one to men. There is only a total of nine baths, three for the men, six for women and children. The baths are of black marble, and on either side of each is a sunken space permitting the attendants to handle most easily the stretcher cases. From 8 in the morning until 11, and from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, hours best fitting in with the hours of service, a continual stream of ailing ones are admitted, an average in the pilgrimage season, which lasts from March to October, of two thousand baths a day. A staff of sixty attendants, composed of men and women work at high speed. It is hard and exacting labor.

It is at the baths that the observer comes most fully to realize the wonderful spirit of service that pervades the whole city of Lourdes. The entire staff of the baths, the great organization of stretcher-bearers, and the majority of the workers in the hospital, give their services voluntarily; a great many of the workers spend the entire eight months at the hardest and most difficult of toil. All, naturally have either to have means, or to save money to keep them while performing their services. And among the workers is a very heavy ratio of the nobility. Princesses, baronnes, marquise, vicomtes, barons, dukes. They are here in such numbers that a citing of their names would sound reminiscent of the times of kings and the splendor of the Court of Versailles.

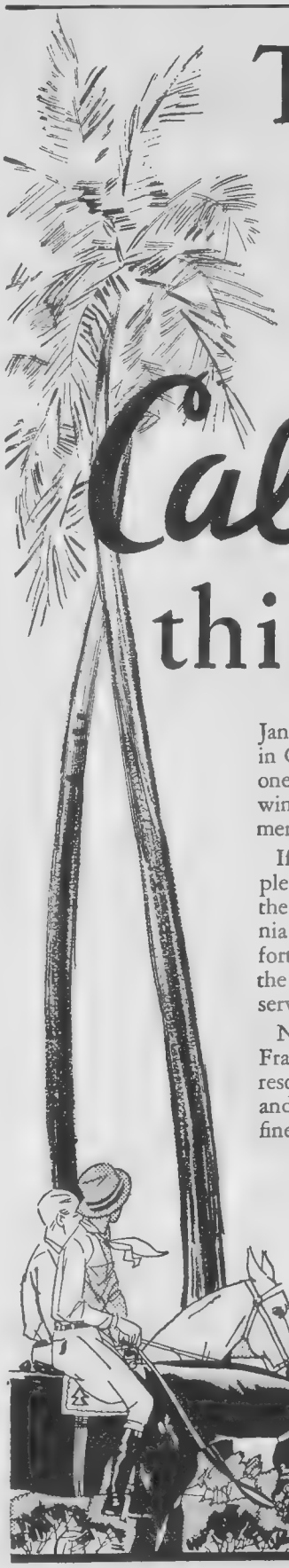
And this voluntary labor is no new thing, but reaches back to a time shortly following the opening of the Grotto. It had been closed to the public in May, 1858, by order of the civil authorities at Lourdes. But so great was the indignation that the affair reached to the very ears of Napoleon Third himself, who at once ordered free access to the Grotto. Pilgrims began to come in little groups. They were at first taken care of by the Fathers of the Assumption Order. By 1879 the number of sick reached 500 to a pilgrimage. There were no wheel-chairs or stretchers in thousands as exist today. Each one of these chairs and stretchers, and the little four-wheeled wagons for transporting the stretchers, are all gifts from the various pilgrims to Lourdes. One day in 1879 the Vicomte Rene de Roussy was at Lourdes and seeing the need of helpers recruited a group of rich young men who were sitting drinking at a cafe. That was the beginning of an order of stretcher bearers, or Brancardiers. By 1885 the order had grown immensely in numbers. No ecclesiastic belonged. It became a purely voluntary order of men from all walks of life. A year of probation was required. Today thousands of men labor willingly.

When it is realized that from 10,000 to 20,000 sick, the majority of them helpless, come annually to Lourdes, the amount of labor undertaken can be readily appreciated. Perhaps the best example of the spirit of service can be grasped by a description of an arriving pilgrim train of sick. At the left of the station is a special entrance. A long line of wheel-chairs and the little four-wheeled wagons to convey stretchers, stand waiting. The sick are carried from the train and deposited in the chairs and wagons. They are then pushed along to a covered waiting-room and lined up. Two autobuses, each with a capacity of twelve patients seated or eight stretchers hurry to and from the hospitals to the station.

I SAT on the low stone wall overlooking the waiting-shed. Three hundred sick had just been unloaded. In a long line they were drawn in. The two men in charge of this loading were oddly in contrast to the crowd of poor peasants who poured in from the train. Both were men who bore the air of command. One was an English general, the other a French marquis. Both were immensely strong, tall men, and broad-shouldered. And they needed all their powers, for these two men lifted from the wheel chairs and loaded into the waiting buses the most difficult of dead weights. Some of the women and men must have weighed well over a hundred and sixty pounds. And they did it with such an exquisite grace, soothing or cheering the sad ones before them. Some of these people had not been out of a room for from five to ten years. They were nervous, bewildered. Indeed, there are no words that quite can convey the feeling that steals over a stranger after a few days in this city of suffering and service. Though every hour of the day one looks upon all manner of human beings ravaged by the horrors of countless dreadful diseases, something of depression that first assails one gradually passes away before the influence of kindliness that seems to radiate on all sides.

One even grows accustomed to that endless line of shops, that line every street in this town of 10,000 listed inhabitants, offering the most varied assortment of religious ornaments probably to be found in the entire world.

[Continued on page 42]



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Pilgrimage

Continued from page 41

The most interesting place apart from the church is undoubtedly the vast panoramic painting housed in a large circular wooden building in the rue Sainte-Marie. This is a circular expanse of canvas containing 2500 square feet and represents the scene at Lourdes of Bernadette in front of the Grotto at the time of the 17th apparition, hundreds of people being near her. The painting is an amazing piece of work in its approach to making seem actually real the people and the surrounding objects. The effect of reality is heightened of course by the canvas being circular. In addition, in the foreground real plants and shrubbery have been placed. The painting is by Pierre-Carrier Belleuse, a famous French artist who has devoted his life to producing a few gigantic paintings. His other most noted work is a review of the great war in which groups from every allied army are shown, and several hundred of the leading figures, including the Prince of Wales, President Wilson. The latter work is much the superior. But in the "Panorama of Lourdes" one feels something of the emotion that must have swept the gathered people on that day in 1858. Compared with the present scene, one realizes what a change has been wrought through the visions of this simple peasant girl.

But the life of Bernadette in the past few years has been made much more vivid to modern-day pilgrims than ever it was in the past, through the medium of motion pictures. In a large building not far from where the painting is shown, a motion picture of the life of Bernadette, excellently portrayed, and with a great deal of attention to original details, gives her life.

However, the chief interest centres about the Grotto, the baths and the Basilica, where from seven in the morning until ten at night a constantly moving throng of the able and the ill moves to and fro. The majority are people of modest means, a great many very poor, coming from the rural districts of France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Belgium.

Naturally, in regard to a place having so unusual a beginning it is in certain things difficult to obtain exact figures. But after considerable research, I made a rough running estimate that since the visit of the first peasants to the Grotto in 1858, about forty-two million people have come here. A week after arriving independently at this total, I found in one of the numerous books I purchased during my stay, the estimate of Dr. Vallett, which placed the number at 40,000,000. Of this vast army of pilgrims about ten per cent. were sick. Some 6,000 cures, which have been accepted by the Bureau of Verifications, have occurred according to their statistics, in that time. The years vary considerably in the number of pilgrims. The year 1929 was an important one as it was the 50th anniversary of Pope Pius' entrance to the priesthood, and a number of special pilgrimages were made in honor of this. This season also marks Lourdes' 71st year of existence in the eyes of the great world; its 62nd year as a place to be visited by organized pilgrimages, and the 57th year to be visited by the great National Pilgrimage of France, an important annual affair. This year there were two National Pilgrimages, the last being from October seventh to twelfth. From the end of March till the middle of October, the recognized season of large pilgrimages, this year Lourdes was visited by a total of 207,805 regular pilgrims, and 16,105 sick, according to the official published figures. Nine nationalities were listed. England sent 19 trains with 4,700 pilgrims and 770 sick; Spain, 22,000 pilgrims and 1250 sick in 38 trains. Belgium 20 trainloads, 9,900 well and 1,290 ailing. Germany 12 trains, with 4,692 able persons and 700 invalids. The Dutch pilgrimage required 10 trains, bringing 4,500 visitors with 400 sick. Italy sent 15 trains bearing 3,000 pilgrims and 2,040 suffering ones. Ireland sent 9 trains to convey 1,800 pilgrims and 170 sick, and Switzerland 4 trains with 2,100 well and 260 invalids.

THE days are long at Lourdes and full of activity. At a few minutes past seven in the morning the narrow streets leading from the two hospitals begin to be filled with the long lines of wheel chairs and little four-wheeled rubber-tired wagons conveying the stretcher cases. The Brancardiers pray fervently as they move along, drawing or pushing the sick, and the helpless ones respond with eager supplication. At seven-thirty hundreds of the ailing are lined up before the Grotto, outside of which a pulpit stands. From morning service the sick go to the baths. In the afternoon many are again taken to the baths. At the Grotto communion is given continually, sometimes for 3 hours at a time. To the visiting sick Lourdes is a great event. Hundreds of the world's unfortunate have been in one room for years. So, despite the constant moving about from train to wheel-chair, from wheel-chair to hospital, and then again through the streets to the bath, the days spent at Lourdes are a change from the long monotony of their illness. When the weather is good, and Lourdes has a long spell of excellent sunshiny days, the sick eat out in the open. In the afternoon by four o'clock the sick are again gathered in long rows, sometimes four deep, in the shade of the two rows of horse-chestnut trees lining either side of the Esplanade in front of the Basilica. Here, usually at the end of an immense procession of the pilgrims, the blessing of the sick takes place.

On this second-last day of my ten days' stay at Lourdes I witnessed one of the largest of these; one in which pilgrims from four parts of France, a German pilgrimage and a huge Italian one joined.

From the Grotto the Italians, led by two hundred priests and monks, moved on with solemn step and chanting; behind the Host, accompanied by two cardinals and a bishop from Milan, went slowly, and then in two long lines the two thousand well members of the group. The hour was nearing four. Already thousands of other pilgrims from various parts of France had lined the balustrade of the great roadway winding up to the Basilica. In the great enclosure circled around by the stonework of the gradually rising roadway fifteen hundred sick were assembled, and behind them thousands of pilgrims seated on benches and standing. While the great procession of the Italians, their final one of the pilgrimage, proceeds with measured step, the bodies swaying faintly in rhythm, there comes from the distance in the direction of the station the voicing of another immense procession. It is that of Poitou, 4,000 strong. Down the narrow street the head of it moves into view converging on the entrance to the Esplanade. Five hundred young girls, veiled in white, lead, behind them come women middle-aged and old, such bright, healthy faces under their embroidered caps of white. Nearly all the older women are in black, and behind them the men in suits for the most part black. They are a sturdy lot, these clean, wholesome farm folk from Poitou. As they pass they sing a song improvised in their own region, one of the richest farming districts of France, a song in praise of their good grain fields, their kine, and grape vines. One gets pleasure just from looking at all these sunburned faces. There is something refreshing about these people who have spent their lives in living close to the soil. On they move. Their song swells louder. The setting sun just dropping behind the Basilica flashes upon the gold thread of their great square white banners.

But now the Italian procession has rounded the turn of the roadway and moved into the enclosure before the Holy Rosary Church. In a tremendous volume of sound now rises the song and chanting in French and Italian. At the entrance to the enclosure made by the rising bulk of the roadway the major body of the [Continued on page 43]

Vancouver

Continued from page 39

old Cordova bar has been drowned out by the cacophony of electric pianos in the shooting galleries and penny arcades of today's Cordova Street.

The biggest of Cordova Street's eating houses was once a famous bar. The in-ground grime of a quarter century has dimmed but not destroyed its glory. The back bar still remains; high, massive columns of solid mahogany, ornate mouldings, huge mirrors. They knew how to spend money and make it show when the Trail of '98 bore heavy traffic. Gangrene has set in; the polished brass rail and pyramids of gleaming glassware no longer glitter in the light of elaborate, kerosene-burning chandeliers.

Today the down-and-outers sit there on high stools eating the biggest bowl of chowder a nickel ever bought.

ONE thing that makes Vancouver a city of unusual interests is that the past is all within the memory of living men. Vancouver is interesting because it is understandable. The visitor can picture its entire history—from the time when the few adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company first traded for furs with the Red Man, right up to the present.

A city has been built in the wilderness, and a city in many ways as interesting as any in the Old World.

Traces of the past are everywhere evident; traces of Vancouver's beginning. In many ways it is the most over-rated city in the world — but there still remains enough of advantages to make it a truly remarkable city.

Vancouver's climate, for instance, is the most misunderstood of that of any other corner of Canada. Advertised and press-agented as "Canada's Evergreen Playground," it enjoys a long and beautiful summer. The actual average rainfall is 58.76 inches, and most of this during the few months of Vancouver's winter. A constant drizzle, and thick, damp fogs have at times kept the sun from sight for days and days at a time.

Snow is not unknown, although there have actually been snowless winters. The street railway company keeps a fleet of snow-plows in constant readiness and on more than one occasion traffic has been completely tied up. The snow remains, too, often weeks at a time.

These facts regarding the British Columbia climate may well come as a surprise to many. The accompanying photograph, however, attests to the fact that, strange as it seems, it really does snow in "Canada's Evergreen Playground."

Similarly, the city has been pictured in many quarters as a great metropolis. It is definitely no such thing—and it is definitely to become, perhaps, an even greater city than its most enthusiastic boosters have imagined.

The paint is peeling and cracking from Vancouver's clap-board front—and one by one the wooden shacks are coming down, being replaced by sturdier structures of steel and sandstone. Today the wooden houses of a few years ago still press close and even trespass into the shopping and business districts.

But these conditions are changing fast. The year 1929 has seen the beginning of a half-dozn skyscrapers and building permits each year reach a valuation in excess of each preceding year. All in all a city is building—a city worthy of the name. With its growth, Vancouver will continue, as it is today, a city of many unusual interests to the visitor.

Pilgrimage

Continued from page 42

procession breaks up and flows at either side, and joins the lines of those gathered standing behind the sick. The procession from Poiteau passes on the balustrade in front of the Crypt and pack the steep stairs in front of the lower church.

Dotted here and ther in the centre of the enclosure four priests stand conducting, and from the crowd on either side behind the sick, from the lines of people lined four deep along the balustrades of the roadway, and on the steep stairway before the church where the five hundred girls in white from Poitou are massed, from every throat in this mighty gathering goes forth the responses, and this simultaneous voicing of 20,000 people breaks upon the air like a staccato fire of sudden thunder. It growls upward in a wave of sound incredibly vast. The mass of released emotion fills the air, and over the entire body of an onlooker a strange thrill runs.

And now with steps more solemnly slow the Host moves along the lines of the sick. Stillness falls upon the multitude. The sun has dropped lower and throws the long shadow of the spire of the Basilica across the Esplanade. In an almost frightening hush the blessing of the sick proceeds. The Host makes the rounds of the long lines, and then, turning, moves to the steps of the cathedral. the moment of the Benediction has come.

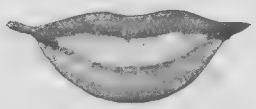
Strangely soft, but clear, the one voice rings out, seeming to soothe all the intensity of human sorrow and suffering arrayed here. A chill little air redolent of the decay of autumn, smell of the dying year, drifts from the river side, and mingles with the incense floating momentarily here. The last word fades.

The gathered crowds scatter in all directions. The long lines of chairs once more start on their way to the hospital. Another day of pilgrimage at Lourdes has ended.

From the other end of the valley the setting sun is flashed back from the windows in the ancient fort, this pile of man-made rock on the top of Nature's primitive building. There it stands, this mighty and so ancient fortress, one of the most remarkable of its kind in all Europe, and today the best preserved example of ancient defense in France. It looks down on this ever-changing kaleidoscope of human affairs, itself unchanging, but full of memories of other sights and times.

But there are so many things of interest about this unique old fortress that the story of it must be told in a later issue.

It may *not* save your money... but it may save your *teeth*



FORHAN'S has always been made with the feeling that people are far more anxious to have a good dentifrice than a cheap one.

In so vital a matter as good teeth, you need all the protection that the *finest* dentifrice can give.

In fact, the origin of this dentifrice was a preparation devised by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., and employed by dentists for years in the successful treatment of pyorrhea.

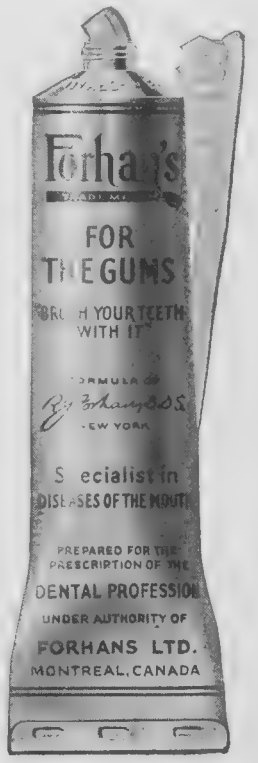
But dentists realized that, in frequent cases, more than office treatment was required. So the question was raised, "How can the benefits of this treatment be extended to the home?"

Dr. Forhan was finally successful in combining his widely known treatment with tested ingredients for cleaning teeth—and the product soon became known as *the dentists' dentifrice.*

Forhan's cleans teeth and cleans them thoroughly. But it is also beneficial to the gums. Applied with massage at the time of brushing, it firms up the gums and helps keep them in the glow of health.

Even in the healthiest mouth, the use of Forhan's is important—for it is always better to prevent disease from getting a start than to treat it afterwards.

Adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It helps you keep the mouth of youth, well into middle age. Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—just a few cents more and well worth it. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.



Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are
4 out of 5

Forhan's
for the gums

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DO you know that three out of every four people listed in "Who's Who" are university graduates—that in almost every field, college-trained men are capturing the lion's share of success?

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

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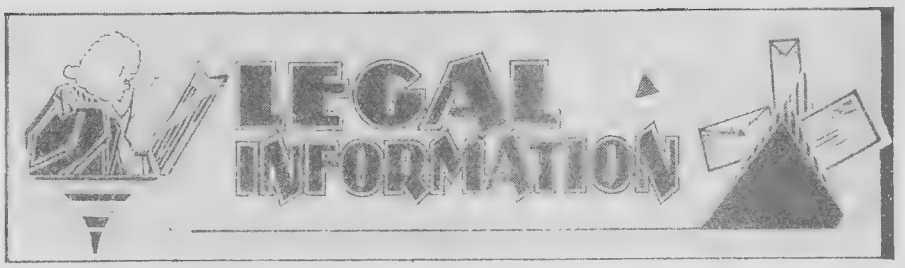
For full particulars, copies of Examination Papers, etc., apply to the Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Be Canadian and Read Canada's Greatest Magazine—The Western Home Monthly



This Department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

A CERTAIN individual, whom we shall call Jones, owned a strip of land facing upon a certain lake, and stretching to the water's edge. Immediately adjacent to his land was a sandy beach, extending some two thousand feet into the lake before a depth of three feet of water was reached. Jones conceived the idea of using his strip of land for picnicking purposes and made arrangements with another party to look after the parking of cars and the supplying of refreshments to visitors. They posted in the local village a notice as follows: "Bathing Beach, Camping Grounds, for rent. Apply——;" and near the grounds were signs on posts "To the Camping Grounds," "To the Picnic Grounds," "Parking in here 25c per car."

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown" and their infant son, came to Jones's property, parked their car, and proceeded to enjoy a picnic. The child went in wading in the shallow water with other children. Towards evening the children were summoned to go home but the Brown child was missing. Some two days later his body was found in a certain channel or trench. Immediately adjacent to Jones's property was a road allowance running down to the lake shore, at the foot of which had been constructed certain municipal waterworks. A trench ran for about 1,800 feet from the station on the shore, and in this trench, which was only partly covered over, was laid the water pipe running from the lake to the shore station. This trench was not in front of Jones's property but was in front of the road allowance, and in it was found the body of the infant.

The Browns sued Jones, claiming that he was in fault in failing to see that the beach was unsafe for children. The trial judge agreed with this contention on the grounds that there was an invitation by Jones to all who felt inclined to avail themselves of the privilege, to use not only his property for picnicking purposes, but also to use the adjacent beach for bathing purposes, and there was a failure on his part to discharge a duty cast upon him to see that the bathing beach was safe for children. In this judge's opinion it did not make any difference whether Jones knew of the danger or not, it being his duty to examine the premises and see that they were safe before inviting people there to bathe. The court of appeal, however, although they did not agree there was evidence as to where the boy met his death, found that the trial judge was wrong in holding as he had.

They held that it imposed altogether too great a liability upon the land owner who permitted his premises to be used as a picnicking ground, in the hope and expectation of some trivial indirect profit, to hold that he was liable for a disaster which overcame a child whose parents permitted him, not merely to bathe upon the perfectly safe beach in front of the picnic ground, but who permitted him to stray away to a danger in front of adjacent premises where he could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be supposed to be invited to disport himself. Assuming that the boy came to his death at the place and in the manner suggested, they did not think that he was there at the invitation of Jones and dismissed the action.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Q. Am I entitled to any of my husband's money outside of the housekeeping money he gives me? He gives me twenty dollars a week, sometimes it is every eight, nine, or ten days that he gives me the same amount, I have no money of my own but what he gives me. I am supposed to feed five, sometimes six, also clothe three—myself and two girls going to school, and also one of the boys who is not working just now, a lad of seventeen, if he should need anything I would of course try to get it for him. I also have to get things for the house at different times, such as sheets, pillow slips, towels, etc.

My husband so often tells me it is his money, in fact he seems to consider everything belongs to him. I don't possess a nickel to spend, only what he likes to give me for housekeeping, and in these times when things are so high I really cannot get all I need for myself and children (out of what he gives me) in the way of clothes.

I would like to know if I am entitled to a little personal money for myself not to spend on housekeeping. If I am how would I have to go to work to get it?—An Enquirer.

A. Every wife has the right to require her husband to support her in a manner commensurate with his means and situation in life. The difficulty that we have in advising you is that you have given us no definite information as to your husband's earnings. We can see no reason why he should object to giving you this. We presume that the allowance which he now makes to you is to cover only the household expenses, such as food and clothing for yourself and your children, and that your husband pays the costs of carrying the house in which you live, either by paying the rent or by making the payments upon the purchase of the property.

We are of the opinion that he should pay you about 60 per cent of his earnings. It is possible however that your husband would have the right to require that some proportion of his income from his business should be put back into the business before arriving at the net income properly applicable towards the maintenance of himself and his family. In any event not less than half of his earnings should be applied for maintenance of his wife and family.

The only way in which you could get such an allowance, if no amicable arrangement can be agreed upon, is to make application for a court order.

Mortlake, Sask.

Q. Would you please give me advice on the following questions:

(1) A man has good grounds for divorce, does he have to sue in the province where the woman is or in his own?

(2) What are the court costs?

(3) A woman gets a separation from her husband, does she still hold her dower right?

(4) Can a wife sell the personal property of her husband? If not, how should he proceed to recover same?

(5) An elderly man has been a tax payer for a large number of years. On account of age or infirmity he cannot get work. He fails to pay his taxes and cannot supply himself necessities. Does the town have to keep him? If not, who does?—Novus Homo.

A. We are answering your questions in the order submitted:

(1) Both the husband and wife must carry on divorce proceedings in the province in which the husband has his domicile. This is a technical term meaning the permanent home of the husband, and the place to which he proposes to return, even if through force of circumstances, he is absent for a considerable period.

(2) The court costs usually run in the neighborhood of $300.00, and the solicitor's out-of-pocket expenses. In addition to this the husband may have to pay his wife's legal costs in case she desires to defend the action. This would double the costs of obtaining the divorce.

[Continued on page 65]

IN THE New York World there recently appeared a cartoon depicting two old woodworkers in a workshop, one of whom is holding in his hand the copy of a newspaper showing the stock quotations. Apparently he and his colleague have been discussing the situation and finally the reader states: "I am beginning to think I don't understand the stock market myself." The truth of this statement, ironical though it may be, has been brought home with undeniable force to a great many people during the past few months. It has not only been the big speculator who has felt the storm and stress; throughout the country there have been multitudes of small investors who have been putting up their little bit on margin, all in the hope of securing large returns. They plunged blindly simply because everyone else was plunging blindly and now that the loss has come home to their own doorstep they are beginning to ask questions as to what the market is, the meaning of various terms, what rules govern its operation, the reason for the sudden decline in securities as contrasted with the apparent healthy condition of business as a whole.

A very common term in the financial world and on the stock market is the expression "selling short" or the "short interest," and yet how many speculators or investors really understand what a "short interest" is and how it is created? As we explained in our article last month the person who is "short" is one who is selling stock in the anticipation that before he is called upon to deliver his certificate the price will be lower thus enabling him to buy in the stock at a lower price and reap for his own benefit the difference. This seems very simple but the question that naturally arises is: "How can one sell stock which he does not possess?" The rules of the exchange are that he must deliver his stock during the following business day. Is he counting on the possible fluctuation between the time he gives his order on one day and the time that he is required to deliver it on the following day?

Obviously anybody who engages in such a transaction has no intention of doing this; for the very simple reason that the time allowed would not usually be of any use to him. The broker, to whom the order to sell short is given, knows that he must get the stock from someone else for his client and he accordingly goes to another broker who has stock available and borrows, not buys, it from him. To borrow in this manner he has to put up security just as if he had borrowed from a bank on a demand note.

Let us give the following illustration. Suppose B believes that the stock of a particular company is going to fall. He gives an order to his broker to sell a certain number of shares even though he does not possess any shares of that company at that time. His broker sells the shares knowing that he must make delivery on the following day to the broker to whom he sold them. He is therefore obliged to borrow the stock from someone to whom he must give by way of security the full market price of the stock on that particular day. He is thus in a position to deliver stock which he has so borrowed. Then suppose that B is right in his belief, the stock drops, say fifteen points. B's broker is able to go out and buy sufficient stock to return to the second broker and when he does this he gets back his cheque or its equivalent which was given in the first transaction. On the other hand if B is wrong and the stock goes up B will have to cover by buying at a higher price, the difference between his selling and buying price being the amount of his loss.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

South Fork, Sask.

(Q) I would like some information regarding oil shares, escrow shares, shares of no par value in the capital stock of Empress Petroleum Limited. I would like to know if this is a reliable company.

If a person becomes victimized by swindlers or is suspicious of the actions of any company, can the local Crown Prosecutor charge a person anything for getting his money back?—A.W.

(A) Empress Petroleums Limited has its head office in the Rogers Building in Vancouver. The authorized capital is 1,500,000 shares of no par value, of which less than 500,000 have been issued. The company has considerable acreage in the Milk River area, the Jumping Pound, and various other of the oil fields in Alberta. The company has arranged for Imperial Oil Limited to do its drilling, but this is at present indefinitely postponed, apparently to await the results of drilling operations by other interests in the fields in which Empress Petroleums has its leases. We would consider the prospects of this company as being highly speculative in their present stage.

When a company is formed to finance drilling operations usually the vendors of the petroleum rights take the greater portion of their purchase price in shares in the new company. At the same time the company usually has to sell shares to the public in order to provide money for its drilling programme. So that there will not be too much competition in the sale of the shares it is usually made part of the transaction between the vendors and the company that the vendors will hold the shares which they receive for a considerable period. The shares received by the vendors are usually deposited in trust or escrow with a trustee, to hold until the shares are released, upon the terms of the agreement with the company.

Obviously the promotors in many cases are anxious to obtain some money on their investment and if there was no means of making them retain their shares for a considerable period, a great many of them would be dumped on the market at whatever price could be obtained, thus depressing the value of the shares and impeding the new company in raising the necessary capital for its undertaking.

As to your second question, you must first of all distinguish between criminal and civil actions. If you bring a criminal charge against anyone the Crown Prosecutor will usually act in your behalf. If, as a matter of fact, you have been deprived of some money and the Crown Prosecutor is able to recover it for you you must realize that the money was recovered not upon the criminal charge but upon a civil liability for repayment of the debt. Whether you receive the money or not the swindler would continue liable for his crime, but very often the Court takes into consideration in passing sentence on such cases, that the swindler has repaid the amount which he dishonestly obtained. If the Crown Prosecutor recovered your money we think that you should be well satisfied, even if he does charge you the ordinary collection charge.

Love is a many-sided sacrifice. It means thoughtfulness for others; it means putting their good before self-gratification. Love is impulse, no doubt; but true love is impulse wisely directed.—H. R. Haweis.

Friendship is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm.—Augustine Birrell.

CANADA *looks ahead with* CONFIDENCE

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General Conditions Fundamentally Sound

Sir Charles Gordon, President at Annual Meeting of Bank of Montreal, Draws Attention to Great Strides Made by Canada During Recent Years.

Sir Charles Gordon's presidental address at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal will exert a far-reaching influence upon economic conditions in Canada.

Reviewing the business situation in Canada, Sir Charles referred to the unbroken expansion of the first ten months of the year and extending back over a five-year period, the most marked advance being in the field of mining, and he said that Canadian activity was such that the Canadian banks took no special advantage of the high rates offered in New York; their money was fully employed in the Dominion "and every legitimate need of this country was taken care of at much lower rates than prevailed in the United States."

There is good ground for general business confidence in Sir Charles Gordon's statement that no inflation is apparent in any of the basic commodities of Canadian commerce. He spoke frankly of such unfavorable influences as the reduction in the crop and its slow movement, and the collapse of stock market prices. On the other hand, mining and industrial development in the West, and branch-line railway construction, are beneficial influences; building has been at its peak; markets are being found for new developments of hydro-electric power, and while immigration shows a decline there is also a reduction in the loss through emigration. Coming to the trade situation in Canada, Sir Charles said in part:

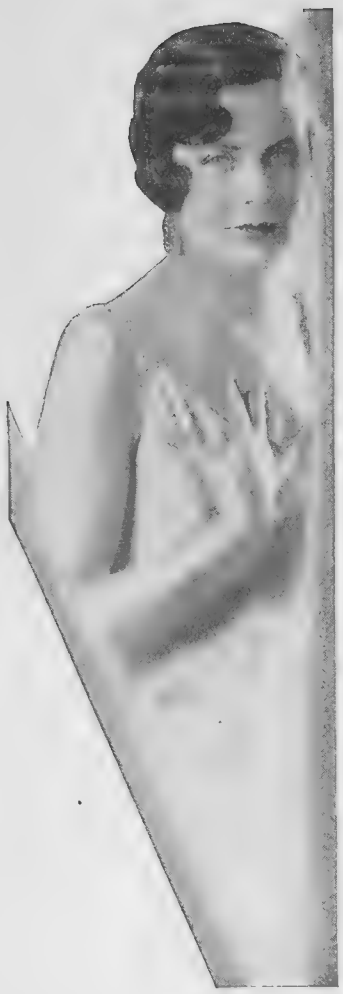
"Fundamental conditions are sound, and there is no reason for apprehension as to the ultimate future of Canada."

General Manager's Address

Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, the general manager, surveyed the bank's operations of the past year and made a pregnant diagnosis of actual economic conditions.

Mr. Mackenzie's analysis of the salient features of the balance sheet is not only convincing of a healthy growth in the volume of the bank's business and of its strong liquid position, but it is testimony also of a determination to continue the sane, sound and energetic management that is traditional of the institution. "Our customers in all lines of production and commerce," he said, "have, as always, been our chief care, and their needs have been fully supplied; but we have recently been declining numerous applications, large and small, for loans against good collateral but to be used for other than business purposes, generally the purchase of securities. These applications had become so numerous that they threatened to encroach upon the money needed to finance the country's business."

There is in the proceedings at the Bank of Montreal meeting abundant proof that credit is sound. "Business," Mr. Mackenzie said, "will be somewhat quieter while we are getting back to realities, but the realities in both countries—Canada and the United States—afford firm basis for a healthy optimism."



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Any woman may have beautiful hands, provided she will keep the skin soft and smooth and white.

Guard against rough, chapped skin by using Campana's Italian Balm right after your hands are wet. It restores to your skin quickly the natural moisture that it loses when soap and water are used.

The secret of its genuine effectiveness lies in its combination of the most trustworthy skin-healing ingredients with certain imported essential oils.

Use Campana's Italian Balm faithfully for seven nights. At the end of that time, compare the hands you have then with your hands now.

Men use a drop on the brush when shaving. A generous bottle for 35c at your druggist.

Send 2c for free sample, to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 468 King St. West, Toronto.

CAMPANA'S

ITALIAN BALM

PREVENTS AND HEALS CHAPPED SKIN

The Land of Roses

Continued from page 37

WHEN travelling through Southern California, don't overlook your kodak. Take it along, by all means, for this State is the photographer's paradise.

Nowhere will you find so many places to motor as in Southern California. In the North sections are the High Sierras, the Big Trees, The Yosemite, and San-Francisco. In the East portion is Death Valley, the Grand Canyon, Apache Trail. In the South part are Riverside, Palm Springs, San Diego and Old Mexico. On the West is the unsurpassable Pacific coast-line. And, everywhere, good roads.

There are many, many ways to travel in California. Even the airplane has become popular, almost common there. You may travel by camel, too. By train. By motor-car. By boat. By horse. Take your choice.

There are many fine beaches on the Coast—safe, broad beaches, gay seaside places, splendid for winter bathing and pleasure. You may also enjoy every kind of social activity.

Santa Monica Bay is crescent-shaped. It extends from the picturesque mountains of Palos Verdes to the rocky cliffs of the Santa Monica Palisades. Here and elsewhere in California's coast-line are rugged pines and cedars, plus the rock-strewn shores.

Along the sea-coast are many curious formations. Jagged rocks jutt their impudent arms into the sea. Rugged straight cliffs, and fantastic caves greet you at La Jolla, in San Diego County.

I shall never forget the many night images I saw there owing to the lights along the shore. These may be called the mirrored cities of countless lights. Add to these glittering night scenes the cool breezes, the deepening purple shadows, and you have romance mystery and magic! The magic witchery of night in California.

Nature has been extremely generous with California. No doubt this State was a favorite child of Mother Nature. She endowed it with the most gruesome and beautiful of valleys, as Death Valley; the most majestic and inspiring of mountains as the High Sierras; the most gorgeous of trees; beeches without any superior in the world; canyons that are blessed with beauty; botanical gardens; deserts a-bloom with strange cacti; history and romance. Add to this two thousand lakes, more than one mile in the air, and you cannot but wonder why California was the favorite daughter of Mother Nature. I often have done so.

California is also a playground for fishing of all types. In the High Sierras are the elusive trout and the defiant bass. Just cast your agile flies and the game boys will respond—valiantly.

Although my mind and typewriter have endeavored to give my kind readers a graphic picture of beautiful California. "Where Life Is Better," yet I am afraid mere words are indeed inadequate.

My Lion Hunting Honeymoon

Continued from page 31

"You'll find it expensive to haul through the rivers," he owned. "But it's much safer for Madam . . . You'll see!"

Oh but it was fine to load up cameras and guns and picnic hampers, and go bounding over the East African veldt—millions of miles, as it seemed, from anywhere, with Mayfair routs and parties in another and more sophisticated planet.

Day after day we did this, halting near a water-hole in thick bush and waiting . . . waiting hour after hour. Once in the magical hush of dusk, I caught a hoarse, cavernous growl, that died away in syncopated bass sighs. As I clutched Ned's arm, another booming, roar broke out . . . then the very firmament seemed to vibrate and tremble with a tempest of awful sounds—that died abruptly into short, fierce cough-grunts of dreadful meaning. I was appalled. I sat entranced with fear when silence fell again. It was nearly dark now . . .

"A whole troupe of lions," Ned murmured, as he held me tight to reassure me. "There's nothing in Nature like that awful chorus."

"They're full o' meat," Mr. H—— decided. "I reckon they've pulled down a few zebras—or even buffaloes. And now they've said grace on their way home."

I said nothing. That was a sense experience transcending all speech. Two days later we came upon five lionesses near a lofty ant-heap, with their superb black-maned lord lying near them in the shade of a big umbrella-thorn.

Our armed trackers were all for instant battle, with spears and shields.

"No," I pleaded to Ned, "they'll be killed!"

"Or mauled," Mr. H— added. "That's all in the day's work; and these Masai love the hunting game." I only wanted to stare and stare, in utter fascination. Surely the sight was too wonderful to be real?

All six of these beautiful brutes eyed our car steadily, and the phalanx of nude natives around it. Very slowly the big lion got up and stretched his magnificent limbs. Then he shuffled over to his mates with the loose, indescribable ease of a monstrous cat in the garden.

"Oh, Ned," I breathed to him—"did you ever see such wickedness incarnate? Yet aren't they grand?"

One or two of those diabolic muzzles was smeared with fresh blood, as from a recent kill. The unblinking stare of the whole troupe was becoming more than human nerves could endure. My heavy .450 rifle was sighted on that huge whiskered face, framed in a black and tawny mane. The great brute's tail-tip now began to flick and twitch from side to side, like a whip-lash.

"Look out!" I heard in tense warning behind me. "Trouble coming now!"

All six were snarling and raging in different keys like brass trumpets blown anyhow by madmen. Shall I ever forget the headlong charge of them in twenty-foot leaps, with great fangs bared? That was indeed "a moment great as years."

Ned and Mr. H— let fly both barrels; so did our Masai headman. Meanwhile our black gang, howling like wild things, rallied round the car with shields and spears bristling in our defence. Even then my one idea was the Lion! Two shattering shots I fired—half afraid of the weapon's recoil!—when the awful creature was almost on top of us, his great eyes like lamps, his mane on end like an enormous ruff! . . . .

* * *

All was over! My noblest lion lay crippled just below the car, trying to strike the screeching spearmen with a clawed paw of sledge-hammer drive. His yellow eyes emitted horrible flame; his throaty snarls seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. Mr. H—— was yelling orders in the native lingo not to spoil the glorious skin with excited stabs. Here and there, three of the lionesses lay prone and still, and huge. The two survivors had disappeared.

* * *

That night in our "beehive" home I put as brave a face as I could upon the terrifying experience of that crowded day. Even at midnight I was not inclined for sleep . . . and that enormous wicked Face, with three-inch yellow fangs, stared at me in dim candle-light from out of a cloudy mane of bristles.

"Let's go out," I begged of Ned.

"Music?" he suggested anxiously. "Would you like Dalila's "Mon cour s'ouvre a ta voix'?"

"No, dear," I said, "we'll just listen to the silence of the night!"

To the Mzab

Continued from page 29

petrified sponges. Many surprises awaited us in this region of the Mozabites, where the bondage of women is rigorous. She must live under lock and her husband carries on his belt the key which holds her captive. In the Middle Ages the Berbers of Tiaret, having seen their kingdom ruined by invaders, took refuge in the heart of the Sahara, a desert within a desert, to create their own oases, a prodigious example of courage, industry and patience. They dug wells and found water and have built dams to intercept and retain the occasional rainfall. The contrast of their fertile gardens with the bare and fantastic rocks which surround them, a land of exaggerated sterility where Nature herself seems dead, is most striking.

The Mozabites belong, from a religious standpoint, to the dissenting Islamic sect of the Kharedjites, issuing from political struggles which took place after the death of Mahomet. The various interpretations of the Koran led to the creation of new sects among which were the Abadites, who, perceiving that they would be molested, chose a more isolated region of the Sahara. The aridity of the Mzab appeared to them as a fortress and would discourage their aggressors. They abandoned the open struggle against the other sects and adopted "a secret state" which remains today. The first town founded was El Ateuf in 1013, and in 1048 Beni Isguen, where was organized the religious conclave, or "tolbas," dominating all Mozabite people.

THE Mozabite has remained a distinctive type, not having mixed with other races. They marry in the town from which they originate. They are white of skin, with round face, often fat and greasy; the children are pretty and the young people are good-looking; when old they broaden out and become squat-looking. The country does not furnish means of living for all, so many migrate to the Tell or to foreign lands where they open shops, or keep Moorish baths, etc. Upon acquiring ease, as their industry and commercial aptitude is remarkable, they return to their homes. Tradition also requires them to return to the Mzab to die, or at least to be buried. The women are prohibited from leaving their country, and the Mozabite who travels leaves his wife and family and contracts another union in the place where he locates.

Their sacred town, Beni Isguen, is surrounded by walls, with a wide path around permitting caravans to circulate from one gate to another. The religious customs are rigid and their habits austere. They do not drink coffee, and smoking is prohibited. The reason for the prohibition of tobacco, tradition says, is that the devil chased from Paradise committed an offence at the gate and the tobacco plant was born. Alcoholic drinks are also prohibited.

No stranger is allowed to live in Beni Isguen, and the gates are closed at 6 o'clock, the watchmen allowing no one to enter and assuring himself that no one sojourns in the town who does not belong there. All rules are strictly enforced. The women one encounters are strictly veiled and quickly dart out of sight on the approach of a stranger.

The market-place is typically Mozabite in character, expressing more curiously than other towns of the Mzab, the commercialism which is the dominating passion of the "Puritans of Islam." The town seemed deserted but suddenly at sundown the square, with its Mozabite wells at one of its angles, became animated. In front of the tiny shops and low houses were gathered all the men of the village. Seated in Arab fashion, they were half hidden in the voluminous folds of their white or faintly tinted burnouses, their wan Mozabite faces framed by heavy black beards and illuminated by intelligent and gentle eyes. The merchants, arms laden with burnouses, old iron, copper, or carpets of Beni Isguen of a special model and well woven, moved about, and made a tour of the Place. Each shouted the price of his merchandise and put it up for auction. The purchaser whose bidding had been the highest has a prior right, but the object is not his until the evening after. During the interval outbidding can still be made. Sometimes a vendor offers objects or products which he has not been able to bring to the market—palm trees, a house, or grain, a record being kept only in his memory. A vendor promenades with a gun on his shoulder and a key on his breast. He is selling a house; the gun indicates the house is well guarded and the key is that of the house. The court of a stock exchange is not more frantic nor more mysterious to the outsider, than this Mozabite fair. At a precise hour the fever of business subsides as quickly as it grew and the squatting figures rise up majestically and enter their homes, while the foreigners are politely dismissed from the holy city and the gates are drawn.

Though the route through the endless rolling dunes from one green and mirrored oasis to the next has become more modernized and conventional, the great desert guards the mute and savage beauty untouched. "The vast solitudes of amazing color and change, ignore the conquering intrusion of man."

An Artistic Country

Continued from page 38

unusually generous mood. In reality it has been the object of infinite care and thought to the Japanese landscape gardener. All Orientals are more or less possessed of an intuitive sense of balance, the true secret of art, and the Japs carry it into the most minute details of daily life.

Even the most ignorant and uneducated in matters of art are influenced on seeing a perfect bit of placing. To live near some beautiful thing, a flower or a plant well placed, to watch its delicious curves, or the tender buds of a purple iris just bursting, must give joy and it does, although one may be quite unconscious of its gentle power. The Japanese understand these subtleties as do no other nation. Their taste with regard to enjoyment is widely different from ours—a little bit of nature which would give them intense pleasure would probably be ignored by us altogether. We want parks, broad expanses of country and huge avenues, while they will be content to gaze for hours in rapture at a little branch of peach-blossom, only a cluster of rose-red, with a slim grey twig against a background of hills that stretch away in the distance indefinitely. Much has been said of the house beautiful but the Japs have given to the nation the street beautiful. Walk through our streets at night—how prosaic are they with great electric lights and how different from the softened rays that shine from out the ricksha lanterns illuminating the streets of Japan. Little shops with their mellow lights and dainty arrangements are poems that meet the eye even in the most ordinary street.

Even a rainy day over there is one of absolute fascination. Picture all those lovely Japanese umbrellas, so shiny and colorful, unfurling themselves beneath a shower like flowers before the sun, so different from our ghastly "gamps."

All these beauties, tea-houses with their festoons of lanterns and bright interiors in which one catches glimpses of singing girls—bridges sparkling with lights—shops bright with color and the doll-face of a child peeping from behind a screen—all these beauties are to be seen at their best at night. Then nothing is abrupt or rugged—nothing jars - great fantastic shadows in the purple haze.

A picture as broad as a study by Rembrandt.

Warning

You must be properly NOURISHED to resist Winter Ills,

Colds and Chills

Influenza attacks old and young when the resisting powers of the body are weak.

Keep fit this winter by making sure you are well nourished.

Eating large meals is not sufficient, it is NOT the amount you eat, but the comparatively small amount you digest, keeps up your strength: surplus food only clogs up your tissues with waste that lowers your vitality.

You are sure of being nourished, yet keep your youthful vigour

if every day, you add a little Bovril to your diet, either as a hot stimulating food drink or added to soups, gravies and meat dishes.

You do not need a lot of heavy food

The unique power of

BOVRIL

Builds fitness not fatness

21M

Courage wins happiness

Here's a Nurse's Recipe for more smiles!

NO one else sees the ups and downs of life, like a trained nurse. Did you ever notice how they keep smiling? Smiles make smiles, they will tell you. It's the secret of their success.

You would think a very old lady with a broken thigh in a plaster cast would be a hard person to keep happy. Not so, according to Nurse Helen U. Griffin, 64 Prospect Avenue, Hackensack, New Jersey.

"I remember one case very well," says Miss Griffin. "My patient, being unable to move about by herself became very constipated. Many medicines in pill form were used with little or no results. Finally when we came home from the hospital I began the use of Nujol.

"Soon my patient became regular and comfortable, without any pain or discomfort. Now she is happy and cheerful, since regularity has begun and continued with such little trouble."

You do not have to have a broken leg to profit by Miss Griffin's recipe for more smiles. We all would feel better if we followed this easy and simple way to good health. Miss Griffin knew how harmless Nujol is, containing no drugs or medicine, but acting only as a natural lubricant. She knew how it keeps excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) and helps carry them away.

Women need a natural aid like Nujol just as much, if not more than men. There are so many physical conditions they have to go through that upset their normal schedule.

Just remember that all your body needs to be regular as clock-work is a simple natural lubricant. Be sure, however, that you get the right one—the one tested and approved by millions of people.

See what Nujol will do for you. You can get it at any drug store for the price of a ticket to a good movie. You will find that Nujol works easily, normally. Try it today!

You'll wonder how you ever lived without this natural, pleasant, easy way to health and happiness!

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Coupons will be found on each wrapper —not on the carton—Write for FREE PREMIUM LIST.

The ROYAL CROWN SOAPS Ltd.

WINNIPEG

The Lure of the Old Land

Continued from page 11

"I came by train C.N.R. all the way to Sydney from Toronto and St. Caribou and Newfoundland R.R. here," said another. Writer-like I got rates and charges. Many of the fishermen had had good houses for three dollars a day and guides for the same amount and others had spent five a day and all had most wonderful fishing, so I came to the conclusion that outside of this big seven dollar house and the same at Corner Brook I could travel here for about the same amount of money as I did in Ontario. "I brought my car along," one man told me. "Sixty dollars round trip from Halifax and back. I can't go all over the Island, but I get many good long runs out of St. John's and my licence is good from any State or Province, but we all have to pay five dollars for registration here." "I am going to buy me a few acres and have a summer cottage here." a Hamilton man told me. "And I know a spot where I can get it cheap and cast right off my own shore for salmon. Why, say! At the mouth of the river the sea-trout fight for my flies like minnows at home."

It's a wonderful trip across to "the Island" on the big new ocean-going steamships. If the fog is on it's a bit of sailing you will long remember—for the trim, lean, swift craft, the Furness liner, which calls enroute at Halifax, N.S., from Boston and New York for British ports, seems bound to dash its ribs upon that rockland coast. Especially is this graphically true on a foggy or misty day when they are steering by sound, one might say. Ahead loom the dark cliffs—destruction awaits—then on the end of a curve a narrow, oh! so narrow, channel shows, and we dart into calm if tide vexed waters and speed on with the tide down a rocky pass tremendously grand. The tiny peeps we got through rifts in the murk showed it all as Cabot found it—then a swirling current rends the fog and through this rare tunnel we see—just for an instant—the towers and buildings of the 40,000 city of St. John's. If ever you leave the city and take one of the coasting steamers and glide up one of the great veins of water that cuts deeply into the body of the island you will be astounded at its distances—almost a full hundred miles of silent, cloud capped cliffs, then gems of islands, a band of scurrying caribou taking a short cut across a fiord, and the wise travellers will tell you, "not a bit of hay fever on the island." We saw a man casting for salmon reach down and take off his fly a luscious wild berry he had snagged while casting. Again, the tiny motor boat glided by a very water-pasture of white lilies —rare land. There is a ledge where on the upriver side one may cast for salmon or the so-called "sea-trout"—great hard-fighting beauties of one to ten or even twenty pounds, and right across, on the seaward side of the ledge, one can successfully fish for cod.

Did you ever see a Devil-Fish, the Octopus or the Cuttle-Fish? Grisly, harmless, freaks of the seas with their sinuous arms and their hundreds of tentacles. Strange, rare creatures. I have had them alive and creeping in my canoe and I am very much alive to tell it. Well some night tide when you are off one of the great bays you will see a crowd of dories and hear much splashing and see much jigging—a very busy scene, and if the men stay late enough until the "Devil's Fire" is on the sea, the tiny diatoms of the phosphorescent variety, you will see each jig come up burning, each squid a wriggling mass of blue fire, each horny hand a masterpiece of Nature's fireworks. These are the smallest of the squid family, little grisly things of about a pound weight, the one very needful thing in cod-fishing, for they, with herrings, are the bait.

LOOK at the Witless Bay scene if you want to study pastoral Newfoundland, for Man has subdued many of the sea-ward plateaus and grows good crops on them. One odd crop is the dry codfish one. They pile these as we pile hay, in stacks, then when the "sun burns up de fog" they stretch these on rude "flakes" of brush and poles and here tens of thousands of quintals of cod are dried for the export market—roughly speaking the dried fish are worth about five cents a pound. It's odd to see the kiddies tear off a strip of raw, salted cod and eat it with such gusto. It is tasty, for we all have tried it. Look at the rolling fields, the great white church and manse, the whitewashed homes and barns and stables. Why, they even whitewash the dog's kennels!

We stood on the summit of the great cliff beside the gut which makes the inlet to St. John's. I marvelled that this then translucent sea holds such a harvest. The leading fish firm say they take twelve millions of dollars worth out of that same sea each year. A friend of mine who lives here tells me of the great numbers of fine old families settled there so long that the date of their arrival reads like a page from the log of one of the explorers. Thank goodness! here is a place that jazz is not, at least in many of those picturesque old homes.

Of course, Labrador is all to the fore now. Sir Wilfred Grenfell made it well known, but its pulpwoods will make it still better known—I hope Canadians will share with Newfoundlanders the riches of this hundred thousand square miles of forest and of mine. If you have time run down to Wabana, Newfoundland, where is the great iron mine. Copper men should look up the values in this metal now that copper is on the dividend list with modern methods of concentration. There are ten thousand water-powers unspoken of as yet. The farmer is in evidence only for the growth of the necessities of life. There are no long fields of wheat and few orchards. St. John's has a temperature like Halifax, save that it rarely goes down below zero. Every night is cool even if the summer sun struck the eighties that day. There are no more fogs than in the Maritimes—the great fog belt lies on "The Banks" 200 miles south in the sea. St John's still talks of the First great Atlantic flight when Alcock and Brown took off in 1919. Many's the aviator who has followed this flight—Brock, Schlee, Chamberlin and Byrd, de Pinedo and Lindbergh. But don't forget in the general acclaim that these two British fliers were the first to cross the pond.

If you want to be "more loyal than Lunnon," live in Victoria, B.C., or St. John's, Newfoundland, is the advice of he—no she—whom I met again in the latter city; but, whisper, she must have lost those plus fours for she had on a dainty wee—yes, I may use the word wee—skirt.

The Old Year

By Mary Matheson

Many days have come and gone
Many tales been told,
Many suns have sped the Dawn
Now the year is old.

Gaunt, decrepit, shoulders bowed,
Does he limp away?
Donning now his waiting shroud
At the close of day?

Weeping over the vast mistakes
He so often made?
Dreading that the morning breaks?
Trembling and afraid?

Filling all the last, best hours
Of a fleeting day
Wishing he had spent his powers
In a nobler way?

Nay, he marches from the game
Gallant, unafraid,
No regrets and no false shame
Over errors made.

Soldier-like he takes his stand
When the day is past,
Knowing an unerring hand
Guides him to the last.

And So You're Going a Travelling

Continued from page 36

base is brown, your shoes, purse, umbrella and hat may be a becoming shade of tan, and your silk dress be brightened with orange. Keeping this scheme in mind you will find you can manage with fewer clothes and yet have always the consciousness of being well dressed.

PUT into a corner a small sewing kit, with threads that will repair your gloves and stockings, (and by the way, speaking of gloves, be sure to have a couple of pairs of fabric gloves that can be worn during long train journeys, this is a health precaution that no one is wise to neglect) And don't forget your dark glasses. The long gleaming white roads of France, and the brilliant sun of the southern countries is responsible for much discomfort unless the eyes are shaded by hat and tinted glass. Your hot water bag may be left on the boat, but don't I beg of you leave it at home. You may never need one in your steam heated flat in winter, but how good it is when the stewardess slips it in to your bed in the evening, and you encounter its pleasant warmth when you hop in many hours later. You'll probably buy a purse before you leave home, although it is wiser to take an old one if it is roomy enough, for they do get wracked about. Be sure, though, whether it is new or old, that your purse is large enough to hold your passport and the dozen and one things you will stow away in it during the long days.

AND now for a few Don'ts. Don't take any valuable jewellery. It will be a constant worry to you and everyone with you—the swank you get, isn't worth the worry you have. Don't carry much money with you. You may take any quantity that the bank and your family will let you get away with, but be wise, take it in travellers' cheques of small amounts, and in Canadian currency, and you need fear nothing, and never be inconvenienced by having the money of several countries and getting hopelessly mixed thereby. Don't, and this is a big Don't, forget your sense of humor. It is a potent essential. With it you will halve your troubles and double your joys, as matrimony is said to do.

And so Good Luck to You! With your wealth of Sight, purchase the Far Corners of the World, and store the realm of dreams with treasures.

The Room That Satisfies

Continued from page 15

Just what material is used, need not be arbitrarily decided in this case; in point of fact, it is a two-toned damask—but various brocades and soft-hued printed linen or cretonne, would be quite in keeping. There is an opportunity here for pattern, of not too pronounced a type, to contribute very markedly to the effect, since it is restricted to the curtains, the carpet and the decorative details. Even in these, a subdued rather than a bold effect has been selected, as sustaining the feeling of the room correctly. The rug shows just enough design to be practical and to give that nice balance of plain-and-pattern that we like to achieve.

The other important piece of pattern is in the large wall-hanging which occupies the generous space over the sideboard. Here is another place where the broad general effect would not be greatly altered with the character of the hanging itself. The original, the ancestor of the several types of wall hangings that are in evidence today, would of course have been a tapestry, and if hand-made and in the noble proportions of this one, it would be a valuable piece.

But with the increased appreciation of the decorative value of wall hangings, and their practicability for the house of modest means, there has come a broad interpretation of what those hangings may be. A length of mellow old brocade is often used—it should be lined and hung quite flat from a rod cut to the right length, or mounted along the top on a flat wooden slat.

TO RETURN to our illustrated room—it contains but one picture, the single well-chosen subject over the mantel. It is worth while to note just how this is hung; it is low enough to seem to carry on the actual structural lines of the mantel—much more attractive in this case than the isolation which higher hanging would have given it. And of course, the picture is thus brought to a proper level for its enjoyment—a point too frequently overlooked in picturehanging.

Note, too, how subtly it is played up, how its importance is emphasized by the disposal of the small objects upon the mantel shelf. You need only imagine the difference there would be, if there were numerous pieces of bric-a-brac on that shelf, sharing and breaking up the interest that is commanded so naturally by this good grouping. And above all, note that there is nothing at all just below the picture—apart from the fact that an article of even modest height would actually break into the picture, think how it would mar the effect that the unbroken line below the frame gives.

Then let us observe the lighting. Beautifully in keeping with the time of the originals of these furnishings, candles are all about. They appear in actual hand-dipped form, on mantel, sideboard and table—and that most charming of electric fixtures, the candle bracket, carries on the idea in the numerous side lights. These candle fixtures are fitted with delicately etched glass shades—our modern glass makers are excelling in these treatments, whether they be in the old or new feeling.

So much for this one room which I have been using, as it were, to "point the moral." The truth of the general worth of its ideas can be seen, however, in any type of room. So frequently, a room that has long failed to satisfy its owner can be transformed by changing not the large pieces, the fundamentals of its furnishings, but a lot of the accessories and details.

I SAW this proved not long ago, in a living room that had "gone stodgy," as its owner deplored. She could not afford much money for its rejuvenation. But she did have first of all what she called a "mental doing-over" and proceeded to look at everything in the room with a new viewpoint—it need not remain there if it were not really useful or beautiful.

Out came several rather wishy-washy water-colors; in their places went a pair of hanging shelves for small books and a rich colored print that toned up its special wall remarkable. The positions of chairs and sofa were all altered—the new straight lines, the sofa at one side of the fire-place, a big chair at the other, trimly at right angles to it, made a great improvement over the old cross-corner position of the large pieces. The tables were placed near the chairs; one folding table was placed between two windows, its top leaf raised against the wall, and when writing materials were added and a small chair, the absence of a much-needed desk was no longer felt. Trailing pots of ivy replaced a couple of rather passe ornaments on the mantel; new cushions and a gorgeous Indian print (bought for eight dollars) to throw over the sofa, worked wonders. That room became a joy.

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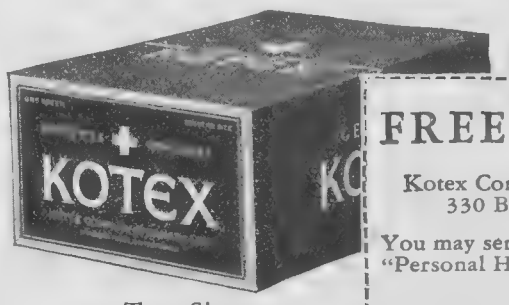

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Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 18

half amazement at their deed, was setting in. Even if Freydis spoke the truth they had no stomach to rid themselves of the wretched women whose misery must forever accuse them.

Freydis glared at their downcast faces witheringly, whilst whatever of woman's nature she possessed gave way to inhuman passion. "Oh, fools and weak of heart," she taunted them, "observe how a woman may and dares to employ arms!" And before her act could be intercepted, or was even fully comprehended by the dazed and fagged crew, she had snatched up a battle-axe and with all the skill of a practiced warrior had struck down the terrified young wife whose righteous reproaches had justly stung her. So swift was Freydis' action that another trembling victim had fallen by her hand before the spell-bound crew recovered from the stupor of their outraged emotions. But the last unhappy bride was too quick for the terrible woman. With a heart-rending shriek she fled away in the direction of a distant headland, a great grey rock rising proudly from the sea, where for one spectacular moment her billowing robes and flowing yellow hair were flung in moving relief against a dark and gloomy sky. Then, swift as a bird, she plunged into the icy depths below.

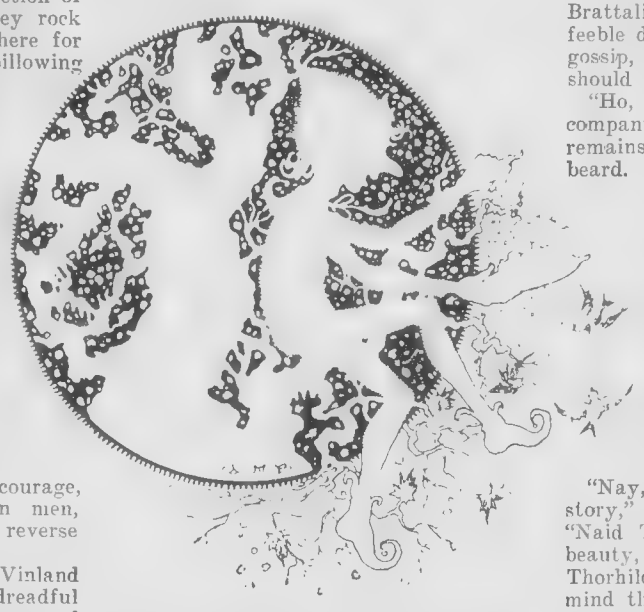
Dreadful was the calm which followed. Inured as they were to battle and its cruel consequences, not a man there but looked upon Freydis with actual horror and physical revulsion. She no longer seemed to them a woman, but a fiend, the personification of raging passions terrifying and foreign to humanity. And to their simple reasoning it appeared singular to a degree that an extreme of physical courage, always coupled with honor in men, should so obviously be quite the reverse in women.

Thus ran the tale of the Vinland tragedy, dreadful to relate and dreadful to contemplate. And, as in the case of most evil actions, Freydis had found the aftermath much more harassing than the deed itself. Indifferent she might be to others opinions, yet to live in close proximity with men who hated and despised her, who could no longer be deluded as to her innate character, grew increasingly irksome. Then, too, even her iron nerve quailed at the sound of the wind wailing through the hardwood copse and moaning like a lost soul round that lone grey headland. Even her robust sleep was invaded by haunting and horrid terrors.

This restlessness increased, keeping step with Thorvald's growing despondency. He was sick with shame, she with nervous fears: and since her ultimate safety depended upon the faith of her crew, she had not hesitated to bribe and to threaten. But, as she was soon to learn, even gold loses much of its appeal when the giver is too exacting and too well versed in trickery.

TO LEIF the tale was a gruesome record of infamies directed against God and man—a record of unspeakable crimes, the enormity of which seemed past redemption. And Freydis, a woman of his blood, had perpetrated this cowardly and unpardonable thing! His sister had spilled that innocent blood in Vinland, the land he believed to be set apart for righteousness! Wretched deed, calculated to rend the eternal quiet of that virgin country and to fill its peaceful solitude with wild alarms and hateful memories! Most wretched thus to be immortalized! "Curious," thought he, "that the same beautiful land which stole away mine affection, tempting me to dreams of happiness and love, should steal away my sister's honor, tempting her to violence and bloodshed." Disheartening and terrible intelligence! It seemed to him that an eternity would not suffice to solve the wretched problem. However, after giving detailed orders for the care and comfort of the poor fellows whose confessions were so shattering to his peace of mind, Leif shut himself away with his thoughts. A bitter vigil it was, with pride of family and place contending against a common people's rights and the demands of justice. The struggle left him weary and embittered at a fate which continually thrust upon his shoulders the cares and crimes of others. However, once his course was clear, he made his way to the tent where Grim and his companions sprawled upon pallets of straw, cursing or groaning according to their natures and dispositions. Passing directly to Grim, whose ghastly condition gave bitter proof of his dogged courage, Leif stooped and with sincere humility took the man's nerveless fingers in a close and sympathetic hand-clasp.

"Thou art a noble fellow," he said, with characteristic fervor, "and I honor thine integrity; would there were more like thee in Greenland!"



Grim forced open his swollen eyes and met the steel-blue gaze focused upon him in such kindly concern. He had felt his life-blood freeze under the cold scrutiny of that intense gaze, but now he was to sound the other extreme of his chieftain's fiery nature. What Grim read in the marvelous eyes now bent upon him in brotherly kindness, made him forever a slave to their possesor. He did his best to summon a brave smile.

"My Lord, 'twas but thy duty," broke from him in hoarse effort, for nothing mattered now but his master's comfort.

"A wretched act, no less," his lord returned emphatically, and then with one of his flashing smiles he resumed: "Good friend, regrets have never yet embittered man: 'tis best, then, to be done with idle speeches. My purpose is to acquaint thee and thy comrades that henceforth ye are under my protection; thy cause is my cause, and whosoever offends thee offends Leif Ericson. This also applies to thy fellows, and such is mine intention to declare at the Thing. Until then ye abide with me as honored guests, for I would that no malice be nursed between us."

They were very like impetuous children, those mighty fighting men of the North, quick to anger but equally quick to forgive. So far as they were concerned the matter was ended and all rancor wiped away. And when they were recovered of their harsh usage, they became forthwith the most diligent of Leif's guards; so faithfully attentive, in fact, that Leif was in time to be affectionately known as the man of many shadows.

Whilst Leif maintained peace and harmony in the hills, keeping his own counsel as to the course he meant to pursue at the coming Thing, Freydis was no less absorbed in her eternal scheming, and entertaining no anxious thoughts of her brother's enterprise. True, she missed her erstwhile thrall, but on hearing of his employ in Leif's camps she laughingly agreed that so clumsy a fellow was better suited to breaking rock than serving wine to a lordly company. Moreover, she had reasons for wishing to maintain peace with the lord of Brattalid, for the time being at least. Above all, she wished to avoid the circulation of doubtful rumors; Leif's ready suspicions must on no account be aroused.

But however isolated men may be, idle gossip wings its way to them. One night, shortly before Leif broke camp for the season, Grim was tramping about, as was his restless habit, when of a sudden he came upon two of his master's men deep in what appeared to be secret conspiracy. It was dark and chilly, so the two had built themselves a fire and, as Grim observed on creeping closer, were just finishing their evening rations. Grim decided his wisest course was to make certain of their innocence, so, hiding behind an accommodating boulder, he listened expectantly.

"'Tis said the cattle are dying at Brattalid and the mistress grows more feeble day by day," announced the first gossip, a grizzled old greybeard who should have been better employed.

"Ho, then, she's no lambkin," said his companion indifferently, brushing the remains of his meal from a curly brown beard.

The old man frowned darkly and wagged a rebuking finger. "Tush, careless youth, thou knowest how the Hebridene bewitched our master into taking her brat to son. 'Tis all of a piece, meseems, and a strange enough madness."

"Age hath thee sure enow! What's strange in Eric's son finding a pretty wench desirable? Hath forgotten Eric's folly?"

"Nay, thou wag, but 'twas a different story," the greybeard retorted sharply. "Naid Thea was a pretty wench, and beauty, thou knowest, was not dame Thorhild's chiefest asset. Aye, well I mind the black sparkle of Thea's eyes. Poor wench, if she mispaid her lady 'twas but a little drop in comparison to the wrongs she suffered. 'Tis said she was taken in a Celtic raid, a little lass then, and given to our Thorhild, then a babe in arms, in tooth fee. In after years the good dame freed her."

"And well she repaid the charity," roared the younger man, slapping his companion's back with a huge and hairy paw. "Oh, hola! a good return our mistress got for all her kindness in that hell-cat Freydis."

"Fool!" hissed the old man, "wilt thou have us hung? Knowest not her men are 'mongst us? The fiend take her! Yet for all her villainy mayhap she speaks truth of the Hebridene. For, as thou knowest, 'tis said she murdered the babe . . . ." Here he lowered his voice cautiously to a husky whisper more difficult for Grim to follow, but by straining forward dangerously the latter managed to make out the man's words. "Thou knowest," the gossip resumed, "I went home to my daughter's farmstead this past moon to look at the wee one—a hardy babe, by the gods, and like his grandfather, they wisely say—aye, a forward babe, who shall have a silver horn in tooth fee!—and my Raghild told me how the lady Freydis is circulating the dreadful truth of her little one's death, that its blood was transmitted to the Hebridene's son by means of black magic. 'Tis an ugly tale which none fancy to think upon that the priests assure all magic is of the Devil."

"Tush! 'tis all of a piece and foolish," barked the youthful wag with cocksure vehemence. "Hath the mistress of Gardar no plot in mind? 'Tis said she hath a mind for intrigue and commands more than the house-keys."

His comrade nodded solemnly. "Aye, more's the pity. I have it for truth she means to subject the Hebridene to some bitter test this coming feast. Thanks be, my lot is cast in lowly places!" [Continued on page 51]

Lord of the Silver Dragon

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Grim had heard quite enough to make him realize the danger hovering over the ill-fated Thorgunna. As fast as his feet could carry him, he sped to his chieftain. Leif listened in silence to Grim's jumbled and panting utterances, but the terrible icy calm, characteristic of Leif in an emotional crisis, boded ill for whosoever had roused the dark mood in him. When the tale was finished he sat still, silent and terrible, his eyes flashing fire from the granite mask of his countenance. At last he spoke, slowly, precisely, like an avenging oracle. "Not to a woman and my sister can I mete out the punishment she deserves, but one thing is certain, no good will be her portion, now nor ever. The blood spilled in Vinland cries out shame upon her, and souls yet unborn will shudder at her perfidy. So be it! And now, good friend, 'tis plain my plan must somewhat be altered. He that once draweth the sword seldom sheathes it! Make ready, then, to uphold me, for we must reach Gardar ere my lady mother and her company arrive at the plotter's feast."

THUS it came about that Leif and his retainers arrived at Gardar some little while before they were expected, much to Freydis' amazement, who knew the precision of her brother's habits. He offered no explanations, however, and immediately upon arrival repaired to the Plains of Justice to dress his booths. This task completed, he left them and his personal effects in the care of those of his men whom Freydis would not have properly received. But ten of his guards, picked and able warriors, he took with him to Thorvald's Hall.

There a scene of happy festal activity seemed to belie his dark forebodings. Nowhere could a merrier atmosphere have been created nor a less likely stage set for a dire tragedy. The place rang with sound of joyous labor and shone in its gala-day dress. The best tapestries hung in their places; maids strewed fresh rushes on the floor and draped the benches with glossy skins; the cook-house sent its smoke in jolly curling plumes up through the great hole in the blackened roof, and over the hearthstones pots simmered and hissed and groaned under their weight of toothsome meats.

Freydis was affability incarnate, coming to meet her brother and his men with open arms and voluble protestations of pleasure. Mindful of their comforts, she at once sent a thrall to heat the stones for the bath, and almost in the same breath offered her guests to set a maid polishing their buckles and weapon—"for a rusted sword maketh an ill appearance at a feast and detracts from the glory of even the greatest warrior," she explained with gracious whimsicality.

"Aye, as ill as a corroded conscience," mused Leif bitterly, as he declined the offer and turned his way to the steaming bathhouse.

And now, in ever-increasing numbers, the people began arriving for the Thing, until at last the broad plains seemed a great hive of gaily-colored creatures milling round in endless procession. At the height of the excitement, whilst friend was greeting friend, lovers slyly managing a stolen rendezvous, and none had settled down to the serious business of preparing charges for the lawmakers, Thorhild and her company rode up to Gardar; and a very presentable company it was in its holiday colors of scarlet and blue and gold. Even the little horses were gaily decked and held their heads high in conscious pride.

Leif sped to meet his Thorgunna. She was very pale, he thought, and her eyes had a look of secret anguish about them, though her smile was still radiant.

"Thou art well, my lord," she whispered, as he helped her to dismount, "which blessing is all I ask."

"And thou art beautiful," he whispered back, "with a beauty which creeps deeper and deeper into my heart, into my every dream, though I see thee but seldom."

Then he must greet his aged mother, who had the child Thorgils pillioned behind her on an ancient horse; a much too gentle and wise a creature to please the little lad, whose tastes were turning to a dashing mount. Leif thrilled at the sight of his young son. Bright and spirited, proudly alert, he seemed curiously like himself, and yet, somehow, endowed with the grace of his lovely mother. Leif thrilled at the sheer beauty of him and at the renewed conviction that in Thorgils he had a liberator as well as a son.

That night they made merry at the Hall. After the tables were carried away Freydis called upon a man famous for his chanting to entertain the company with his art. He complied with a vim, chanting tale after tale in the true Norseland style, and finally, to the huge enjoyment of his hearers, concluded with an impromptu saga, exaggerating in whimsical fashion the characteristics of the assembled guests. The mirth-provoking exhibition ended, Freydis poured wine for the friendship-cup, and then, together with her women guests, left the banquet chamber for the softer comforts of her bower.

Thereafter Leif lost interest in the assembly, for fear clutched his heart despite the sure knowledge that his spies were planted everywhere. And, as may be imagined, his abstraction was not lost upon the company. Many a head wagged and many a shoulder was shrugged in silent disapproval; whilst not a few of the nobles, ripened in suspicion through the gossip of their wives, thought it further proof of the Hebridene's black art.

But the night passed quietly and another day dawned crisp and clear, and Leif found the beloved Thorgunna and his son in smiling good health waiting upon Thorhild in her bed-place. Thorgunna was plaiting the old lady's still luxuriant hair when Leif interrupted them, and little Thorgils was dutifully brushing his granddame's silk-embroidered slippers.

Leif was so immeasurably relieved to find his dear ones safe from all unpleasantness and harm that, quite unlike his reserved self, he swept them into an eager and rapturous embrace. And if his arms were too impetuous and fiercely passionate, his tumbled words were no less so. Thorhild was scandalized and indignant, or at least affected proper dismay. "My son," she gasped in breathless disapproval, "what aileth thee? Hast been drinking thus early in the day to the undoing of thy proper wits and dignity? Shame to thee, Leif Ericson, capering like a kitchen wench!" she chided the handsome chieftain, who stood laughing down upon her in fondest humor from his splendid height. "Ridiculous mortal! I charge thee let not thy son witness such foolishness! Dignity is rooted in restraint, and, if it so please thee, lord chieftain, restraint is power."

But what cared Leif just then for dignity or power? Thorgunna, like an exquisite flower drooped upon his bosom, her lovely face uptilted, was smiling at him with love and understanding; all her brave loyalty of soul and unchangeable devotion revealed to him in the soft radiance of her eyes; and that was worth a kingdom of empty dignities!

The child, watching his elders with bright appraising eyes, suddenly laughed aloud, amazed, no doubt, at the behavior of an adult being, who never could quite understand the great essentials as a little boy could. Ah, he could have told them of the foolishness of dignity, for had he not seen his stately grandmother weep in the shelter of her wimple? He could have told them that joy was never captured, yet never lost, for he had learned its secret at grim Dun David. He knew that life was a glad adventure, for the sea had told him so! He could have told them many things, but they would not have understood him

[Continued on page 52]

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The Great White Liniment

76

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

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Be sure and do this every morning, for "It's the little daily dose that takes off the fat." Don't miss a morning. The Kruschen habit means that all poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

At the same time the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels are toned up and the pure, fresh blood containing Nature's six life-giving salts is carried to every organ, gland, nerve, and fibre of the body, and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity, and a charming figure.

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 51

any more than poor old Elspeth understood him—poor Elspeth, who prayed so much and wept so often! Ho, they were very laughable, his beautiful dear ones, but he loved them none the less! Peals of laughter rippled from his merry lips, elfin silver-toned laughter, like the lilt of tumbling waters. Leif thought he had never heard a sweeter sound, and, curiously, in the same instant was reminded of the ecstatic cry of the scarlet-winged singer of Vinland.

"Tut, tut," dame Thorhild checked the infectious mirth, "tut, child, thou art worse than a seamew with thy noises."

Leif, still smiling, captured his mother's admonishing hands in his. "Poor lady, a stormy lot of men thou wert doomed to mother," he fondly consoled her.

"Aye, tis true," she chuckled, "stormy and petulant as the sea. Aye, all too true, but I ask thee, who of Norse blood loveth not the sea?"

IT WAS at morning-meat that Freydis made her first move. Amicable and smiling, she announced to her assembled guests that she had a pleasant surprise in store for them. There was to be a christening in the Hall at high noon! She went on to explain that two of her serving-maids had lately borne children, and because of their loyalty and excellent deportment it was her intention to honor their little ones with a bowl of Vinland wine and a special requiem for long life and prosperity. She hoped her guests would appreciate the spirit prompting her action, for not only was she extremely fond of the mothers, but the babes were in themselves worthy of charitable notice and admiration.

No appeal could have won a heartier response, for Norse nature, denied an emotional outlet in glamorous romance, directed its love and tenderness to childhood. Freydis' announcement evoked roars of eager applause, and a dozen burly greybeards at once volunteered as sponsors and pronounced themselves ready to assume the duties of foster-fathers if need be. No other proposal could have induced livelier interest; no other diversion could have pleased the people more.

In due course, when the sacred rites of baptism were over, when the priests had sung their requiem and the guests had drained their toasts to the rosy babes, Freydis took the infants, one upon each arm, and, smiling benignantly, passed from bench to bench that the ladies might praise the little beings to their hearts' content, and incidently, if it pleased them, might present some trifling gift to increase the pride and happiness of the humble mothers waiting shyly at the back of the Hall.

When Freydis finally reached Thorgunna, sitting beside Thorhild in the place of honor, she was momentarily disconcerted and abashed by the contempt she read in the beautiful eyes meeting hers so fearlessly. Thorgunna was calm and collected, but a slight pallor and an occasional nervous twitching of her delicate eyelids betrayed her inner distress, for to her intuitive nature it was clear that some mischief was brewing. Nor was she insensible of Freydis' hatred and the likelihood that she herself would be the chosen victim. But, quiet and undismayed, she fixed her searching gaze on the dark face before her, and though she made no move, nor spoke a word, an inexplicable quality of soul shone from her eyes accusing, and for the moment striking terror to Freydis' evil heart.

But even amidst her confusion Freydis shrewdly reflected that if her hesitation and dismay had been noticed it would but strengthen her tale of witchcraft. She broke into smiles. "My lady, thou with thy repute for love of the fair and innocent wilt, I know, find the babes adorable. Oh, see, how their little round eyes open wide in wonder at thy beauty; 'tis evident they find thee no less lovely than thou must find them adorable!" she began ingratiatingly.

Thorgunna nodded, paler now, for an ugly suspicion had crossed her mind. Oh, wretched and depraved heart, would nothing avail against its cruelty? she wondered. Would nothing alter so vile a purpose? Jealousy and greed, these two were the implacable handmaids of the dark-browed woman confronting her with such unspeakable purpose written large in her face. But, ugly attributes though they were, they might yet be made to serve a goodly purpose! Thus reasoned the charitable Thorgunna in the short respite given her. "Aye, adorable they are," she answered softly, never taking her solemn eyes from the treacherous smiling countenance before her. "Too adorable, I trow, for mishap or ill fate." Thinking to purchase mercy, if not grace, she unpinned a rare jewel from her breast and extended it graciously to her malicious hostess. "Accept this, mistress, for the babes; may it bring them good fortune . . . and thy favor," she concluded, stressing the last words of her appeal.

Freydis colored angrily, interpreting the plea as satire aimed at her doubtful generosity, but she accepted the jewel with alacrity. "Ah, sweet lady," she sparred, "for so rich a gift my little retainers must pledge thee eternal faith. Grant us thy hand, I pray thee. Grant us thy hand and the patronage of a beneficent liege."

For some instinctive reason Thorgunna hesitated, reluctant to comply with an apparently innocent request; hesitated nervously; and to those watching her the least movement was significant of untold possibilities. And then, in a graceful sweeping gesture, jealously marked by every woman present, she presented her shapely hand, adorned by a single curious green gem, for the pretty courtesy so playfully offered.

Sinister and sly was the smile playing about Freydis' lips as she manoeuvered to have the tiny courtiers kiss their liege lady's hand. "See how willingly the little men pledge thee their lives, how reluctant they are to be severed from thee. 'Tis quite as though they were become one with thee, bound by some hidden influence drugging and sweet. See how enamoured they are; how they droop, swooning with love, against their lady's knee!" she exclaimed in feigned delight to the amused and merry spectators. And then, with many a jest and laughing quip, she passed down the Hall, amidst noisy cheers and loud hurrahs and surrendered the glowing infants into the keeping of their proud and grateful mothers.

The guests now turned their attention to other matters of prevailing interest. The men discussed the cases to be brought up for trial at the Thing; then turned to the year's fisheries, trade, the mining prospects, and the possibilities of a Vinland colony. The women, on the other hand, discussed with equal animation their household affairs, the duels which had been fought, and the likelihood of alliances between this and that family through monied settlement or marriage.

Into this peaceful atmosphere piercing and terrified shrieks tore like forked lightning through a placid sky. Every voice was instantly hushed, and unconsciously the men reached behind them, where, according to custom, their shields were hung upon the wall, and more than one bright weapon flashed from its scabbard. Leif, seated in the throne chair opposite Thorwald, leaped to his feet and stood with drawn sword, ready for any emergency.

To be Concluded next Month

Northward Ho With Sylvia

Continued from page 13

aristocracy of concave society backs, being more used to the convex backs of the Indian wives of his canoe men.

Taking all the dresses from her closet she donned one after the other, posing in front of the glass, sitting, standing, reclining. Long limbs were rather graceful even if number five, triple feet were too long and slender.

Finally the clock chimed one thirty and Sylvia went to bed to toss and turn in an inner exquisite agony until morning.

Once again she asked him out to her house. He didn't come at all, or explain. Scorn took possession of her, most for him. Was he so crass that he did not know that an explanation was necessary? Was he merely shy, or was he merely trying to "let her down easy!" She decided against the latter. In the first place he obviously had no idea whatever of her attitude to him, and, somehow or other, she knew that she still had for him an intriguing, inquisitive fascination.

A sudden warm triumphant feeling took possession of her when, happening to look out early one Sunday morning, she saw him pacing up and down in front of her house, with once and again a shy, surreptitious glance for her window.

Once more she was sent to his office. Without appearing foolish in the managing editor's eyes she could scarcely explain her reluctance. In fact she did try to wriggle out of the assignment but he, the hard-boiled managing editor, merely sent a puff of smoke ceilingward and said, "I see through you, Sylvia, but old Fray is arrow proof."

Little he knew! So she went. Her light feet made no noise on the rubber-covered floor. When she spoke to him he gave a tremendous start, and she knew then that he had been sitting there with head bowed down over his desk thinking of her. One look of dog-like devotion and his eyes fell to her slender hand pointing out a line in the article which they were discussing. Of all the ill luck! That morning she had slipped on her dead mother's diamond and ruby ring to take it to the jewellers to have the stones tightened in their setting. There it was on the finger that it fitted, her engagement finger. The diamonds flashed in his eyes and the rubies glowed. She jerked the hand with the offending ring back and hid it in the pocket of her coat.

Nevertheless he did not look up again and his replies to her questions and suggestions were made in a low, strained voice. She had a passionate desire to lean across the arm of his chair and pull his head down to her shoulder, to croon to him, laugh at him, caress and bring him back to sanity and see again that look of shy devotion from his dear blue eyes.

But she didn't, and left the office abruptly. Oh, the big, unsophisticated, touchy boy! How could she explain to him? He never gave her the chance to explain anything.

Suddenly he was gone again on his three thousand mile journey north. Not one word to her. Just one glimpse of him with head down fleeing down the hallway from the managing editor's room.

Pain, despair, anger filled her heart. Why, they were made for one another. His strength to her vivacity, his heavy sincerity to her sweet, mad moods of sunshine and rain, his red head to her black one. Would he ruin both their lives? Well, she knew that with her by him the [Continued on page 53]

Northward Ho With Sylvia

world would be his to conquer. By himself he would remain more or less diffident, climbing slowly, if surely, liked by men and yet ever in places below his capabilities while those with more assurance stepped before him.

Why could she not do something? She who had handled a hundred situations as the daughter of a politician, as a society girl and as one with innumerable admirers. Nevertheless she must leave it. Somehow planning and scheming to get the man did not seem good enough for him.

Then a wild fit came over her. The managing editor told her with a growl that she was possessed, that she was driving every unattached man in the place crazy. She laughed in his scandalized face, and the men continued to go down like nine pins. Alton Hay, the gem of the editorial staff, whose supercilious English reserve burst all bounds. He proposed to her kneeling one day in the park at noon hour. Luckily no one was about. She refused him definitely, walking back to the office laughing and talking with him all the way, at least Sylvia did both for both. It did not cure him. His reserve was gone and he let everyone see his heart on his sleeve. In fact he carried it in his hand and held it out for inspection.

THE climax came when he resigned to go back to England. The managing editor walked the floor and tore his hair when he called Sylvia in to tell her about it, but she only gave him a provoking little secret smile.

He looked at her amazed.

"Look here, you little fiend," he yelled, "I am going to send you out North until you come back to normal and these men recover from their dizzy fits. To Churchill you go tomorrow. Alton Hay was to have had that assignment to cover the opening of the harbour. But you'll do it, my lady, and may it cool your mischievous head."

He banged the table until the paste pot upset. He had known her from childhood and he did not notice in his distraction that her face whitened strangely when he mentioned Churchill and then grew red and angry as a turkey.

"Do you think you are going to fling me in Fray Coleman's way," she shouted and the tears came into her eyes. A moment later she saw her mistake. He had cooled suddenly and was looking at her with shrewd eyes.

"So that's the trouble, is it? Fray did not fall for you. Good for solid old Fray. Thought he had more sense."

She gave him one look from gray sweet eyes veiled in tears. He gasped and was wax like the rest of them. Had he not held her when she was a day old and her proud father, his best friend, had put her into his trembling arms. Then when her father died suddenly he bought The Graphic and took over tentative guardianship of beautiful, motherless Sylvia with it. Sylvia had treated every man the same heretofore, had never quite grown up but was the most brilliant writer on the staff nevertheless.

He went to her now and put an awkward hand, grimy with ink, on her heaving shoulder.

"Darn him, what's the matter? If you want him you shall have him if I have to go out and bring him back running at my stirrup. Couldn't you make him fall in love with you?"

"He did,' she stuttered between tears, "but he wouldn't tell me about it."

"For the Lord's Sake! And why didn't you do the telling?"

Sylvia gave a hysterical giggle. "He didn't give me a chance."

It was the managing editor's turn to give a secret smile. "Shy old bear," he thought. "Played safe rather than risk a stray arrow."

Then he stood back. "Are you going to Churchill?" he demanded, "Fray will be there with bells on. He is to be the guest of honor, you know."

Sylvia dried her eyes with the man-

Continued from page 52

aging ed's not too clean pocket handkerchief and handed it back to him.

"Yes, I'm going," she said, and walked out of the room with her back like a drum major.

EVERY mile of the way that Sylvia Catherwood took on the way to Churchill seemed a poem to her admirers —at least until they reached mile 460, but that is another story.

From the time the train pulled out of the Capital overmastering high spirits possessed her. The special correspondent of the World watched her grimly. He was a close friend of Fray Coleman's and had looked upon his sufferings. It would have amazed him to know of Sylvia's midnight agonies.

"Heartless flirt!" he thought as bowing before her conquering joyousness porter and conductor and the whole system of the Canadian National, apparently, ran its feet off to wait upon her.

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Man overboard every hour," he thought savagely watching Sylvia on the observation platform with an adoring Englishman on one side and a determined American on the other.

Waiting his chance he slipped into a seat beside her. Then they talked shop for an hour, Sylvia eagerly interested and enthusiastic.

"Wonder if I can touch her," he thought.

"By the way," he said looking carefully out of the window, "I wonder if Fray Coleman will get out? The Exploration Company are trying to keep it quiet, but his plane has not been heard from for a week. They think it's down in Lancaster Sound on that last tack to Beechy Island."

Not a word! "Little brute," he thought bringing cynical eyes back from the sliding landscape to the girl's face. It was whiter than the narcissus that the Englishman had bought at The Pas and which lay against the fox fur next her throat. He stared stupidly at eyes black now with agony. Then the bronze-black head fell forward on hands wreathing themselves in utter pain.

"Fray," he heard her whisper, "Fray, Fray."

The World man resolved a chaotic mind into some semblance of order. The girl wasn't acting. Why she must care for old Fray. "What the—what the!"

"Oh, for God's sake, what have I done? See here, see here, Sylvia, I am a fiend incarnate. I know. They heard Fray's wireless an hour ago at The Pas. His plane is crippled and he is coming in slowly to the base at the railway."

A slow gasping sound from the bent little head.

"Fray seemed completely broken-up when he left Ottawa," said the man hesitatingly in a low voice. "He thought you didn't care for him."

Sylvia raised her head slowly. Then her color came back with a rush and she stood up very slender and dignified.

"He did not try to find out whether I cared or not," she said. "He took no notice of me whatever for weeks before he left," and she walked out of the car a little unsteadily.

The World correspondent fell back in his chair cursing himself for an interfering ass and Fray for a stupid fool.

In the middle of his bitterest and most picturesque curses the train gave a terrific jolt and came to a shrieking stop. The correspondent was looking out of the window when a cold thing touched his cheek and a hoarse voice said, "Hands up, mister. Get out of this car and line up outside with the rest."

"Good Lord, this is the government's pay train! Eighty thousand dollars aboard and it is being robbed," thought the correspondent wildly. "Sylvia, where's Sylvia, the only woman on the train? Damn it, why did we take a woman into a cussed rough country like this, if it was only for a day's trip!"

A poke in the ribs from a wicked looking little revolver made him hasten to scramble down from the observation platform and line up with a half dozen correspondents, the trainmen, and the official in charge of the pay car, who wore an expression of horror and despair.

Seven bandits altogether, six of them already busy on the pay car.

"March those green horns down to the muskeg, Josh," one of them yelled to the one guarding the passengers.

Darkness was descending on a low, desolate country of scrub trees, rocks and scant grass. The prisoners stumbled over fallen trees, across a dim pathway through deepening gloom until, four hundred yards or so from the train, a cleared space showed where black water glinted between hummocks of grass. Beside this and with backs to it they were ordered to stand.

The World man beckoned the guard, "Where is the lady?" he asked.

"Lady, she's no lady, she's a tiger, that's what!" and he pointed to another bandit following them carrying a limp bundle over his shoulder which he laid on the grass.

"Had to hit her one," he said, "she nearly tore me to pieces."

A snarling growl came from the prisoners.

"Stand back," the man, Josh, yelled, sensing a rush. "Drop the girl, Abe, and shoot for the heart of the first man that moves. Curse it, she drew more blood than she's losing."

"Now, gentlemen, the lady's all right. We won't hurt her but you stay put for a while or we'll shell you proper."

The prisoners saw with astonishment a small machine gun in the path pointing toward them with Abe ready to operate it. Josh had disappeared. Faint sounds came down from the train, the bang of hammers, lights moved to and fro. From the muskeg a gray mist began to rise while overhead the first stars came out from a deep indigo sky such as is only seen in the northern regions.

The World man was suffering torture. He could just see that inert bundle that was Sylvia lying where the robber Abe had dropped her, in the shadow of a low willow bush, when Josh had ordered him to draw on the other prisoners. He thought of his sisters at home and a hatred of himself took the place of the scorn he had felt for Sylvia an hour before as he thought of the wild pain in this girl's beautiful gray eyes when he had told her of Fray Coleman's danger. What a donkey Fray was anyway. He transferred his hatred to Fray. Just like the big, shy brute not to know that the girl loved him. If he had proposed to her properly, as he ought to have done very likely she would not have been on the train, or anywhere west of the Capital.

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Northward Ho With Sylvia

And now Sylvia Catherwood, the only white woman in several hundred miles, was at the mercy of a pack of train robbers — not Canadians, remembering their nasal drawl.

Machine gun or no they must save her. What if some of them did fall, himself for instance, saving the woman Fray Coleman loved. Hadn't old Fray in the Great War when he was little more than a boy, fought to save the weak and other women's honor? Why, with that machine gun they could save the pay train. He half turned to roar a sharp order to his fellow prisoners when suddenly from the direction of the train there came a shot, followed by a shouting and a fusillade of shots, then a perfect riot of shouting and shooting.

In five minutes Josh came running up. "The air men," he panted. "Make for the canoes, Abe."

Abe swung the machine gun around and emptied it in the direction of the train, and then with a parting curse at the prisoners, the two of them made off through the muskeg. The anxious correspondents could hear them splashing and falling over hummocks of grass, hear the suck of their long boots as they pulled them out of the ooze. Then there was a scrape of a canoe being drawn out from under the willows, the noise of sly paddling. Once launched with their booty on one of these muskeg bordered streams that ran endlessly from one half-marsh, half-river to another and to the very Bay itself, they would have stood only the accidental chance of being caught.

Just then while the prisoners were still seemingly frozen to the spot, the pursuers came into view. In the thickening gloom all that could be made out was a big man running in the lead shouting orders.

One of the correspondents called out, "Airmen! here down by the muskeg!"

The big man came up.. "Who are you, anyway?" he demanded hoarsely, evidently suffering from a cold in the head.

"Correspondents too late for the special and sent up on the pay train," one of them answered.

The leader stumbled over prostrate Sylvia.

"What's this? Good God, it's a woman. What the devil is a woman doing on that train?"

"Correspondent from the Graphic sent up at the last minute," one of the erstwhile prisoners volunteered.

NO ONE saw the big fellow start. He picked her up like a feather. "Come on, you correspondents, the rest of our men are in charge of the train. No use chasing those robbers all round a muskeg on a dark night," and he took the lead down the path carrying Sylvia with her head against his shoulder, She stirred a little and moaned something which he bent his head to catch, "Fray's plane down in the Sound, Fray—" one arm winding around his neck.

He stopped suddenly, stumbled and almost fell. Then raising her higher against his shoulder he went on, finally into the train where he laid her down on a madeup berth.

A face of dirty, ashen gray peered from underneath. The porter missed by the bandits and frightened almost to death!

The man hauled him out by the collar and ran him out of the car into the diner.

Coming back he fired orders right and left at his men, sending some of them down to the planes dimly visible on a rise of ground a hundred yards away. The car was in darkness, something wrong with the batteries. Sylvia's long hair that grew to her knees and that had never been bobbed, completely covered her face and shoulders.

Her rescuer drew it back lock by lock, and turned his flashlight downward to her face. He flexed her arms and limbs. "No bones broken," he muttered. Her eyelids began to flicker. She mumbled some incoherent words.

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Then the man did a queer thing. He turned off the flashlight and knelt by the berth, head bent as though listening for her heart beats. Lingeringly he drew a lock of her long hair across his lips. She tossed an arm upward and half sat up. The man rose hurriedly, stood looking down for a moment and then stalked into the observation car where the others were sitting in darkness.

"Is there any man here who has daughters at home?" he demanded in his hoarse voice.

No one answered. They were all young men. The World man rose. "I have sisters, and I've brought them all up since my father died."

The leader of the airmen gave another start when he heard the voice but merely said, "Then go in there and look after that girl. She's all right except for the fright, and you will be into Churchill in two hours." Head down he strode to the door leaping off into the sweet pine-scented dusk.

In half an hour the crew, who had been held prisoners near the engine, were ready to start. The lights came on suddenly in the coaches and with a long drawn shriek of the whistle the cars slid around the curves past the rising ground from which a bulky figure beside a grounded plane watched them go.

IT WAS a week later. In some mysterious way the attempted robbery of the pay train had been hushed up. There was some idea that the bandits might make their way into Churchill if they were not frightened by hue and cry, so the authorities waited quietly and watched the coast line for canoes.

In the meantime Sylvia Catherwood remained at the port. One good night's sleep after her gruelling adventure and she recovered some of her old spirits, not quite the conquering joyousness of the start of the trip, the World's correspondent noticed remorsefully, remembering with shame the part he had played in quenching some of it. Then his work absorbed him—the ceremony of opening the harbour had to be telegraphed, cabled, radioed to waiting newspapers at home and abroad. Pictures had to be taken, the movie man was all over the lot, and interviews with the great, near great and the merely picturesque made up a large part of his day and night.

From all this pageantry Fray Coleman, explorer of this northern wilderness and its hero, if there was one, was absent. Sylvia knew how he hated being in the limelight. Yet he had been ordered to be present and was known to be not far distant.

Sylvia, as The Graphic correspondent, had written it all up in a series of rich pictures in staccato sentences vivid with color that made the great northernmost harbour of North America live and pulse with movement.

She had gone down to Munck's Cove and peered into the depths of water that never quite settled after the ebb and flow of the tides. Below in the mud and slime lay the Unicorn sunk by Jens Munck, the Dane, in 1620 to prevent it falling into other hands while he sailed back to Europe in the Lamprey, navigating Hudson Strait with a crew of three, the last of the complement of two stout ships. Cannon lay there in that sunken ship of olden time, strange equipment, strange foods in casks, quaint dishes, old water-soaked sea chests with the uniforms and garnered treasures of the Unicorn's seamen, dead of scurvy and buried with their ship.

When the great dredges reached the Cove these things would be brought to light.

SYLVIA, under mysterious orders from the managing editor, stayed on with the wife of the Inspector of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. She, Sylvia, was the idol of the port, of the engineers with world-wide reputation, of a great author who was yielding his heart for the first time (at least he said it was the first time), of a government official next to a dukedom, so they said, and countless hordes of lesser lights, not to exclude laborers, dock workers, and rough men from the railroad gangs who adored her because she sang to their comrades in the hospital wards.

Something a little wistful, a little more spirituelle crept into her gay moods and shed an aura around her that protected her whenever she went into the desolate corners of that out of the way bit of the new North.

So on this shortening autumn day she sat on the ageless stone walls of the fort, where we found her at the beginning of this story, gazing out to where sea and sky merged into lines like a crayon sketch. It was like a dream, that madness of the spring and her journey to Churchill with the waiting, day by day, for someone who never came. Well, there was another winter coming for both of them, let it bring what it would.

Then a stone rattled down from the ruined sally port behind her followed by a shower of stones. Around the broken wall came a bulky figure, bareheaded with unruly fair hair, walking toward her with the springy step of small-boned big men. She stood poised like a bird, the sides of her gray travel cloak swinging like wings, and all the color of the picture she made in her cheeks and hair.

Fray Coleman came on, no shyness, no half-lifted eyes, came on with a smile and held out his hand. He was in his own North and carried himself like its king. She looked to right and left, and then saw an amphibian plane rocking gently in the inlet below, wings outspread like a wild goose rising for a flight.

"You are all right," he said as he clasped her hand. "The experience of being captured by train robbers has not undermined your health," watching the lovely color come and go in the beautiful face.

"You were heavy, Sylvia," he continued smiling, "very heavy that night I carried you back to the train and put you to bed."

Sylvia's breath came back to her. She gazed up into the handsome eyes that had shot her defences to pieces in one glance six months before.

"You, Fray!" she had consciously used his Christian name for the first time—"You, Fray, saved the pay train and saved me from those men!"

He did not answer, just looked down into gray eyes turned purple. Then all at once he pulled her against his shoulder and, lifting her slightly from the ground, leaped down to the shelter of the broken wall. There he garnered her gently to his breast, bending his rough tanned cheeks with several days growth of beard to her soft, smooth one.

He had not spoken, told her he loved her, asked her to marry him. He never would, the inarticulate! But there she was looking again into those extraordinary eyes which so few people knew that he possessed, to where a fire burned deep down. Then a mist covered them and she hid her own in tears against his heavy shoulder.

So, after a hundred and fifty years of loneliness and desolation, lovers wakened the old stones of Fort Prince of Wales to warmth and life. Something of the divine old story lent a deeper glory to the reseda and green-gold of an ocean sunset sending its rays into every nook and cranny of the ruins.

And in the press room of The Graphic where machines clicked off news from the North, the managing editor read with a satisfied smile: "Fray Coleman, explorer, reaches Churchill too late for celebration."

Homesteaders

Continued from page 10

Then the wind, till now moving straight from the west ceased its onward course, and, through some unaccountable, atmospheric vagary, faltered, broke, disintegrated, became many and varied currents, all of which, gathering up separate habiliments of snow, clashed together, a chaotic, elemental cataclysm of suffocating winds locked in a Titan struggle that claimed the lake, to its very uttermost reaches, as amphitheatre for colossal combat.

The recently fallen snow on the lake, countless millions of hard, dry atoms, unadhesive, and mutable as desert sand, leaped to furious life, and joined the billions of other flying flakes carried down from peak and plain by the forty-mile-an-hour gale. Part of this smothering whirl, dense and opaquely white wrapped about Smith, shutting him in a foot-wide world of continually shifting walls built from the myriad particles that, under the lash and beat of varying winds, blinded his eyes, bit and stung his face with burning stabbings like a terrible phalanx of hot needle points pressing pitilessly, ceaselessly driving into his face.

Dizzied by the very force and intensity of the buffeting currents, but not daring to stop in such numbing air, Smith moved on, head down, arms wound protectingly about his face. All his life, until a few months before, he had been a creature of a great city. Yet now through a strange sense of orientation—a gift of Nature seldom bestowed upon metropolis dwellers—he moved forward in the right direction towards the settlement.

Presently, however, as he staggered almost unseeingly through the smother, his feet went slipping and sliding, and finally shot from under him—he had struck "glare" ice.

AS HE came hurtling down, his hands, instinctively reached out, but too late to break his fall, while leaving his countenance fully exposed. A swirl of snow dashed into his face as he landed heavily upon the end of his spine. The blow jarred him so powerfully as to momentarily paralyze him. In that fleeting space gust on gust of sand-hard snow beat into his eyes, mouth and nose, delivering blows as harsh as slaps rapidly given by the open hand of a burly man.

Gasping, choking, numb and dazed, Smith dropped full length and, throwing himself on his stomach, covered his head again with protecting arms. A vast weariness stole over him. The roar of the wind and the faint rattle of snow on the bare ice beside him became a croon and a lullaby, fascinating with promise of infinite rest and sleep. His smarting eyes closed gratefully. A pleasing languor, the magic of frosty death, stole into his veins.

Then suddenly, just as he was oscillating in the softest of beds which had taken the place of the ice beneath, he roused sharply; "Gawd, Henry, how I crave for them canned strawberries." The words, upsprung out of the cryptic depths of his subconscious mind, rallied his dimming senses. The surface below him became ice again. The song of the storm once more toned danger. Moving on all fours he crawled off the glare ice to where the old snow still held. Getting to his feet he again butted on. But now the stretches of glare ice became so frequent that he was forced to drop continualy upon his hands and knees to cross them, for, when standing erect, his body gave such resistance to the wind as to make progress on the slippery surface impossible.

It did not take him long to perceive that this quadruped locomotion was the easiest, and soon he desisted altogether from rising to his feet.

Seeming aeons of time went on. He ceased to think clearly. After a time every forward motion became agony, what of his raw knees? The dusk crept down. The whirling walls about him blurred under the coming night from white to gray, from gray to black. Still he dragged himself on, though with ever-slackening pace.

Suddenly his hands encountered a sharply rising and rougher surface. Into his slowly moving mind swept a warm wave of hope. Another step and he was climbing a gradually sloping bank.

Clear of the ice he came to a stop, and swaying drunkenly he got to his feet. Stumblingly he moved ahead over the rough ground, only to come sharply to a halt at about the tenth step as his sensitive moccasined foot made known the presence of a sleigh rut. Further assured of the correctness of this by groping with his hand, Smith proceeded, feeling out each step along the sleigh-rut.

So dense are northern blizzards that, even in sharply contrasting darkness, light rays will penetrate only a very short distance through the driving snow. Thus Smith came almost upon the entrance of Revillon Frere's big frame store before he saw the dim aureole from the lamps shining through the window, and knew he was safe in Lac La Biche.

THE afternoon sun of the clear day following the blizzard was just entering the last segment of its short winter cycle when Henry Smith turned off the trail into his own yard. With glad, though utterly weary step, he reached the door and went within.

As he closed the door the matronly form of Mrs. Reynolds rose up from her selected position on a chair drawn close to the bunk at the farther end of the room, and bore swiftly down upon him.

"Where's them canned strawberries?"

Somewhat taken aback by her knowledge of and peremptory demand for the object of his journey which, through fear of ridicule, he had previously designated to her as "important business," Smith opened the package he carried containing half a dozen tins.

She took up a can, carried it to the stove and dropped it into a large saucepan of boiling water. Fascinated by her so peculiar and hasty actions, and queerly wondering, Smith remained rooted in his tracks close to the door, his eyes following the woman's every move. In another minute she had the can out upon the table. She plied a tin-opener vigorously. Tearing off the serrated top she picked up one single berry between her thumb and forefinger and crushed it to a pulp. She crossed swiftly to the bed and raised up a swathed diminutive bundle from which now arose a fretful wailing.

Henry caught sight of a tiny wizened face, puckered and drawn with pain; with amazement he saw the woman's fingers carry the pulpy mass of berry to those infant lips, and was startled by the abrupt cessation of its cry. There came a momentary silence, followed by a faint smacking, sucking sound, joyous with animal satisfaction.

Laying the baby back in the shelter of the weakly mothering arms, Mrs. Reynolds turned, came over, and, arms akimbo, stopped before the man.

"There, everything's right now," she said, in her voice the great contentment which comes at the banishment of a frightening worry. "At that, you weren't very long."

Still all at sea, and interpreting this last as a reflection upon his absence at such a time, Smith said in palliative defence. "We didn't expect it so soon, or I never would have gone away."

"Never have gone, huh, why that's the smartest thing you ever done in all your born days, for they do say as how some children'll die, or be sickly all their lives if they don't get right away what their mother craved for."

"Eh," he said dazedly. Then a great comprehension coming, "so that was it, was it?" Once more apologetic, he added, "I came purty near not going. It seemed so foolish a thing. You see we—I—that is we ain't been married very long, an' we ain't much experienced in medical things."

"Well, there's a new citizen for the country over there with your wife—better go and take a good look at him." A little timidly Henry went.

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Just So

Continued from page 14

door, and I can frankly state, the sight was a revelation to me: tier on tier of white faces, their eyes riveted on a small square, where two figures seemed to be taking dancing lessons. And the noise and babel of voices! Here was a condition of things I never dreamed existed. Could there possibly be something to this fistic business?

Grabbing me by the arm, O'Brian pushing me along in front, we started wending our way along between the rows of people. After a few minutes of this, I paused to recover my breath; no sooner had I taken a real deep breath, than an angry voice commanded me to sit down. Turning round, I observed a fellow with a sloping forehead and a rat-like face.

"Were you addressing me, my good man?"

"Naw; hoof it before I crown ya."

"Let me inform you I am no-wise in need of a crown, and if I were, you certainly would be the last person I should think of asking for one."

"Aw, cheese it, funny-face, you give me a pain in the neck." By this time I was getting somewhat nettled.

"My dear sir, not meaning to be too personal, I suggest a bar of soap for your neck, at least it would improve its look, and probably would alleviate the pain somewhat."

At this point O'Brian pushed between us, and soothed the uncouth person, the last remark of the vulgar person being: "that guy's goofy as a squirrel; he should be in the nut factory." Proving again my contention, that these foreigners should not be allowed in this country, until they had mastered the English language.

After various bits of repartee and badinage, mostly of the insulting variety, between ships we passed in the night and myself, we came, at long last, to our harbor, rather our seats, and with a heartfelt sigh of thanks, I wearily sat down.

When my racing heart had quieted down somewhat, and I had nicely gotten my soundings, it chanced that the man on my right, one by name Murphy, was a friend of O'Brian's.

Introductions over, our new-found friend impressed me. He was a massive, hulking, powerful—er—one of those who can carry a barrel of liquid refreshment without the barrel, sort of coves. A handy chap to have on one's side in a desperate situation.

A roar! Here they come—and, upon my soul, pandemonium broke loose. I sadly came to the conclusion that Darwin was right, only he should have added cats, snakes, lions, etc., and I think, in all fairness, this is putting it mildly.

"Now you are going to see something," O'Brian howls in my ear.

"It's possible, if these gentlemen in front would kindly keep their seats." But my remarks are so much chaff in the wind, in that Tower of Babel. Semi-quietness—like a howling gale—descended, as the multitude settled down in their seats, allowing me to see the roped-in area. And, sitting, one in each corner, was the cause of all the commotion.

A PERSON with some sort of speaking-trumpet announced: "In this corner, we have Sailor something-or-other; and in this One Round Grogan." More unbelievable din. I was just making up which one to award the palm to, for sheer ugliness, when a gong rang, and they bounded into the centre of the area.

Crouching like two tigers, they circled round, waiting for an opportunity to pounce. A pat here and there, the gong rings, and they retire to their respective corners.

Much waving of towels, clang-clang and here they go again. Same canny moving around; surely these two prehistoric men didn't come here to entertain us with ring-a-rosy.

"Aw, come on, fight." One of the spectators is becoming impatient. For myself, the heat is making me drowsy.

Crack! With a report not unlike a pistol-shot a gloved hand flashes out and lands on Grogan's face; as if that were the signal, they spring to life. Arms going like pistons, they pummel each other unmercifully. I was all-of-a-flutter, and here the dreaded thing happened. I never quite realized before what a mean, scurvy trick Nature played on me.

Everyone was on their feet shouting and gesticulating, and cutting off my view was a wall of humanity six feet high, and me only a bare five. I begged, implored, and at last threatened, all to no avail; they would not sit down in front.

Roar upon roar filled the air; was ever a person caught in a more exasperating situation, I ask you? And it is to my gentle rearing that one stout gentleman did not feel the impact of my itching right foot, smack in the seat of his checkered pants. A great howling rends the air. Wearily, I put on my straw hat and slump down in a seat.

Dimly, I hear Mr. Murphy exclaim he's been parted from a hundred berries. Pshaw, why ruffle one's temper with a paltry thing like that, when the woods are full of them.

The crowds are surging through the exits, as O'Brian and Murphy approach me. "Where's my lid?" says Murphy, placing his hand on his bare head. "Now, where in heck has it got to?" glowering at me: "Have you seen my lid?" "Lid—lid?" "Yes, my christie—my hat?"

Slowly I shake my head, as I disinterestedly watch him hunt. "I could have sworn I left it here on one of them seats," he explodes. "If this don't take the blasted biscuit—one hundred smackers, and now my bowler."

Did he say seat? A thought strikes me. It's not possible; surely it couldn't be. Gingerly feeling under me an anguished "yes, it is," escaped my quivering lips. A sickly, sinking feeling settled in the pit of my stomach, as I gazed at what had no doubt been a respectable head-piece, now as flat as a blinking pancake.

YES, I have to admit it, I was bunkered, absolutely. For there, horror plainly depicted on his pallid face, his eyes actually goggling at the wrecked thing in my trembling hand, stood the owner. Desperately gathering my failing courage, I made my plea:

"Mr. Murphy, as one gentleman to another, you must, nay, I beg of you to accept my most humble and sincere apology for this most unfortunate occurrence. Owing to the intense excitement that prevailed in the dying moments of that hectic struggle, you just recently witnessed, I must inadvertently have sat down in the wrong seat.' '

"But knowing you as I do, I am sure you will do me the honor of allowing me to recompense you in full, sir, for the damage I have unwittingly committed. For, after all is said and done, what is a mere hat between friends?"

His answer was swift and startling. Snatching my straw hat from off my head, he viciously drove his fist through the crown, just missing my proboscis by the trifle of an inch, and ramming the remains down over my ears, hissed—actually hissed — "Not a thing, you shrimp, not a thing."

In dumbfound incoherence, I dazedly watched him, like an Arab, fold up his tent and fade away. Upon speech returning to me, "So he is a friend of yours, Mr. O'Brian?"

"Now, now, Mr. Jones, give him a little the best of it; you see, he was burnt up."

"And so he should be, sir; I could enjoy his cremation at some convenient stake. And allow me to inform you, I am sorely afraid he is no gentleman."

DISCARDING my battered hat, I suggested we make for our respective homes. "Just as you say, Jonesy." We made our way out of the fast-emptying building.

On our way going home in a taxi, a little incident occurred that partially restored my faith in my fellow-man. Mr. O'Brian casually asked would I care for a lemon squash. "My very thoughts, sir," I replied.

"Well, here she is." And, taking a flask from an inner pocket, he deftly unscrewed the top, and using it for a cup, poured out a liberal portion. I am afraid I acted somewhat like a camel upon reaching an oasis; that squash was pure nectar. Between us we consumed the contents of the flask. In no time at all, I was a different man; wonderful what a difference a lemon squash makes.

"O'Brian, you are a magician!"

"No, Jonesy, thank Tom; he slipped it in my pocket, when we left; said we might need it."

"Say, wasn't that a bear-cat of a scrap, Jonesy; now, honest Injun, what did you think of your first fight?"

"Well, O'Brian, to be quite candid, what I saw and heard of it, was a howling success. And, while we are on this topic—who won?"

"Well, may all my children be channel swimmers—where in heck were you during that last round, when One Round Grogan knocked the Sailor goofy?"

"In Hades, O'Brian, in Hades!"

Alighting from the taxi, we went up in the elevator together, I thanked O'Brian for the evening's entertainment. Upon reaching my floor, we bid each other good-night, and as the elevator shot on up, I started boldly down the hall.

AS I neared my apartment door, my footsteps seemed to lag. "Come, come, Jones, my boy, remember a man's home should be his castle! Just so!

I was having difficulty with my latch-key, and the keyhole, confound it, when the door opened, and, standing there, was my bitter half — pardon — better half.

Casually greeting her with a "Cheerio, my love," I was quickly assisted into the room, and the door closed. Not so top hole, thinks I.

"Now, where have you been? And don't tell me you were waiting on the corner for a street-car.'"

"Certainly not, my dear; we came home in a taxi." WE; this struck me as the time when men should stick together, so, lying nobly, "The chauffeur and I make we, my love."

"Dont you LOVE me, you wretch!"

"As you will, my dear."

"Bah! Have you been drinking?"

"Nothing but a lemon-squash, I assure you."

"Oh, why are men such monsters!" Now, my wife is a determined woman, and catching her eye straying towards a rolling-pin, I started edging towards the bathroom.

I abhor scenes of violence. Here, I thought, was the ideal place for strategy. I was working the old head-piece, and as she grabbed for the rolling-pin, I swiftly closed the door, finding the key on the inside—as I knew I should—I swiftly closed the door, and gently turned the key in the lock.

As I thought, she cordially invited me to come out. "Come out, you wretch."

Enough of this farce; here's where I put my foot down, once and for all. I'll show her who is master of this house. And to her "come out, do you hear me!" Placing my hand on my manly bosom, and striking a pose like—er—oh—Thing-umagig, in the "Only Way," I delivered my broadside: "Certainly not, my good woman; most certainly not!"

Taking off my shoes, I crawled into the bathtub.

Managing Father

Continued from page 22

one day last summer, my son Dick drove me through the poorer parts of the city and the smells and—ah—but you manage to keep quite clean in spite of living in the east end."

"I do not live in the east end," said the girl, sharply. "My home is in Park Grove, only two blocks away." She smiled up at Mr. Jolyon, who had crossed the room and now stood with his arm about her shoulder.

He cleared his throat as if about to make an important announcement.

"Miss Montrose and I are—are——"

"Father . . . the gardener says . . . " Mrs. Hardin's voice was hoarse with anxiety " . . . that he must see you at once, at the foot of the orchard, about the white roses."

"The white roses." The aged gentleman bent tenderly over the young girl. "Dear—dear, I've forgotten all about your white roses. Didn't you promise to give me a signal from your car, when you wanted them? . . . I won't be gone more than a minute." In his haste he did not notice that Henrietta jammed his silk hat upon his head and thrust him out of the door.

The girl sprang to her feet to follow him, but Henrietta stood before her. "And now, Miss Rosemutt! You may as well give up your plans at once, for I shall stop them."

"Plans?"

"Yes . . . schemes . . . You know that my father is an old man, very kind and willing to help a working-girl like yourself."

"Help? I have never asked Mr. Jolyon to help me."

"Why pretend, Miss Rosemutt?"

"My name's not Rosemutt . . . and I'm not pretending anything. My name is Montrose—I——"

"I am talking to you." Henrietta's voice was cutting in its iciness. "You must give up your plan of marrying my father——"

"Me . . . marry . . . me——" The girl was on the verge of hysteria as she cried: "Me—marry your—father! Oh, Mr. Jolyon!" She ran towards the French window, calling: "Where are you, Mr. Jolyon?"

Promptly, as if he listened for her call, the old gentleman appeared in the window.

"Where is Dick?" demanded the girl. "Why doesn't he come? Your daughter is so angry at me. Oh, take me home, Mr. Jolyon! Take me home!"

"Why, w-w-what's the matter?" Mr. Jolyon stuttered. "Dick's—Dick's getting your white roses. Dick!" he shouted through the window, "Dick!"

Dick, waving a magnificent bouquet of white roses above his head, bounded up the verandah steps and bowed low before the excited Helen.

"Your flowers at last—a trifle late—after the ceremony, but——" "Dick!" She clung to his arm. "Your mother thinks that—that——"

"My mother thinks as I do; that I've got the loveliest girl in all the world for my wife."

"Your wife!" gasped Henrietta.

"Yes, we were married half an hour ago in the Little-Church-on-the-Hill, only a block away. Grandfather gave the bride away, but he forgot to bring her bouquet. He told her to drive around here in that peach of a car he has given her, and to honk. That he would have them ready for her, but he didn't hear her signal, and she didn't like to insist upon breaking up his after-luncheon nap." His twinkling eyes glanced sideways at Hesperia.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" faltered the guilty lady. "Was that what you wanted? I thought that you looked very bridey in that white dress, my dear. But—but—Dick, you old fraud, why didn't you ask me to your wedding?"

"This was Grandfather's party." Dick grinned at the old gentleman, "And it seemed a pity to spoil his little joke."

"You see," said Mr. Jolyon, "it takes such a little to put you and Henrietta in a flurry that I thought it well to keep you busy." And Hesperia, looking from the young man to the old, wondered why she had never noticed before the likeness of the teasing expression in their gay brown eyes."

"Time you were off! Time you were off!" said Mr. Jolyon, starting the blare of the Victrola on the note of the Wedding March and looking at his wristwatch. "Your suitcase is already in the car. Come along! Come along!" He took Helen's arm. "Forward, march! Tum—tum—tummy-tum."

Dick took his mother upon one arm, and with his aunt upon the other the procession started towards the gate. A moment later, with waves of farewell and notes on the siren—a long, a short and a long—they rolled gaily away for their week-end honeymoon.

Mr. Jolyon's eyes twinkled as he turned up the path between his daughters. "You're right, Henny," he said. "It's high time things were settled up, so I arranged it all a few days ago, and a house for Dick and Helen, only a block away from me."

"You're very generous, Father, to Dick," said Henrietta. "But a house and a car is more than he deserves."

"Tum-tum—" he still hummed the notes of the Wedding Harch. "But I'm not giving him the house. He'll pay me on the instalment plan. No, no. I'm too good a business man to spoil two people who have the brains those youngsters have. The car is my present to Helen and she will drive me down to business every morning. Taxis are too expensive. I've settled everything up. Half to you, Hespy, and half to you, Henny. You needn't worry about Dick and Helen. They'll get along. Dick has part of my brains. Takes after me both in looks and common-sense. They'll get along all right. Why, just look at me. I didn't have a cent when I married your mother. No, I mean," he turned to Hespy. I mean YOUR mother—splendid girl she was, something like Helen—and see how well we did. I need more time for my roses, so I'll keep Dick in my office and he'll get along all right . . . he'll get along all right."

Old Year, Farewell!

By F. Holly

Supposed to be a Soliloquy by an Old Man

Old Year, farewell!
The midnight bell
Has tolled for thee its clamorous knell,
Which—hurried by the night winds—tell
Thy passing, Old Year. So farewell!

Farewell, Old Year!
Without a tear
We listened to thy knell so near;
And wondered, whiles, how many here
Would see the passing of this year.

It came, thy end;
And many a friend
To many a friend last words did send
So we, as life's long course we wend
Shall come, full soon, unto its end.

What then? 'Tis well.
The passing bell
Will toll for us its solemn knell,
When, having said our last farewell,
We shall but sleep, both long and well.

We shall have sleep.
So do not weep.
We each have but our lives to keep
In touch with God, then we shall reap
The fruits of life when called from sleep.

'Twill come—that call—
When sleepers all
Shall, rising from the earthly pall
In answer to old Gabriel's call,
In joyous adoration fall
To Him who is the Lord of All.

Farewell, Old Year.
Old Year, Farewell.

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Personification of the New Silouhette

6690. Metallic chiffon and plain chiffon are here combined. The plain chiffon, being used for facings on cape, neck edge and skirt. This model is also attractive in moire or in panne velvet, or in metal brocades. Flat crepe also lends itself well to this style. The waist portions blouse slightly above crosswise folds that simulate a girdle, above the gracefully flaring skirt sections which are lengthened over the back. Soft fulness is shirred at the shoulders, and the neck is finished with a band trimming, and tie ends at the centre front. The cape may be ommited.

The Pattern for this attractive style is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Dress for an 18 year size will require 4¼ yards of 39 inch material. For the tie and neck facing of contrasting material ⅜ yard is required 39 inches wide and cut crosswise. To make without the cape will require 3½ yards of 39 inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2¾ yards.

6688. This design will make a very attractive afternoon dress in plain or printed velvet, or satin. It has fitted lines and graceful fulness. It is a splendid style for slender figures. The right front crosses over the left in soft folds, and forms a cape at the shoulders; the cape is repeated on the back and over the right side. The front is gathered under a pointed tab, that extends over the top of a flare godet. This godet creates a front dip. Asymmetric lines are a feature of this style. The sleeve is a one piece fitted model.

This Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the Dress for a 38 inch size will require 5¼ yards of 39 inch material. To face the cape and its extension with contrasting material will require 1 yard 39 inches wide. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with godet fulness extended is 1⅞ yard.

6683. Printed velvet in brown tones is here pictured. Velvet is a plain color, satin, flat crepe, and moire are also suggested. The princess portions are lengthened by circular flounce portions. Slight blousing is effected at the top of the hips. The design has fitted lines, and slender hips. The fronts are lapped, and close at the left side beyond the centre.

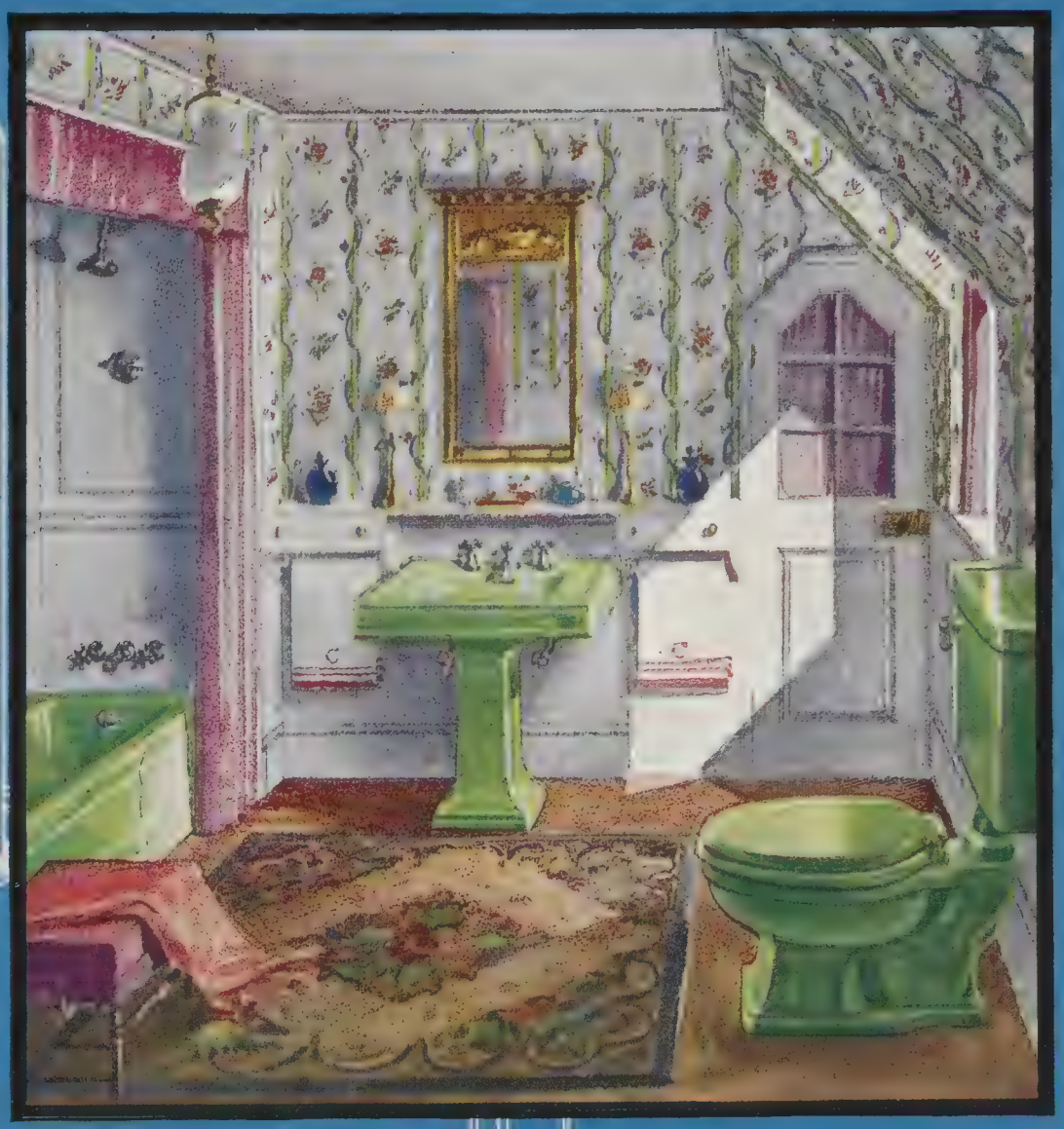
The Pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress for a 38 inch size will require 4¼ yards of 39 inch material. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2⅛ yards.

6702. Girls Dress.
Cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size with sleeves require 2¼ yards of material. Without sleeves 1⅞ yard is required. For yoke and hem facings and band cuffs of contrasting material ⅜ yard 35 inches wide is required, cut crosswise. Price 15c.

6708. Ladies Blouse.
Cut in 5 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 yards of 39 inch material. For vestee, revers, belt and cuff turnovers of contrasting material ⅝ yard 39 inches wide will be required, cut crosswise. Price 15c.

6670. Girls Dress.
Cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. An 8 year size requires 2⅝ yards of 39 inch material. For collar, belt and cuffs of contrasting material ⅜ yard 39 inches wise is required, cut crosswise. To make the Dress of bordered material for an 8 year size requires 2½ yards 54 inches wide, cut crosswise. Price 15c.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.



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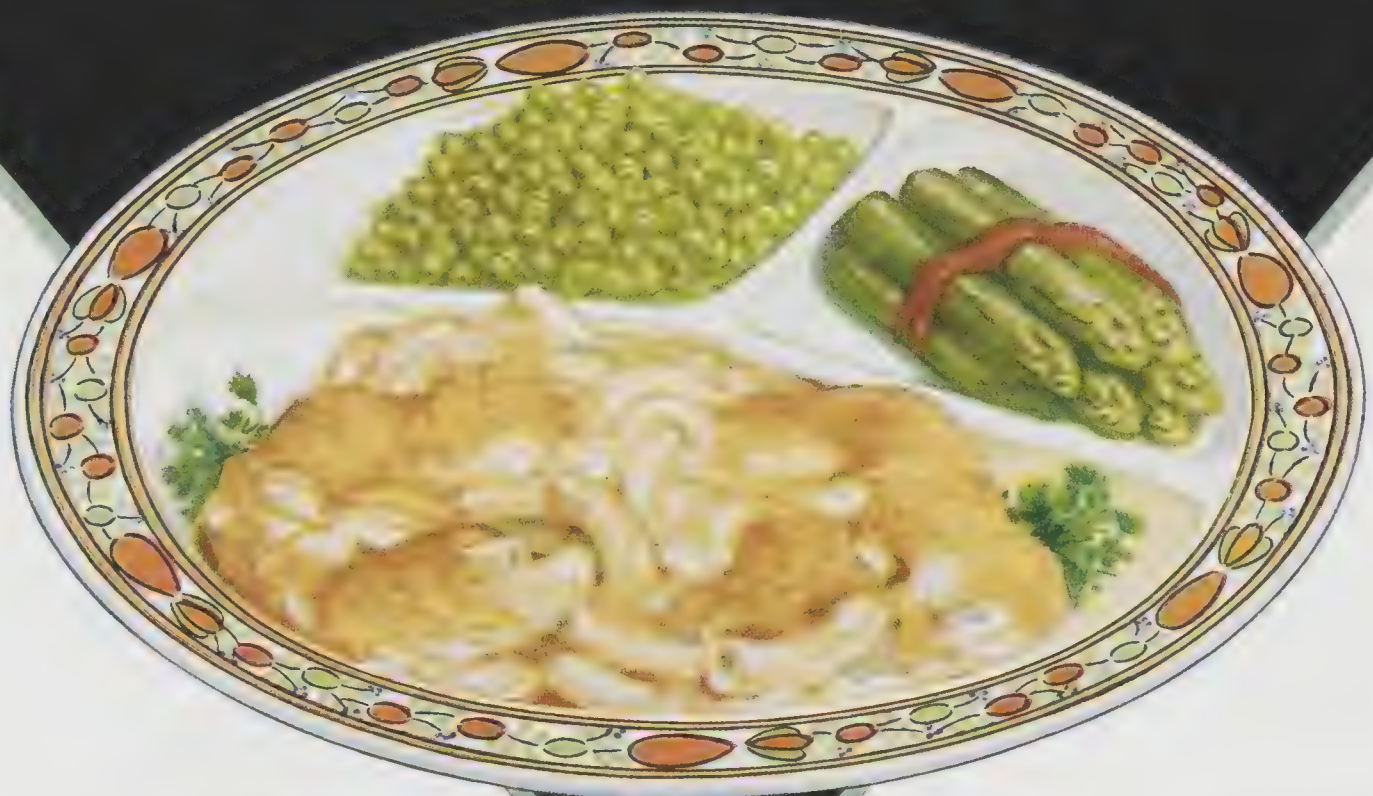

Tid-Bits

Quick to Get Ready

Tid-Bits and Cheese

One cup of cooked Tid-Bits. Make sauce as follows: Melt two tablespoons of butter, add two tablespoons of flour, then add salt, pepper, paprika to taste, then one cup of milk and cook thoroughly. Put half of the Tid-Bits in a greased baking dish, cover with half the sauce and then with half a cup of grated cheese; put in the remaining Tid-Bits, then sauce and cover the top with another half cup of grated cheese, and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes, increasing the heat for the last 5 minutes, if necessary to brown the top.

Creamy, tender, delicious Tid-Bits ... ready-cut to save your time ... to cook quickly in soups and gravies ... as a full dinner dish, a side dish or as a vegetable.

Grown-ups and kiddies everywhere love Tid-Bits ... they're good for them too ... so serve Tid-Bits often.

Tid-Bits Timbales

INGREDIENTS

One cup cooked Tid-Bits.
One half cup diced cooked chicken
Two eggs, well beaten.
One tablespoon finely chopped celery.
One tablespoon finely chopped onion.
One half teaspoon salt.
One quarter teaspoon paprika.
One cup milk.
Three tablespoons butter, melted.

METHOD

Mix the ingredients and pour into small buttered timbale pans. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes, or until the timbales have "set". Unmold on to a platter and surround with left-over chicken gravy, tomato sauce or a thick white sauce. Garnish with parsley and serve.

ALWAYS COOK TID-BITS THIS WAY:

Cook required amount of Tid-Bits in large quantity of boiling salted water until tender, (8 to 10 minutes) turn into a colander, shake and rinse with cold water to prevent pieces from sticking together.

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Quick to Serve
Quick to Like

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Starting the Day Properly

By Gertrude Dutton

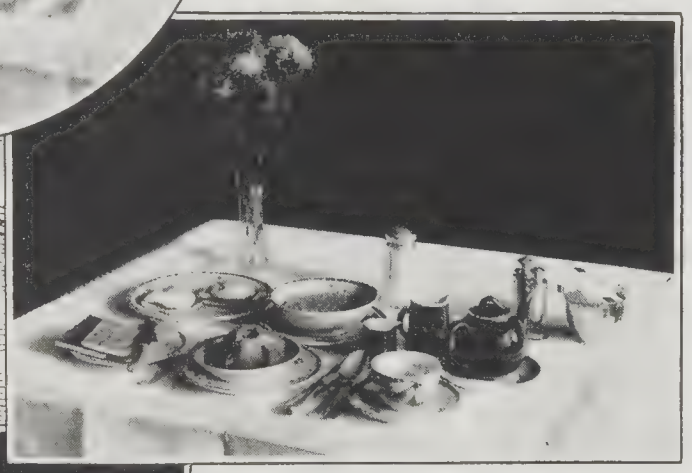
WE HAVE travelled a long way from the days when breakfast meant an exceedingly hearty meal of meat and potatoes, fruit in the form of rich preserves, one or two hot breads, and pie. We have swung to the opposite extreme, which is perhaps just as bad for us. There is an alarming increase in a tendency to tuberculosis among young women, due in the majority of cases to two causes—the foolish craze to become or to stay very thin, and to the pernicious habit of eating no breakfast. The sketchy clothing is also a contributory cause in some cases, but is really not as harmful as many persons fear. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Important work is usually done in the morning, and it cannot be so well done when the body is craving food, although long habit may have eliminated the conscious feeling of hunger. Even if one does not feel hungry one should consider it a duty to eat a reasonable amount of breakfast. If three meals a day are too much for some people, lunch is the best one to omit. The chief reason for neglecting breakfast, is that many of us do not get up early enough to enjoy it. A little planning will make the preparing and serving of the meal, an easy, rapid task. The whole day goes better if it is prepared for by a cheerful, unhurried breakfast. About one quarter of the day's food requirement is usually taken for breakfast. No school child should ever be permitted to go to school without an adequate breakfast, especially if it carries a cold lunch to eat at noon.

An entirely suitable breakfast does not mean an elaborate one. A surprising amount of time is saved if the table is set the night before. A real gay cloth or set of doyleys helps wonderfully to provide a cheery atmosphere. One may also have some cheerful dishes, no matter how inexpensive they are. We are apt to be slaves of custom where breakfast is concerned, rather than in connection with the other meals. There is no good reason for serving nothing but cereals, hot breads, eggs, bacon, marmalade and fruits. Nutrition experts are trying to induce people to have vegetables for breakfast, especially if one cannot afford much fruit, and the majority of us cannot, in winter at least, and if the family is large. At no other meal does fresh asparagus seem to taste so good as in the morning and a small glass of chilled canned tomatoes (if ripe ones are not available) with salt and pepper, tastes almost as refreshing as orange juice and is just as effective in preventing rickets. We in this country are not so fond of hot breads for breakfast as are our neighbors across the boundary, which certainly saves us much time, and is without doubt better for us. Muffins, hot biscuits, pancakes, waffles, hot rolls, French toast, every day of the year, are not particularly digestible. Bread and butter or toast seem to suit most of us well enough. Prepared cereals are more expensive than those to be cooked, but should be used occasionally for variety. It is neither necessary nor desirable to cook oatmeal every morning, but owing to its great value as a food, should be prepared a little more frequently than the others. Corn meal, cream of wheat, cream of barley, cream of rye, cracked wheat, and ever so many others, may be used for variety. Everybody should have something hot at each meal. The children may be given hot milk, cocoa or postum to drink. Milk toast is usually liked, and may occasionally take the place of cereals. For people with a hard day before them, and perhaps a light lunch at noon, there ought to be a substantial dish provided, such as some form of meat or egg dish. It need not be taken by those members of the family who require less substantial food. Any seasonable fresh fruit is always desirable if it can be afforded. Then there are the stewed fruit and the canned. Many people enjoy a little jam or jelly or marmalade or honey. Many housewives make the grave mistake of neglecting their own breakfasts in the rush of getting the other members of the family off to school and work, then wonder why they are so very tired before the forenoon is over. The few minutes required for a sensible breakfast, are well worth while. Considerable food is necessary to give the energy required to keep house for an average family.

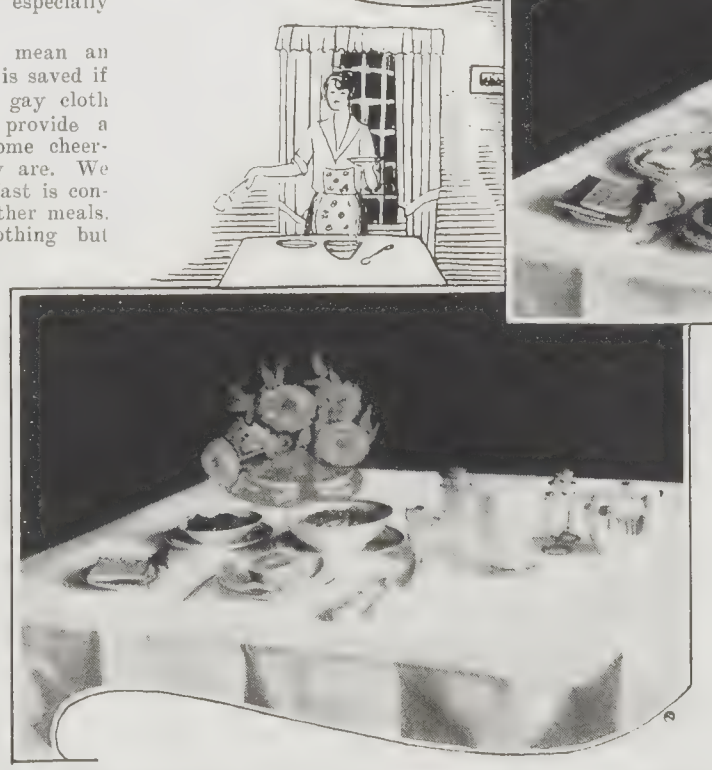
Among satisfactory dishes for the morning meal are the following:—

Scrambled eggs with chipped beef.	Poached eggs on toast.
Sausages.	Codfish cakes.
	Bacon.

Dates, Raisins, Figs or Prunes added to the Cereal are beneficial



A man doing heavy work should have a hearty breakfast, such as a baked apple, or stewed fruit, cereal, two poached eggs on toast, two or three slices of bread or toast and two cups of tea or coffee.



A little school girl can eat a little fruit, cereal with milk, a small slice of toast and a glass of milk to drink, particularly if she must carry a Lunch box.

Creamed liver on toast	Potato cakes.
Hash.	Doughnuts.
Fried corn meal mush.	Omelet.
Corn bread.	Baked bananas.
Sliced oranges.	Apple rings with sausage.
Halves of oranges.	Creamed eggs on toast.
Stewed prunes.	Cereal with dates.
Stewed rhubarb.	Milk toast.
Baked apples.	Minced meat on toast.
Bran muffins.	Ham hash with poached eggs.
Hashed potatoes with eggs.	French toast.
Apple sauce.	Cinnamon toast.
Eggs scrambled with tomato.	Cheese toast.
Rice pancakes.	Muffets, etc., with hot milk.
Creamed fish on toast.	Meat cakes.

[Continued on page 62]

Best for All Your Baking

ORANGE AND RAISIN CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup fruit sugar
2 eggs ½ cup sour milk
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 cups Purity Flour
1 orange
1 cup chopped raisins
1 cup chopped walnuts (optional)

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well beaten, squeeze juice of orange into milk, add baking soda to milk and orange juice, put remainder of orange and raisins through chopper. Sift 1 cup Purity Flour into sugar and butter, add chopped raisins and chopped orange; then add liquid. Sift in the other cup Purity Flour with 1 teaspoon of baking powder and pinch of salt. Mix all together, put in 2 layer tins in moderate oven (325°) for 25 minutes.

"I use Purity Flour now and I'm really delighted with my baking."

(From "Letters to Mother" by a Modern Canadian Housewife)

"I heard a lady talk on "Flour" over at Margaret's house the other evening and I certainly learned a few things.

Since then I have tried "Purity Flour" and I was amazed to find that "Purity" imparts a wonderful flavor to my baking.

I used to think that bread flour — some people call "Purity" a bread flour — had to be leavened with yeast for hours before being made into layer cake. I laugh at the idea now because I baked in less than an hour a delightful Orange and Raisin Cake with Purity Flour, and when I used up the last of it, three days after it was baked, it was almost as moist as when taken from the oven.

I learned also that Purity Flour is especially rich in protein as it is milled from the best western hard spring wheat. As I like my baking to be really nourishing I feel I have made a happy selection in "Purity."

Your loving Betty

970

PURITY FLOUR

A product of Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary

Ashamed of his wife!

HOW she had changed! Once, the prettiest in her crowd. Now, she was lifeless. What had happened? What had stolen her vital freshness—the charm she used to have? She wasn't old—but now . . . why sometimes he was actually ashamed.

Many a man wonders and many a woman worries as youth and freshness quickly fade. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—a delicious cereal—is guaranteed to safely prevent this evil ever beginning!

Why ALL-BRAN *is necessary*

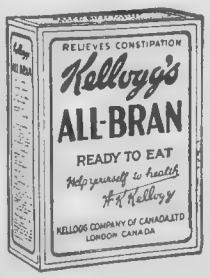
To relieve constipation *naturally*, the system must get plenty of bulk or roughage. ALL-BRAN furnishes this bulk in generous quantity. In a part-bran product there is seldom enough bulk to properly do this work. That is why Doctors recommend Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Guaranteed!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If is does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.*

No need for pills

ALL-BRAN works as nature intended. A pleasant cereal that provides vital roughage. Eat it with milk or cream. Add fruits or honey. Cook with it. Recipes on package. Every woman can help her family to better health by adopting its regular use. Get Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants—on diners. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Sardines on toast.
Minced chicken on toast.
Creamed chicken on biscuits.

Scrambled Eggs with Chipped Beef

Dried beef may be bought in bulk, in tins, in packages, or in glass jars. A little goes so far as a flavor, that it is an economy to keep on hand, particularly as it keeps so perfectly, even after the container is opened. Tear the thin slices in small pieces with the fingers, add to the required number of eggs to be scrambled, with seasonings, and milk if it is used in scrambled eggs, pour into a greased frying pan, stir constantly till thickened, and serve at once on hot buttered toast.

Sausages

Whether one uses link sausages, or home-made cakes, they are well liked for breakfast by men and older boys, especially in the winter time. Put in a frying pan, pour boiling water over the sausage and let it boil up for a moment or two, drain, and then cook the sausage till brown, either in a hot oven, or on top of the stove. The few moment's boiling insures the sausage being cooked through properly, when there is not much time to spare on a busy morning.

Steamed Eggs

The night before, butter the required number of custard cups or any cups one is willing to use for cooking. Into each one break carefully, one or two eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and if wished, with a little grated cheese. In the morning, put the cups of eggs into a steamer, over hot water, or set in a closely covered pan containing boiling water and put in the oven. Cook till done, which will take 15 or 18 minutes. Serve either in the cups or turn out onto buttered toast. Or if wished, the eggs may be broken into one dish, and after cooking, be served from it.

Creamed Liver on Toast

Save any liver which may be left from a dinner or supper. It has probably been dipped in flour and cooked in bacon fat. Cut in small dice, heat in a white sauce made of 1 cup of milk to 2 tablespoons of flour. No doubt there will be enough fat on the liver from frying, but if not, add 1 tb. of butter to the sauce, and salt and pepper if necessary. Serve hot on toast.

Fried Corn-Meal Mush

Cook yellow corn-meal in the usual way, in boiling salted water, till done, having it rather thick. A little grated cheese may be added, if liked. Pack in a greased bread pan, smooth the top, and brush with melted butter or dripping, to prevent the formation of a crust. When quite cold, and ready to use, cut in half-inch slices, and brown on a greased gridle or frying pan. Unless quite stiff, it might be necessary to dip each slice in flour to prevent sticking to the pan and falling to pieces. Serve with butter, syrup, jelly, etc., anything liked with pancakes or French toast.

Corn Bread

Every one has her favorite recipe for "Johnny cake." A large enough one may be made to have some left over for breakfast a day or two later. It may be reheated either by toasting the pieces after cutting them in two or reheat by steaming. Serve with butter and syrup.

Corn Meal 2 c.	Milk 1 c.
Sugar 2 tb.	Baking powder 3t.
Salt 1 t.	Shortening 2 tb.

If sour milk is used, add ½ t. soda.

Sift together the corn meal, sugar and baking powder and the soda if it is used. Add the milk and the melted shortening. Beat thoroughly and pour into a greased shallow pan. Bake 25-30 minutes in a moderate oven. This makes 12 servings.

Corn bread with eggs:—

Corn meal 1 c.	Milk 1c.
Flour 1 c.	Eggs 2.
Sugar 4 tb.	Baking powder 2 t.
Melted butter 2 tb.	Salt ½ t.

Hashed Potatoes with Eggs

Put cold cooked potatoes in a frying pan containing a little dripping or butter. Chop with a sharp-edged tin can, and when hot but not browned, break into it several eggs, stir till the eggs are done, season and serve hot. The eggs should not be over-cooked. It is better if a mild-flavored fat is used for greasing the pan. The number of eggs may be varied according to circumstances.

Eggs Scrambled with Tomato

In a sauce pan, put either undiluted tomato soup, or tomato sauce made by straining canned tomato, adding flour for thickening, butter and salt and pepper. Heat, and into it break the desired number of eggs, stir till thick and the eggs are cooked. Serve on toast or crackers.

Potato Cakes

After dinner, to any mashed potatoes which are left, add either a little milk, or a slightly beaten egg or two, according to the amount, and season well with salt and pepper, and stir in a little flour, so the cakes will retain their shape. Set aside till the next morning, in a cold place. Brown on both sides, in a frying pan with enough dripping to prevent sticking to the pan. A little finely chopped cooked meat or fish or grated cheese may be mixed with the potato for added flavor, if on hand.

Rice Pancakes

In a bowl put cooked rice which has been left over, or plain boiled sago may also be used. To it add the beaten eggs, milk, melted butter, baking powder, or soda, salt and sugar, which would be used for ordinary pancakes, then after beating, add enough sifted flour to make the batter of the right consistency, and cook in the griddle. Serve with syrup, honey, etc. These cakes have a delicious flavor, and are more readily digested than pancakes made entirely with flour, as the latter are not as well cooked as some people would like.

Creamed Fish on Toast

For this, any fish may be used, either left-over baked, boiled, etc., or some such canned fish as finnan haddie or salmon, or dried, freshened codfish. Heat in white sauce, season and serve on toast.

Baked Bananas

Bananas may be baked either in the skins or not. To bake them in the skins, put in a shallow covered dish and bake till the skins are quite dark in color. Remove the skins, sprinkle with sugar, and if liked, with a few drops of lemon juice and serve hot. Or remove the skins, cut the bananas in lengthwise halves, place on a flat bake dish and bake 15 or 20 minutes, basting with a mixture of butter melted, 2 tb., sugar, 4 tb. and a little lemon juice.

Apple Rings and Sausage

Make apple rings enough to last for more than one meal, by cutting in rather thick slices, after washing, but not paring. Remove the cores, drop the rings into boiling syrup, and when tender but not broken, remove carefully to a platter to dry. The syrup will

probably make a glass of delicious apple jelly, if tart apples are used. Cook the sausages, and serve with the apple rings.

Creamed Eggs on Toast

The day before, cook the required number of eggs hard, shell them and either slice them, or cut in lengthwise sections. Make a good white sauce, using 1 c. of milk, 2 or 3 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, salt and pepper. Either reheat the sauce or make it in the morning, heat the eggs in it, and arrange on buttered toast, which may have a little cheese spread on it and sprinkle with paprika. Chicken stock may be used to make the sauce instead of milk, if available.

Cereal with Dates

To oatmeal, cream of wheat, etc., add a few dates, wiped and pitted and cut in pieces, shortly before removing from the fire. Raisins of stewed prunes removed from the juice, and cut in pieces, may be substituted for the dates.

Milk Toast

Toast stale bread, butter it and cut in cubes. Pour over it very hot milk, to which are added salt and pepper, and if liked a little more butter.

Minced Meat on Toast

Put cooked meat through the meat chopper, moisten well with gravy, or if there is enough fat in the meat with water, and a little flour for thickening, season with salt and pepper, and serve on hot toast. Beef, veal, lamb or chicken are all very good served this way, or any of them mixed with a little lean left-over roast pork.

Ham Hash with Poached Eggs

Chop cooked ham rather coarsely, mix with chopped cooked potatoes, season, and moisten with stock or water. Heat either in the oven or on top of the stove, divide into servings, and lift with a pancake turner to a hot platter or to individual hot plates, and on each, place carefully a poached egg.

Corned beef hash may be served in the same way.

French Toast

Milk 1 c. Salt ½ t.
Egg 1 or 2 Pepper

Beat the eggs, add the milk, salt and pepper, and if wished, a teaspoonful of sugar. Dip slices of stale bread in the mixture and brown on both sides on a hot greased gridle or frying pan. Serve at once with syrup or jelly or honey.

Cinnamon Toast

If cinnamon toast is made often, for breakfast or afternoon tea, it is advisable to keep a little jar mixed ready for instant use. Use about 1 t. cinnamon to 5 t. of granulated sugar. Make and butter the toast, cut in suitable pieces, and as each is buttered, sprinkle with the sugar-cinnamon mixture, and serve as hot as possible.

Cheese Toast

For those who are fond of cheese and feel the need of something a little more substantial than mere buttered toast, there is probably nothing simpler to prepare. As soon as the toast is buttered, spread it with cheese which is soft enough to spread. Most of the package cheeses are suitable.

Cereals With Hot Milk

Certain prepared cereals, such as shredded wheat biscuits, and muffets, are delicious, especially on a very cold morning, if served with milk scalding hot, and considerable salt and pepper (if liked) added.

Meat Cakes

Either fresh or cooked meat may be used. Chop the meat quite fine, if very lean, adding a little chopped bacon or fat salt pork. Season well, and add a beaten egg to bind it together. Form into flat cakes, and cook either in the frying pan or in the oven.

Sardines on Toast

Toast and butter slices of bread. On each hot slice, arrange a few sardines. Squeeze a little lemon juice over the sardines, if wished.

Minced Chicken on Toast

Frequently, after having a chicken for dinner, there is a little left on the bones, which is not enough for a dinner, but if cut in fine pieces and added to considerable gravy made from the stock obtained by simmering the bones, or to white sauce, will be excellent for breakfast, served on toast or on biscuits, reheated and split in halves.

Waffles

Waffles are not so well known in our country as they are in the land to the south of us. But they are delicious when one has time to make them, particularly on a morning when there is time for a very leisurely breakfast. Aluminum waffle irons do not require greasing. The electric ones now on the market, to be used on the table, are a great pleasure to use. The iron ones to be used on the stove, must be well greased, so the waffle will not stick. After using, wipe well, but do not wash. The inner part is wrapped up carefully when not in use, to keep out the dust. Heat the iron thoroughly, first on one side, then turn it over and heat the other side, grease it thoroughly, in all parts where the batter reaches, or the waffle will stick. Put 4 tb. of batter in the center of the iron, shut it, and as soon as the waffle is brown on one side, turn the iron over and brown the other side. Serve at once. Waffles are much more easily digested than pancakes, owing to the very large surface which is browned.

Cinnamon Rolls

Roll biscuit dough out to ½ inch in thickness, spread with softened butter, sugar and cinnamon. Roll up like a jelly roll, cut in slices and lay on a greased pan, and bake in a hot oven.

For currant rolls, make like the above, but sprinkle the buttered sheet of dough with currants and sprinkle with sugar, instead of cinnamon.

For butterscotch rolls, spread the above sheet of dough with butter and brown sugar, and bake. Care must be taken not to scorch the sugar and butter.

Fig Bars

Make rich baking powder biscuit dough, spread with butter, fold over and roll again to ¼ or 1/3-inch thickness. Cut in strips 2 inches wide and about 12 inches long. Mark each strip into thirds, crosswise. Spread a thick sweet fig paste on the middle portion, fold one piece over it, spread that with the fig paste, and fold the remaining third of the strip over it. Brush the top with milk, and bake in a hot oven. Or, the large thin sheet of dough may be divided into thirds, the centre one spread with the paste, one folded over, and spread with paste, and the third portion folded over it, then cut in bars about 2 inches wide, and baked.

Apple Sandwiches

Put thin slices of apple between slices of buttered bread, either white or brown, and sprinkle sparingly with salt.

FIRST REASON

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"I am very fond of a cup of good tea and without any doubt this is the finest of all the several kinds I have ever tasted."

Everywoman

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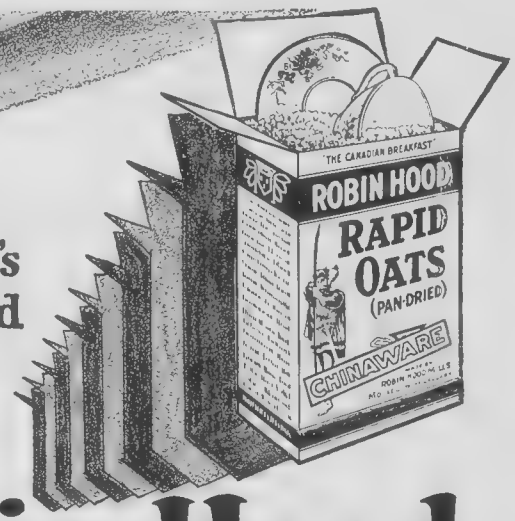
BEST because it's Pan-Dried



Robin Hood Rapid Oats

For growing children nothing equals HOT COOKED oats cereal —but it should be "PAN-DRIED"

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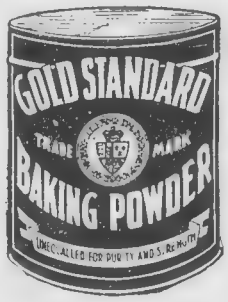

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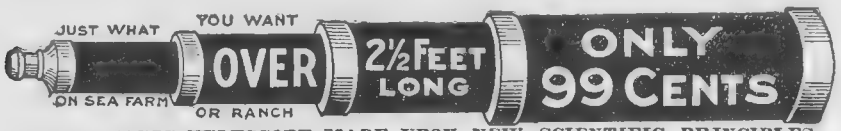

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Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

Used in thousands of homes daily. Softens water. Makes dish washing easy. Cuts grease. Cleans pots and pans. Whitens clothes. Try it in your bath.

Lawrason's

Snowflake

Use it in the kitchen, bathroom, laundry. 2

Legal Information

Continued from page 44

(3) Under the law of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, when a woman enters into a separation agreement with her husband it depends on the agreement whether the woman still retains her dower rights in the husband's property. If there is no special reference to these rights in the agreement then she is considered to retain her dower rights.

(4) The wife cannot give good title to personal property of her husband's which she has sold, and the husband can re-possess or take proceedings to recover the property. The only difficulty which the husband might have would be to prove that he, and not his wife, was the owner of the property. We presume that at the time of the sale the husband was not living with the wife and when the property was in the possession of the wife it would be difficult for the husband to prove that it was not her property.

(5) There is no obligation upon the town to keep the man but usually there is some plan whereby the town provides voluntarily for maintenance of destitute persons.

Sleeman, Ont.

Q. Just an inquiry to find out if I could get a copy of my husband's citizen certificate. It was not really a citizenship paper but a certificate describing his personality, his height, complexion, color of his hair and eyes and the name of the ship he sailed on when he left Germany and came to the States. I cannot remember the name of the office and the name of the state and the person that filled out the certificate. I would like to know if you could tell me where I could write to get in touch with the office. My husband went and had this certificate filled out describing his personality and other particulars. My husband has been gone four years the twenty-fifth of this month. I do not know what has happened. I never hear from him or know of his whereabouts. He used to be a captain on the ship. Would I not be entitled to a pension? I have one child.—Mrs. P. S.

A. You have given us so little definite information that we cannot help you very much. We would suggest that you communicate with the United States Immigration service at Windsor, who may be able to give you the information which you require.

We do not believe that you are entitled to a pension. There is an Act in Ontario providing an allowance for mothers who have been deserted. but it is not designed to give any allowance to a mother who has less than two children. In addition to this she must be a British subject by birth or naturalization. Apparently the Mother's Allowance does not cover your case.

Rochfort Bridge, Alta.

Q. My daughter was a school teacher. She is now married. When single and twenty years of age, took out life insurance policy on twenty year Endowment plan, made out in her mother's favor. Also loaned my husband to the sum of $1,000.00 at various times and collects from him $42.00 interest every year. She has received no note or guarantee to my knowledge from my husband or me.

First I want to know could I inherit on the endowment plan or does her marriage annul same? Second, if a note is signed how will I stand in case of my husband's death?—Mrs. F.W.

A. You should be able to inherit the endowment insurance policy. This is a matter of contract between the insured and the company. If the policy at present provides for the money to be paid to you on the death of your daughter, then her marriage cannot affect this term in the policy. We are not quite sure what you mean by your second question.

If your husband signs a note it will be owing by him during his life and owing by his estate after his death. This liability will only affect you if you are the sole beneficiary or if payment of the note will reduce your share in the estate.

Abbotsford, B.C.

Q. Five years ago my father moved from this district to the United States leaving a house and barn. A sale was made of this property, purchaser paying $500.00 down, long terms for balance. The second payment has been overdue for two years now. My parents have been at a loss to locate purchaser, even after a thorough search. He has never replied to mail or made any attempt to take care of his interest. My parents have been paying the taxes to save property from going to tax sale.

In the meantime the house burned down. The real estate agent, who also issued fire insurance policy, claims he was renewing policy every three months in order to hold insurance on an empty house. He says there is $500.00 insurance to be collected if purchaser can be found.

Could you advise me how such a tie-up can be straightened; how the property can legally become my father's again if the party cannot be located; what the cost of such would be?—C.F.W.

A. Your parents should have no serious difficulty in settling this matter. The policy of insurance should read that loss would be payable firstly to the unpaid vendors. If through error the policy has read that loss is to be payable to the purchaser, it should not be very difficult to collect the insurance, especially if the insurance company and the insurance agent are friendly to your parents. If they cannot collect the money by negotiation all they would need to do would be to start an action against the purchaser for payment of the purchase price and garnish the Insurance Company. In this way the money would have to be paid into court to be paid over to your parents when they have proved their claim. This should not be an expensive proceeding.

Your parents also have the right to foreclose their agreement or mortgage in order to clear off the interest of the purchaser.

When Winter Reigns Supreme

By Thomas Saunders

Chill blows the wind from out the far northwest,
The misty twilight spreads its wings abroad,
All nature slumbers 'neath a frozen breast,
A veil of gloom now envelopes the sod;
Far, far above the myriad stars have thawed
Their needle-piercing way thro' icy blue,
All Sons of Labor have sought their abode,
The evening sun has disappeared from view,
And Night and Winter reign till Day shall break anew.

Alone I stand, a prey to wind and frost,
Night's darkness closes in and all around;
But still I'd count not time nor labor lost
Could I perchance this mystic realm confound,
And snare for all what romance must abound;
Romance we partly see, and partly sense,
Romance of mists, of stars, and frozen ground,
Romance of beauty, wonderful, immense;
Romance intensely real, yet vaguely a pretence.

Weirdly-sketched figures mark the window-pane,
Artistic symbols, crazily designed,
Of autocratic Winter's pompous reign.
Imagination travels with the wind!
Far o'er the plain, on wild, unbridled mind,
I glimpse the coyote in the wilderness,
A soft, white mantle o'er the earth I find;
The whispering trees their secrets dear confess;
The winter-winds steal by to hearken and possess.
The homestead snug behind its shelt'ring trees,
The cows and horses settled for the night,
The farmer resting quietly at ease,
The lamp and heater burning warm and bright;
A startled jumping-deer in frantic flight,
A lumber-camp beside a frozen stream,
A rabbit clad in cloak of spotless white,
All vastly real, yet not unlike a dream—
And there you have the west when Winter reigns supreme.

Children's Cosy Corner

By Bobby Burke

A Visitor

AN INVISIBLE one this time, and we don't know whether he's smiling or crying, or what he has hidden under his great snowy coat—but he came blustering along, knocking at our doors last Wednesday morning, "Rat-a-tat-tat; rat-a-tat-tat, A Happy New Year!" and there he is. What are we going to do with him? A whole New Year—1930 -to play in, to work in, and to grow up in. While 1930 is here, there will be snow, and cold winter winds; melting ice, and spring flowers, and budding trees; summer sun, and flowers blooming, fish jumping, birds singing and all the world making merry outdoors; and then ripe nuts, red fruits on trees, sweet green vegetables in the garden, and snow again. Have you turned over your new leaf yet? Have you planned what you are going to do in school and at home in 1930? If not don't let January get away without deciding—and a HAPPY HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL!

A Sad, Sad Story

Don t you remember that a long time ago, in June, I think it was, that Bobby Burke told you that the editor had a brain wave? Well what do you think? For the first time for long, long years, Bobby Burke was quite, quite wrong. It couldn't have been a brain wave, it must have been a fizzle, or one of those squibs that we find in packages of firecrackers, it didn't go off! We had planned all summer to give the Provinces a chance to say things about themselves, to tell the world how clever and beautiful and fine they were; to boast a little about their writers, their artists, their farmers, their country, their towns and their scenery. We began with Alberta, and only a very few people thought it worth while to say anything about their lovely province. Why I could have written a story about it myself—Banff and the foothills; the ranches; the Buffalo Park, the cities; and look at all the people who write stories from Alberta and poems—Mrs. McClung, and Janie Canuck, and Mrs. Salverson, just to name a few. Well—Alberta failed us, and then we thought, "Never mind, Manitoba will have stories and pictures, and all sorts of things. Someone will be sure to want to tell about old Fort Garry, and the days of the Red River, British Columbia should have been there, so BRITISH COLUMBIA, now is your chance—and if you don't want to tell the world about your lovely country, then the brain wave will wave no longer! We will just have to say, the competition is over, and perhaps there will be even sadder news for you, but it is the New Year, and Bobby Burke won't discourage you, but remember BRITISH COLUMBIA for the February number and have everything in before January 15th.

British Columbia for February, then New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for March.

Something Received

A nice letter and some verses from Joy Scoular of Grouard, Alberta.

Dorothy Damoth of Hudson Bay, Marland Co. writes us a letter, after a year's silence. She says she is sorry not to have contributed to Alberta's Page, as she was looking forward to it. We are sorry too Dorothy, you might easily have won the button you covet. Come and visit us again, and try one of the competitions. Dorothy sent us a verse called "The Chickadee's Fate." Read as much poetry as you can Dorothy, and I am sure that one day you will send us splendid verses.

Marguerite McLean of Calgary, Alta, sends us a story—a very nice story, and we are sorry it is too late for Christmas. Go on reading and writing Marguerite, reading the best authors and writing your own ideas is the way to progress in the writing world. Some day I am sure you will be doing newspaper work, or perhaps writing books, or editing. If you like it, write, write, write, and read, read, read, and watch people, and learn to see things all around. That is the best advice I can give you. Whenever you see a competition try it—you won't win prizes at first, but the trying will help—and some day, who knows?

Daphne Wallace of Highland Park, Westboro, Ont., won a gold button in the "Quotations" competition. This is the second button Daphne has won. If we had known we would have had a gold star put on your first button. Dear Bobby Burke,

I am going to try in the competition.

I live in southern Manitoba. The scenery is very pretty around here. To the south of us are the Tiger hills. To the north are the sand hills. About seventeen miles north of us is the Assiniboine River. It is surrounded by hills and spruce trees.

THE ASSINIBOINE

Iris Nordman of Cypress River lives in Southern Manitoba; she sends us the above picture along with her letter, which we quote herewith.

I am sending you a picture taken from a large hill of the Assinboine River. I will send a stamped envelope to you and will ask you to return the picture to me. The picture is of a curve in the river in Manitoba. This is not the only pretty scenery around that part of Manitoba. I just wish some of the members of the C.C.C. could see that beauty spot in Manitoba.

I must close wishing the C.C.C. the best of luck in the New Year and a Merry Xmas.

Yours sincerely,
Iris Nordman.

Some one else will want to send us a picture of the Parliament Buildings, with the golden boy on top, who came so far, and was shipwrecked on the way. Some one will be sure to tell us all about Ralph Connor and Philip Groves and Mrs. Sweatman, living here, and we'll hear about our parks and our lakes, and the Ninette Sanitorium, and the Experimental Farm, and yet no one seemed at all interested in telling the rest of the world these things. Of course, there is still British Columbia, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Saskatchewan to hear from and, by the way, the Cosy Corner made a fearful mistake, putting Manitoba in alphabetically wrong, it was a misprint

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IT used to be that feminine hygiene was not discussed. It was taboo. But today it is recognized as modern science's safeguard to health . . . very often to happiness.

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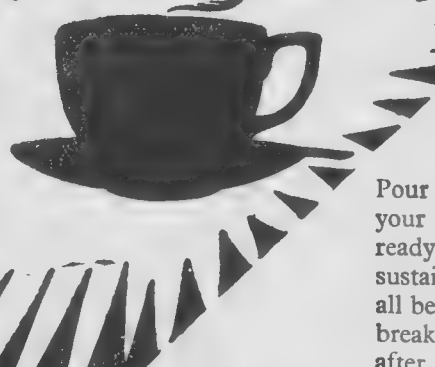

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A New Year

A CALENDAR has its legitimate uses. but there is such a thing as paying too much attention to calendars. We should not let this way of dividing time into years dominate our thoughts. After all, while it is true that January 1, 1930, marks the beginning of a new year, is it not no less true that every morning brings a new day and a new year as well? That is the right way to look at life. There would be no sense in watching and keeping count on the progress of time—the process of the active little seconds nibbling away at our lives, and each day's procession of hours passing by, and the days making themselves into weeks, and the months into years. Why, then, do that with the years? As The Philosopher has asked before: Why should we keep count of our birthdays? Is there not altogether too much indiscriminate and unnecessary asking about age? A man or woman who has lived rightly ought to be capable at any age of feeling young, of remembering the vividness of youth, of knowing what a boy or girl would feel, if some witchcraft which would have to cease at sundown made them old for a day, knowing all the time that they were really young. The right thing to do is to preserve that spirit through the years.

The Right Outlook

TRUE as he believes the doctrine to be which he has set forth in the foregoing preachment, The Philosopher holds, nevertheless, that while we should not pay too much attention to the calendar, the old habits of thought of the human race cannot be wholly cast aside. We do not all sow and tend and reap in the fields, but none the less we can set our purposes and frame our lives through the seasons. These frost-sharpened January days ought to clear our eyes to the horizons of life and give strength to our resolution to hold fast to the things that we know are good. The sorrows and failures of 1929 are now gone behind us forever with all the years before, and ahead of us is the chance of being and doing, of happiness and service and success in the work that every day brings to our hands.

The Years of Our Lives

"CONSIDERING what medicine has done and may be counted upon confidently to do further towards keeping the human body going in good health," says a recent writer in a London weekly, "not only is it certain that eventually the length of life will be increased very considerably, but perhaps it is not wholly fantastic to think that, as George Bernard Shaw imagines in 'Back to Methuselah,' a time may come when men and women may go on living indefinitely." Increase of knowledge of how to preserve and improve bodily health increases the length of life, of course. But The Philosopher does not see how that fact can give anybody reason to imagine that such increase of knowledge can go on until it enables human beings to live forever in this world. Nor does he know why anybody should want to—even supposing that this world was going to last forever—any more than he knows why anybody should begin to act old just because he has arrived at this or that milestone on the journey of life. The Philosopher feels moved to say again that the beginning of a new year is a good time for us all to renew our resolution not to let our lives be governed for us by a thing like a calendar.

A Resolve Worth Living Up To

HOW much more generous we might all be with our expressions of affection and merited praise! The Philosopher has been reading again the pathetic record left by Thomas Carlyle of his remorse when he discovered after the death of his wife how much and how vainly she had longed for manifestations of affection from him. In all the relations of life, husbands or wives, parents and children, employers and employed, most of us might well be more expressive than we are in manifesting appreciation where appreciation is due, to say nothing of affection. If we are obliged to account for every such silence—(and should we not, in justice, be held accountable for wrongful silences, as well as for wrongful utterances?) — how much more readier we should be with our words of affection and of appreciation! Here is a chance for us to make a good resolution—and live up to it.

As Time Carries Us On

WE SPEAK of the world of childhood as an illusion. Yet the child's idea of the world is the world as he sees it. Our sense of life when we become mature is quite different—but why should we think that it has any absolute finality? Perhaps if we lived several hundred years we should acquire a wholly different sense of life, compared with which all our adult philosophy would seem childishly shallow. The child's sense of life can rightly be called an illusion only if it is carried on into manhood, for then it ceases to fit his experience of the world about him. And how many people there are who have carried much of their childish sense of life into their mature years! They are "wish thinkers." They have not got rid of the childish idea that the world should be adjusted to their desires. They have not learned the lesson that this is a world to which we have to adjust our desires. Many of us do not succeed in fully making this adjustment until years after we are adults, according to the calendar.

Manitoba's Diamond Jubilee

IN CONNECTION with the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary in July next of the establishment of Manitoba as the first of the Prairie Provinces, there will be in addition to the erection of memorials to mark certain sites of historic interest the collection and recording of the reminiscences of the old timers, whose memories go back to the Province's early years. Premier Bracken has announced that the Manitoba Government will aid in that good work. There are parts of all the Prairie Provinces where pioneering is going on today, but when we say "old-timers" we mean the men and women who lived in the West when the whole West was a new country, who faced the work of founding new homes and forming municipal institutions and bringing the country out of the rough and into a condition in which progress could be made. They fronted the future with courage and with vision. We owe them a debt of gratitude and should hold their names in honored remembrance.

Things Are As They Are

A READER writes in a letter agreeing with something that was said on this page about gloomy novels and sentimental novels with sugary "happy endings" that he thinks that the celebrated Sydney Smith, who was a canon of St. Paul's in London a hundred years ago, gave good advice when he said in a letter to a person suffering from "low spirits": "Avoid sentimental novels, sentimental people and everything else likely to excite feeling or emotion not ending in active benevolence." This is good advice. We must all teach ourselves to face things as they are and to have courage and to be active in doing the duties that every day brings us. This is a real world. As for gloomy novels and silly, sentimental novels, they are both full of unreality.

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A Happy New Year

Gog and her friends

Old Golly and Goofy have stepped to one side,
To make room on this page, as you see,
For this funny old stork, in his beak grasping tight
A present for you and for me.

Now just what this bundle contains,
we don't know.
It sure looks remarkably queer;
It's marked Nineteen-thirty,
now what can it be?
Why, of course, it's a baby New Year.

A truly New Year, just as new
as can be,
For each little girlie and boy.
And for those who are thoughtful,
obedient and kind,
A year full of pleasure and joy.

H.H.

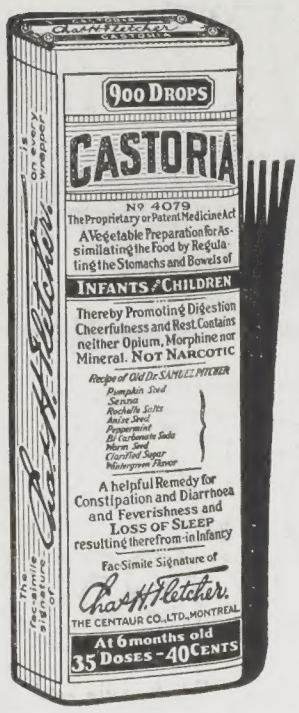
Alexander McWhistle

Gog's Uncle Alec fra' Abernethy

Frivolous Freddy, the Fat Little Fiddling Frog.

This month we are giving you the opportunity of depicting Gog's wardrobe in your favorite colors with the aid of your paints and crayons

The upsets of Children



All children are subject to little upsets. They come at unexpected times. They seem twice as serious in the dead of night. But there's one form of comfort on which a mother can always rely; good old Castoria. This pure vegetable preparation can't harm the tiniest infant. Yet mild as it is, it soothes a restless, fretful baby like nothing else. Its quick relief soon sees the youngster comfortable once more, back to sleep. Even an attack of colic, or diarrhea, yields to the soothing influence of Castoria.

Keep Castoria in mind, and keep a bottle in the house—always. Give a few drops to any child whose tongue is coated, or whose breath is bad. Continue with Castoria until the child is grown! Every drug store has Castoria; the genuine has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

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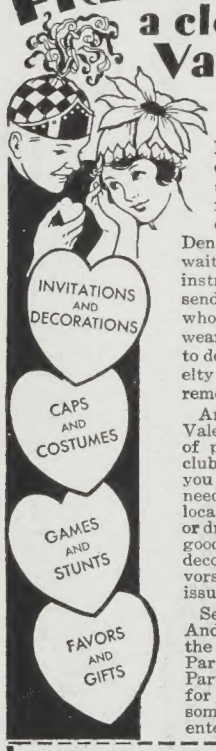
WOULD you care to get $150.00 for your church or social service work? This can be accomplished with very little effort and absolutely no financial outlay. ¶ Our scheme has been tried out by many leading churches and has proved a very great success indeed. ¶ Write us today and we will mail you full particulars and suggestions for putting the plan into effect.

Campaign Department

The Western Home Monthly Winnipeg, Man.

FREE Plans for a clever Valentine Party



If you would give a Valentine Party packed with surprises for all your friends, send now for the clever plans prepared by Dennison. They are ready and waiting—ideas, suggestions, instructions for invitations to send, decorations to make the whole house gay, costumes to wear, games to play, stunts to do, prizes to give and novelty favors to carry home in remembrance.

And don't forget that for Valentine or any other kind of party at home, for your club, your church, your school, you can get everything you need in party supplies at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison goods are sold. Crepe paper, decorations, place cards, favors, novelties and the current issue of the Party Magazine.

Send at once for free plans. And why not let us include the Valentine issue of the Party Magazine or the big Party Book, filled with plans for parties all year round, or some of the special books on entertaining.

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284 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.
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Street or R. F. D. .....

City ..... *State* .....

To get the Party Magazine (Valentine Number) enclose 25c and check here ....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

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....*Money Making Parties*	....*Weaving Paper Rope*
....*Showers & Announcements*	....*Crepe Paper Curtains (Free)*
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IT'S folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, thanks to Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsilitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. Every drug store today has genuine Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.

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What the World is Saying

Human Nature Then and Now

Time was when women used to dress to make women jealous. Now they dress to make other women jealous.—Montreal Gazette.

He Often Sits in Front of Us at a Movie

From available statistics it may justifiably be inferred that among the white races only one man in two hundred is six feet tall.—Popular Science Monthly.

Next Will Be His Jubilee Appearance

A Bristol man. arrested for being drunk and climbing lamp-posts. recently made his forty-ninth appearance before the London magistrates.—London Daily Mail.

Yet He Might Have Done Worse

A man who stole sixteen saxophones from a shop in the West End and melted them down was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.—London Daily Express.

Unless, Of Course, One Has Odd Ears

An advertisement announces a cure for outstanding ears. This is good news. for nothing is more annoying than ears that flap in the wind.—The Pas Herald.

An Adage Upset in Cities

Too many cooks may spoil the broth. but in these days of two-room apartments and delicatessens there is often neither cook nor broth.—New York World.

About 28 Inches, We Think, Is Right

Care should be taken. says an article in the Domestic Economy department of a current magazine, not to cook spaghetti either too short or too long.—Duluth Herald.

Busy Bees' Love of Round Figures

According to a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture, a pound of honey represents the nectar drawn by bees from 2,500,000 white clover tubes.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

They've Long Been Laying It Down

In Canada, as in the United States, there are women lawyers, and there is an increased tendency in both countries among women to take up the law.—Toronto Star.

They Must Differ Greatly in Architecture

It is not generally known that there is a New York on the western shore of Loch Awe in Scotland. But there is little danger of either of the New Yorks being mistaken for the other.—Ottawa Citizen.

They Only Feel Like It

A well-known medical authority writes that if your feet ache you should visit your dentist. But surely the roots do not really go down as far as all that. —Fort William Times-Journal.

But Pedestrians Still Squeak

In comparison with even the best cars of not many years ago, high class automobiles of today are silent to a degree that would have been regarded as incredible by early motor engineers.—Scientific American.

With Only the Fifth One at Large

Visitors to the Zoo should not miss the rare spectacle of the highest five animals under one roof—namely, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the ourang-outang, the gibbon and man.—London Times.

The Skirl Tamed Its Savage Breast

"A magnificent specimen of the wild cat has been captured at Ardgay, in the Highlands," says the Morning Post. No doubt, when the animal found itself face to face with the bagpipes, it offered to go quietly.—London Sunday Pictorial.

The Safer Way

Policeman's feet were described at Leeds police court as a prospective danger to motorists. Our advice to motorists is that while it may take longer, it is always best to drive round a constable's feet.—Coventry Herald.

Ye Ed, Too, Is Older Than He Was

Dorothy Dix writes that she knows women who have been thirty-three for the last twenty years, but we know one who has been twenty for the last thirty-three years.—New Glasgow News.

He Doesn't Know Ours, Either

A scientist says the teeth of a gorilla are so deep set that they cannot be pulled. But we have an idea that the scientist doesn't know our dentist.—Ottawa Journal.

Except Asthma

Books, plays, films, advertising, conversation—all, laments a Toronto clergyman, have reached the limit of frankness. Yes, there isn't much left to make us gasp.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

To Twist Him Round Her Little Finger?

Samsonova, whose feats as a "strong woman" have been applauded by many thousands of circus-goers, has married Fernando, a contortionist well-known in vaudeville.—Milan Corriere della Sera.

But Berwick-on-Tweed is Not in Scotland

A William III four-shilling piece has been found in the sand near Berwick-on-Tweed. It must have been there a long time. Strange that it was not found sooner!—Yorkshire Post.

Will the Bus be Given One More Try?

"I have been knocked down twice by the same bus, but fortunately have sustained no serious injury," stated a plaintiff at a London police court recently.—Dundee Courier.

To Pass Other People's Time Away

A recent report from Doorn says that the former Kaiser is now making mechanical models to pass the time away. This is better than his former hobby of making wars.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not Going So Far Back Into Antiquity

The anthropological research field agent of the University of Michigan is coming to Canada to study our prehistoric relics. The suggestion that he intends to investigate the Senate is, however, incorrect.—Calgary Herald.

Ye Ed Will Then be an Autonomous Driver

It is predicted that travel by motor will be made as peaceful as floating through the air. This sounds as though the invention of an effective silencer for the back-seat driver was soon to be announced as an accomplished fact. A cheering thing to think about.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Beyond That He Firmly Refuses to go

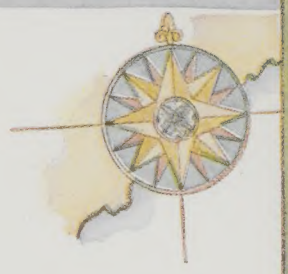
In a recent article Mr. H. G. Wells says that he is against the clothes we wear, the food we eat, our schools, our amusements, our money, our methods of trading, our compromises, our laws, our political associations, the British Empire and the American Constitution. —Victoria Colonists.

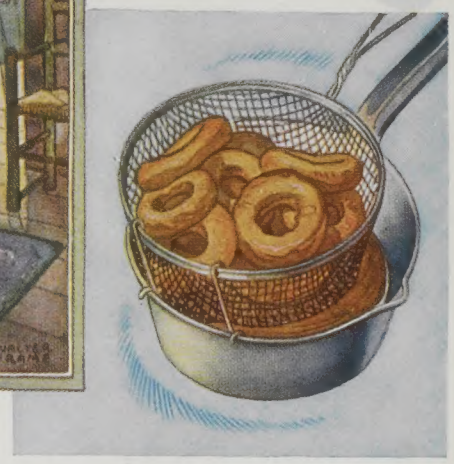
Yet Marriage Notices Appear Every Day

J. H. M. asks what the law is in Canada in regard to lotteries, and whether they come under Dominion or Provincial legislation. They are dealt with by Dominion legislation, namely, the Criminal Code of Canada, which forbids them, with the exception of raffles for religious or charitable purposes. It is illegal for any newspaper in Canada to publish any announcement of a lottery.—Kitchener Record.

As Hindus Say, "Monkey See, Monkey Do"

Will the producers of motion pictures at Hollywood continue to show in producing the talkies the lack of intelligence and imagination and originality which caused such a slump in intelligent people's interest in the silent movies? Heretofore they have been all watching one another, and when one made a hit, the others have fallen over themselves in their haste to imitate it.—Montreal Devoir.





This is the 200-year-old kitchen where generations of good cooks have concocted marvelous things to eat

She said—

"These taste much better"

Traveling over Canada and the States talking to women about things they're interested in, babies, clothes, recipes, cooking (I *have* an interesting job) I came upon—

This mellow old house in Hingham, Mass. Built in 1717, it had stayed in the same family for more than two centuries.

A bang from the enormous spread eagle brass knocker brought a little old lady (Mrs. W——, 75 years old, but as spry as the first spring robin) to the door.

"I came over 300 miles to talk about cooking," I said after introducing myself.

A story-book kitchen

"Well, my kitchen's the place for that," smiled my hostess.

And it was. Like a museum room—low ceilinged, pine floored, with ladder back chairs and a huge fireplace which had a Dutch oven at one side, and a secret compartment on the other where the family once stored their pewter.

"Will you help me with a frying experiment?" I asked. "I want to fry potatoes for you in two different fats, then have you taste them and see which you like the better."

She nodded, interested. I opened an unlabeled can of Crisco and an unlabeled can of another good frying fat, and then I fried potatoes in this story-book kitchen where generation after generation of women had cooked.

She chooses my shortening

"I like these *much* better. They have the real potato flavor," Mrs. W—— said, choosing the potatoes fried in Crisco.

"Those were fried in Crisco," I exclaimed.

"No wonder I like them better, then," she said, "for I've used Crisco myself more than twelve years. I fry all of my doughnuts for the neighborhood children in it. But this is the most interesting proof I've had that Crisco does make things taste better."

95 to 22 for Crisco

I've been making frying tests for months and months and I've found that most people can easily detect the difference.

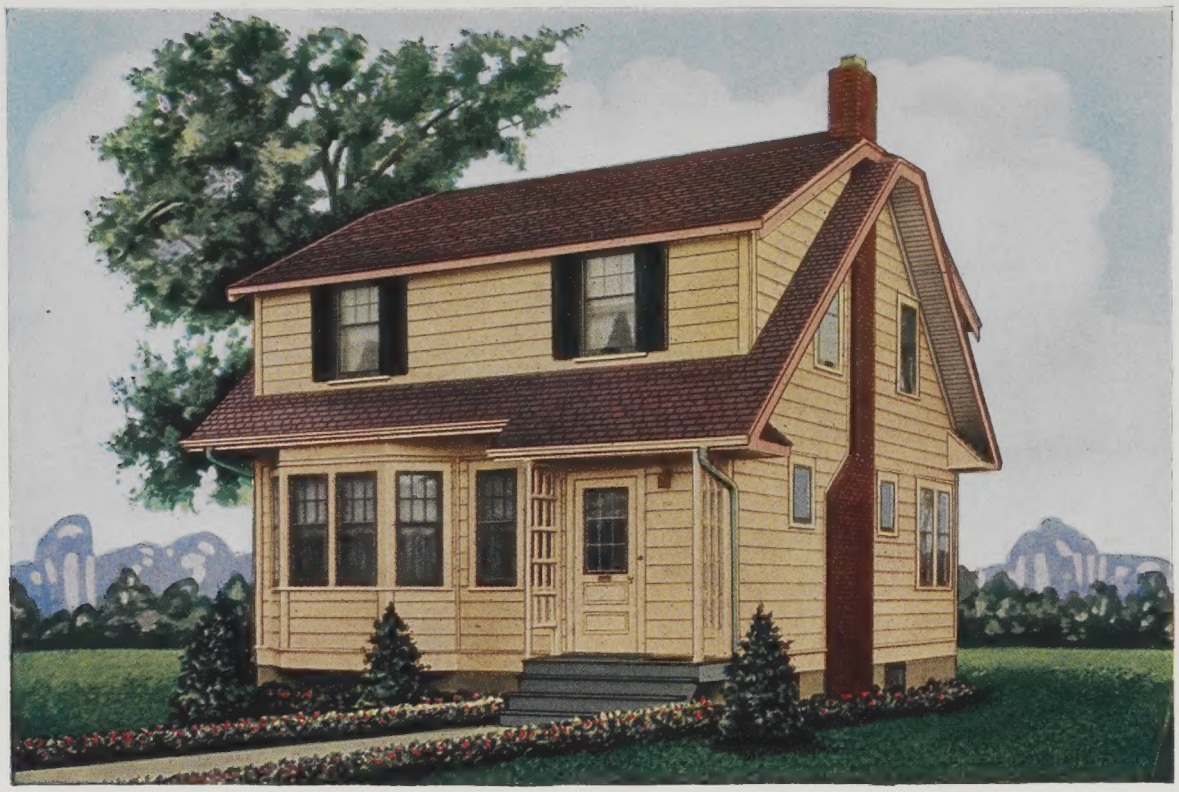
In my own experimental kitchen I have asked 117 people to taste potatoes fried in Crisco and then potatoes fried in another good frying fat—and 95 out of the 117 chose the potatoes fried in Crisco.

Whether you use Crisco in your frying pan or your frying kettle, you can be sure of another remarkable feature—Crisco never smokes or smells at *proper frying temperature.*

You know, too, that you can use it for frying over and over again because Crisco never carries the flavor of one food cooked in it to another—and it stays fresh flavored.

I've a cook book entitled, "12 Dozen Time Saving Recipes," that you'll be interested in, I'm sure. You may have it by simply writing me, Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XHH-10), 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. WINIFRED S. CARTER

For a new delicate flavor in every fried food—make this one simple change—*fry in Crisco.* To understand why, taste Crisco itself



A very popular type of home. The living-room has an open fireplace, and a sun-room at rear; dining room and kitchen complete the ground floor. The second floor has three fine bedrooms, bathroom and four closets. See design #35—size 22 x 24 feet.

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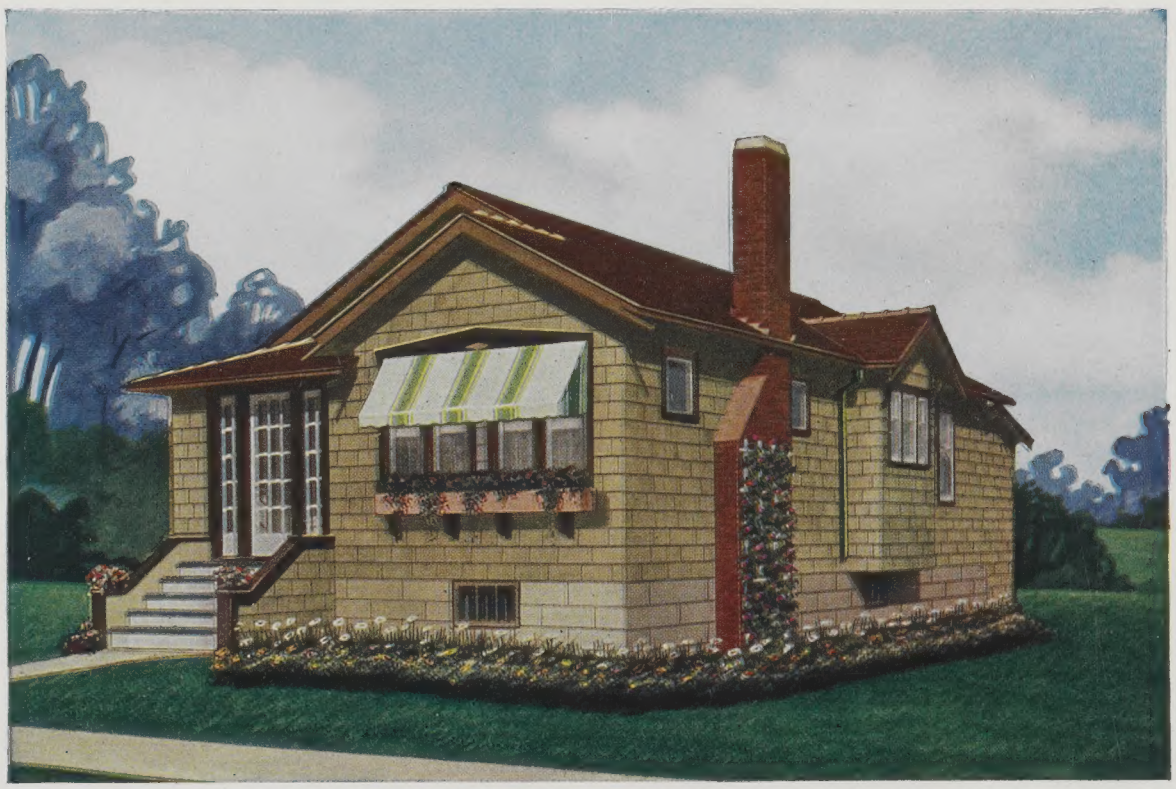

Especially designed for compactness, this neat and attractive bungalow has a very large, well-lighted living-room. The kitchen is of ample size with a breakfast nook. Two bedrooms and a bathroom complete the floor layout. See design #36—size 21 x 34 feet.